AUGUST 1916
PRICE 15 CENTS

RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Beginning "A Man's Man"

A remarkable new novel by

PETER B.

KYNE

author of Cappy Ricks

Trederick Juncon

THE MOST SENSITIVE SKIN NEEDS



Because Pears keeps the skin absolutely clean, without the slightest irritation, even to the tiniest baby's delicate skin.

Use Pears' Soap every day and eliminate the necessity for cosmetics and other artificial "aids to beauty." It will be easy to keep your skin soft, smooth and fresh, because the pores will be clean and free from the impurities which so often cause skin trouble. Even where irritating soap has been used—Pears will help to counteract its effect.

Pears is the purest soap known, and the most economical of all toilet soaps.

Send for Trial Cake

SPECIAL
TRIAL
OFFER

For a generous trial-size cake of Pears' Unscented
Soap send your address and 4c in stamps to cover
mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent,
515 Canal Street, New York City.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

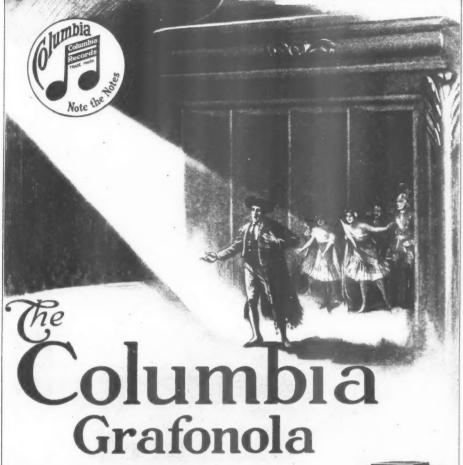
BAKER'S Breakfast COCOA

A pure, delicious and wholesome drink. Rich in food value yet of moderate price, it possesses the natural flavor, color and aroma of high grade cocoa beans.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1780



"The Stage of the World"

YOU have the stage of the world in your home if you own a Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records.

A vaster company of greater artists than the greatest stage in the world possesses is at your direction every day, with a greater and infinitely more varied repertoire than any one stage ever presented.

Orchestral, operatic, instrumental music—sombre or joyous, classic or light; whatever you desire, whatever your mood, whichever great artist you want to hear—your wish is *reality*, as soon as expressed.

It is reality, nothing less; for "The Stage of the World" presents the artists themselves to you—in voice and playing, in temperament, in art and personality. "Hearing is Believing"—and you can hear today at the nearest Columbia dealer's.

New Colombia Records on sale on the 20th of enery month.



Columbia Grafonel Price \$200 "We are advertised by our loving friends"



The result of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification is a sturdy, well-nourished baby.

AUGUST RED BOOK MAGAZINE

CA

Copyrighted, 1916, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.

Copyrighted, 1916, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Colonies. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES Beautiful Women of the Stage

THE RED BOOK'S TWO NEW SERIALS

A man's Man A novel crammed to the margins with the quick-action sort of story that made "Cappy Ricks" the most popular char-	Illustrated by Dean Cornwell.
The Sins of the Children	By Cosmo Hamilton 733
A brilliant novel of family life by the author of "The Blindness of Virtue."	Illustrated by George O. Baker.
THIRTEEN PACE-SETTING	SHORT STORIES
Pain A remarkable short story by the author of "What Will People Say?" "Empty Pockets" and "The Thirteenth Commandment."	By Rupert Hughes655 Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.
The Reformation of Dorinna A study in extravagance and love, Miss Evans never wrote a better short story than this.	By Ida M. Evans
The Dagger The first of a new series of true-to-the-life stories of Scotland Yard cases.	By Frank Froest and George Dilnot 680 Illustrated by Richard Culter.
Miss Mountain and Miss Mohammed A double-barreled short story by the author of the novel "Bambi."	By Marjorie Benton Cooke 692 Illustrated by R. F. James.
A Friend in Need A romance of the eighteenth century, by the author of "If I Were King."	Justin Huntly McCarthy 705 Illustrated by John Newton Howits.
The Cheat The cheating breed of man runs pretty true to form, no matter what the situation may be.	By Albert Payson Terhune 713 Illustrated by William Oberhardt.
The Stolen Automobile This story is a record of psychological data—and an effort to "square" Professor Stitt with his wife.	By Wilbur Hall
The Hero Worshipers A new story of the younger set in Pembina. The "hero" is a motion-picture idol.	By Walter Jones
White Water	By Norman Duncan
The Perfect Sucker He was simply too good to be missed, but he spoiled some very well laid plans.	By Frederick R. Bechdolt 772 Illustrated by Ray Rohn.
On the Levee The last of those captivating stories of "The River of Romance and Folly."	By Opie Read
The Dark Closet A story of Philo Gubb, the eminent correspondence-school deteckative.	By Ellis Parker Butler 794 Illustrated by Rea Irvin.
The Runt A story of "the eternal triangle" in the Alabama mining	By Octavus Roy Cohen 804

TERMS: \$1.50 a year in advance; 15 cents a number. Foreign postage \$1.00 additional. Canadian postage 50c. Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers. Remittances must be made by Postoffice or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter may find PUOKTART NOTICE: Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAZ C Edward Company of the State of t yourself defrauded. Many compaints are received usua people was not provided and a receive access this office.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newadealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publishers will be appreciated.

ADVERTISING FORMS close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates on application.

Ruilding CHICAGO

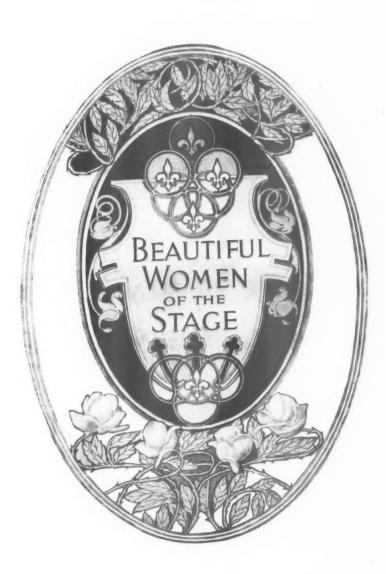
country.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publisher, North American Building, CHICAGO
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 201 Devonshire St., Boston. LONDON OFFICES, 5 Henrieta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C. Entered as second-class matter April 55, 1963, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



























THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA



MEN like Ivory Soap because of its lather, it forms so quickly and is so copious and lively. They like it because it rinses easily, saving time. They like the refreshing cleanness it produces. They like it because it gives the same pleasing, grateful results no matter what the condition of the skin.

They like it because it floats, always at hand and in sight.

Users of Ivory Soap enjoy the advantages of a mild soap that cleanses thoroughly and the advantages of a thorough cleanser that is mild. It is the combination of safety and efficiency that places Ivory beyond all limitations and gives it a universal appeal.

IVORY SOAP...



.. 99#% PURE

IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

RAY LONG, Editor

A Man's Man

The Red Book Magazine's new serial: a joyous novel by the author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Parson of Panimint," etc.

By Peter B. Kyne

CHAPTER I

HEN John Stuart Webster, mining engineer and kickerup-of-dust on distant trails, flagged the S. P., L. A. & S. L. Limited at a blistered board station in Death Valley, California, he had definitely resolved to do certain things. To begin, he would invade the dining-car at the first call to dinner and order approximately twenty dollars' worth of ham and eggs, which provender is, as all who know will certify, the pinnacle of epicurean delight to an old sour-dough coming out of the wilderness with a healthy bank-roll and a healthier appetite; for even as the hydrophobic dog avoids water, so does the adventurer of the Webster type avoid the weird concoctions of high-priced French chefs until he has first satisfied that void which yawns to receive ham and eggs.

Following the ham and eggs, Mr. Webster planned to saturate himself from soul to vermiform appendix with nicotine, which he purposed obtaining from tobacco with nicotine in it. It was



ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

a week since he had smoked anything, and months since he had tasted anything with an odor even remotely like tobacco, for the August temperature in Death Valley is no respecter of moisture in any man or his tobacco. By reason of the fact that he had not always dwelt in Death Valley, however, John Stuart Webster knew the dining-car steward would have in the ice-chest some wonderful cigars, wonderfully preserved.

Webster realized that, having sampled civilization thus far, his debauch would be at an end until he reached Salt Lake City—unless, indeed, he should



OHN STUART WEBSTER, mining engineer and kicker-up-of-dust on distant trails, a man who had the courage to turn down a twentyfive-thousand-dollar job to go to the help of a friend and-more important still-to say, when he saw the first woman who ever accelerated his heartaction: "If I have my way, there's the future Mrs. W."

find aboard the train something fit to read or somebody worth talking to. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City, however, his spree would really begin. Immediately upon leaving the train he would proceed to a clothing shop and purchase a twenty-five-dollar ready-to-wear suit, together with the appurtenances thereunto pertaining or in any wise belonging. These habiliments he would wear just long enough to shop in respectably and without attracting the attention of the passing throng; and when later his "tailor-mades" and sundry other finery should be delivered, he would send the store clothes to one Ubehebe Henry, a

prospector down in the Mojave country, who would appreciate them and wear them when he came to town in the fall to get drunk.

Having arranged for the delivery of his temporary attire at the best hotel in town, Webster designed chartering a taxicab and proceeding forthwith to that hotel, where he would engage a sunny room with a bath, fill the bathtub, climb blithely in and soak for two hours at least, for it was nearly eight months since he had had a regular bath and he purposed making the most of his opportunity. His long-drawn ablutions at length over, he would don a silken dress-



ing gown and slippers, order up a barber and proceed to part with enough hair and whiskers to upholster an automobile; and upon the completion of his tonsorial adventures he would encase his person in a suit of mauve-colored silk pajamas, climb into bed and stay there forty-eight hours, merely waking long enough to take another bath, order up periodical consignments of ham and eggs and, incidentally, make certain that a friendly side-winder or chuckwalla hadn't crawled under the blankets with

So much for John Stuart Webster's plans. Now for the gentleman him-

self. No one—not even the Pullman porter, shrewd judge of mankind that he was—could have discerned in the chrysalis that flagged the Limited the butterfly of fashion that was to be. As the ebony George raised the vestibule platform, opened the car door and looked out, he had no confidence in the lean, sun-baked big man standing by the train. Plainly the fellow was not a first-class passenger but a wandering prospector, for he was dog-dirty, a ruin of rags and hairy as a tarantula. The only clean thing about him was a heavy-calibered automatic pistol of the army type, swinging at his hip.

"Day coach an' tourist up in front," the knight of the whisk-broom announced in disapproving tones and started to close down the platform.

"So I perceived," John Stuart Webster replied blandly. "I also observed that you failed to employ the title sir when addressing a white man. Put that platform back and hop out here with your little stool, you saddle-colored son of Senegambia, or I'll make you a hard porter to catch."

"Yassah, yassah!" the porter sputtered and obeyed instantly. Mr. Webster handed him a disreputable-looking suitcase and stepped aboard in state, only to be informed by the sleeping-car conductor that there wasn't a vacant first-

class berth on the train.

"Yes, I know I'm dirty," the late arrival announced cheerfully, "but still, as Bobby Burns once remarked, 'a man's a man for a' that'—and I'm not unsanitary. I sloshed around some in Furnace Creek the night before last, and while of course I got the top layer off, still, a fellow can't accomplish a great deal without hot water, soap, a good scrubbing-brush and a can of lye."

"I'm very sorry," the conductor replied perfunctorily and endeavored to pass on, but Webster secured a firm grip , on his lapel and frustrated the escape.

"You're not sorry," the ragged wanderer declared, "—not one little bit. You're only apprehensive. However, you needn't be. There is no wild life on me, brother, I assure you. If you can prove it, I'll give you a thousand-dollar bill for each and every bit of testimony you can adduce."

"But I tell you, the train is full up. You'll have to roost in the day-coach or the tourist. I'm very sorry—"

"So am I, for I know what daycoaches and tourist-cars smell like in the
middle of August, because, as the poet
says, 'I've been there many a time and
oft.' Nevertheless, despite your deep
grief, something tells me you're spoofing,
so while I must, of necessity, accept your
suggestion, said acceptance will be but
temporary. In about two hours, young
fellow, you're going to make the alarming discovery that you have bats in your
belfry." And with a whiskery grin which,

under the circumstances, was charming in its absolute freedom from malice, Mr. Webster departed for the day-coach.

TWO hours later, the conductor found Mr. Webster in the afore-mentioned day-coach, engaged in a mild game of poker with a mule-skinner, a Chinaman, an aged prospector and a half-breed Indian, and waited until Mr. Webster, on a bob-tailed club flush, bluffed the Chinaman out of a dollar-and-a-half pot.

"Maud, Lily and Kate!" Webster murmured, as the Celestial laid down three queens and watched his ragged opponent rake in the pot. "Had I held those three queens and had you made a two-card draw as I did, only death could have stopped me from seeing what you held! Hello! Here's Little Boy Blue again. All right, son. Blow your horn." "Are you Mr. John S. Webster?"

"Your assumption that I am that person is so eminently correct that it would be a waste of time for me to dispute it," Webster replied quizzically. "However, just to prove that you're not the only clairvoyant on this train, I'm going to tell you something about yourself. In your pocket you have a telegram; it is from Chicago, where your pay-check originates; it is short, sweet and comprehensive, containing an order which you are going to obey. It reads somewhat as follows:

"'My friend, John S. Webster, wires me from Blank that he boarded train at Blank and was refused first-class accommodation because he looked like a hobo. Give him the best you have in stock, if you have to throw somebody off the train to accommodate him. Unless you see your way clear to heed this suggestion your resignation is not only in order but has already been accepted.'—Signed, 'Sweeney.'

"Do I hit the target?"

The conductor nodded. "You win, Mr. Webster," he admitted.

"Occasionally I lose, old timer. Well?"

"Who the devil is Sweeney?"

John Stuart Webster turned to his cosmopolitan comrades of the national game. "Listen to him," he entreated them. "He has worked for the company,

lo, these many years, and he doesn't know who Sweeney is?" He eyed the conductor severely. "Sweeney," he declared, "is the man who is responsible for the whichness of the why-for. Ignorance of the man higher up excuses no sleeping-car conductor, and if your job is gone when you reach Salt Lake, old timer, don't blame it on me, but rather on your distressing propensity to ask foolish questions. Vamos, amigo, and leave me to my despair. Can't you see I'm happy here?"

"No offense, Mr. Webster, no offense. I can let you have a stateroom—"
"That's trading talk. I'll take it."

THE conductor gave him his receipt and led him back to the stateroom in the observation-car. At the door Webster handed him a five-dollar bill. "For you,

son," he said gently, "just to take the sting out of what I'm about to tell you. Now that I possess your receipt and know that ten men and a boy cannot take it away from me, I'm going to tell you who Sweeney is."

"Who is he?" the conductor queried.

Already he suspected he had been outgeneraled.

"Sweeney," said Mr. Webster, "is the chief clerk in one of Chicago's most pretentious hotels and a young man who can find all the angles of a situation without working it out in logarithms. I wired him the details of my predicament; he heard the Macedonian cry and kicked in. Neat, is it not?"

The conductor grinned. "I hate to take your money," he declared.

"Don't. Just at present I'm very flush. Yes sir, I'm as prosperous as a yearling burro up to his ears in alfalfa, and the only use I have ever found for money is to make other people happy with it, thereby getting some enjoyment out of it myself. Just as soon as I get a little chunk together, some smarter man than I takes it all away from me again — so the cleaning process might just as well start here. When I'm broke I'll make some more."

"How?"

"By remembering that all a man needs in this world, in order to excel, is about two per cent more courage than a jackrabbit; also that an ounce of promotion in a world of boobs is worth a ton of perspiration. Thank you for falling for my bluff."

And having wotted the which, Mr. Webster retired to his hard-won sanctuary, where he removed as much alkali and perspiration as he could, carded his long hair and whiskers, manicured his finger-nails with a jack-knife, changed his shirt, provided five minutes of industry for George, with his whisk-broom and brush, and set himself patiently to await the first call to dinner.

THE better to hear the dinner-call Webster left his stateroom door open, and presently a pink-jowled, well-curried, flashily-dressed big man, of about Webster's age, passed in the corridor, going toward the head of the train. An instant later a woman's voice said very distinctly:

"I do not know you, sir; I do not wish to know you, and it is loathsome of you to persist in addressing me. If you do not stop your annoying attentions, I shall call the conductor."

"Ah! Beauty in distress," John Stuart Webster soliloquized. "I look so much like an Angora goat I might as well butt in." He stepped to the door of his stateroom. A girl stood in the vestibule, confronting the man who had just passed Webster's door. Webster bowed.

"Madame, or mademoiselle, as the camay be," he said, "unlike this other male biped, my sole purpose in presuming to address you is to suggest that there is not the slightest necessity for taking this matter up with the conductor. I am here and very much at your service."

The girl turned—and John Stuart Webster's heart flopped twice in rapid succession, like a trout newly grassed. She was as lovely as a royal flush. Her starry glance began at his miner's boots, traveled up his old, soiled, whipcord trousers, over his light blue chambray shirt and found the man behind the whiskers. She favored him with a quick, curious scrutiny and a grave, sweet smile. "Thank you so much, sir," she answered, and passed down the corridor to the observation-car.



Mr. Webster, fresh from Death Valley, teaches a lesson in manners to a masher on the station platform at Smithville.
the lesson, and the statement: "You



It was all over in two minutes. His reward was a grave nod from the young woman in whose behalf he administered are—a very courtly gentleman, sir."

VOU know from the first line of this story that Peter B. Kyne is enjoying every minute of the telling. We've never had a writer in this country who put such a joyous dash in his writing. Nor have we ever had one so apt at characterization of the men who do things in the world and the women who win the love of that sort of men. Mr. Kyne has the charm of the natural-born story-teller, a gift that comes to only a few in a generation.

"Well, old timer," Webster greeted the fellow who had been annoying her, "how about you? What do you think we ought to do about this little affair?"

"The sensible thing would be to do-

nothing."

"Nothing?" "Nothing." "Why?"

"You might start something you

couldn't finish."

"That's a dare," Webster declared brightly, "and wasn't it the immortal Huckleberry Finn who remarked that anybody that'd take a dare would suck eggs and steal sheep?" He caressed his beard meditatively. "They say the good Lord made man to His own image and likeness. I take it those were only the specifications for the building complete -the painting and interior decorating, not to mention the furnishings, being let to a sub-contractor." He was silent a few seconds, appraising his man. "I suppose you commenced operations by moving into her section and asking if she would like to have the window open and enjoy the fresh air. Of course if she had wanted the window open, she would

have called the porter. She rebuffed you, but being a persistent devil, you followed her into the observation-car, and in all probability you ogled her at luncheon and ruined her appetite. And just now, when you met her in this vestibule, you doubtless jostled her, begged her pardon and without waiting to be introduced asked her to have dinner with you this even-

"Well?" the fellow echoed

belligerently.

"It's all bad form. shouldn't try to make a mash on a lady. I don't know who she is, of course, but she's not common; she's traveling without a chaperon, I take it, and for the sake of the mother that bore me I always respect and protect a good woman and whale hell out of those that do not.'

He reached inside his stateroom and pressed the bell. The

porter arrived on the run.
"George," said Mr. Webster, "in a few minutes we're due at Smithville. If my memory serves me aright, we stop five minutes for water and orders.'

"Yassah."

"Remain right here and let me off as soon as the train comes to a stop."

WHEN the train slid to a grinding halt and the porter opened the car door, Webster pointed. "Out!" he said. "This is no nice place to pull off a

"See here, neighbor, I don't want to

have any trouble with you-"

"I know it. All the same, you're going to have it-or come with me to that young lady and beg her pardon.'

There are some things in this world which the most craven of men will not do-and the vanity of that masher forbade acceptance of Webster's alternative. He preferred to fight, but-he did not purpose being thrashed. He resolved on strategy.

"All right. I'll apologize," he declared, and started forward as if to pass Webster in the vestibule, on his way to the observation-car, whither the subject of his annoying attentions had gone. Two steps brought him within striking distance of his enemy, and before Webster could dodge, a sizzling right-handed blow landed on his jaw and set him back on his haunches in the vestibule.

It was almost a knockout—almost, but not quite. As Webster's body struck the floor the big automatic came out of the holster; swinging in a weak circle, it covered the other.

"That was a daisy," Webster mumbled. "If you move before my head clears, I'll put four bullets into you before you reach the corridor."

He waited about a minute; then with the gun he pointed to the car door, and the masher stepped out. Webster handed the porter his gun and followed; two minutes later he returned, dragging his assailant

by the collar. Up the steps he jerked the big battered hulk and tossed it in the corner of the vestibule, just as the girl came through the car, making for the diner up ahead.

Again she favored him with that calm, grave, yet vitally interested gaze, nodded appreciatively, made as if to pass on, changed her mind and said very gravely: "You are—a very courtly gentleman, sir"

He bowed. There was nothing else to do, nothing that he could say, under the circumstances; to use his chivalry as a wedge to open an acquaintance never occurred to him—but his whiskers did occur to him. Hastily he backed into his stateroom and closed the door; presently he rose and surveyed himself critically in the small mirror over the washstand.

"No, Johnny," he murmured, "we can't go into the diner now. We're too blamed disreputable. We were badenough before that big swine hung the shanty on our right eye, but whatever our physical and personal feelings, far be it from us to parade our iridescent orb in public. Besides, one look at that

MR. KYNE'S stories of the vigorous Cappy Ricks and the daring Matt Peasley riveted his position at the top of short-story writing. Now he is "going in" for novels. This serial is the first in his new program. It's a winner, if ever one was writ-Fine two-fisted men. a lovable heroine, action that sweeps you from adventure to adventure—all the qualities that make the kind of novel we begin with eagerness and end with reluctance.

queen is enough to do us for the remainder of our natural life, and a second look, minus a proper introduction, would only drive us into a suicide's grave. That's a fair sample of our luck, Johnny. It rains duck soup-and we're there like a Chinaman - with chopsticks; and on the only day in the history of the human race, here I am with a marvelous black eve, a dislocated thumb, four skinned knuckles and a grouch, while otherwise looking like a cross between Rip Van Winkle and a hired man." He sighed, rang for the porter and told him to send a waiter for his order, since he would fain break his fast in the privacy of his stateroom. And when the waiter came for the order. such was Mr. Webster's mental perturbation that ham and eggs were furthest from his thoughts. He ordered a steak with French fried potatoes!

CHAPTER II

JOHN STUART WEBSTER passed a relentless night. Sleep came to him in hourly installments, from which he would rouse to ask himself whether it

was worth while to continue to go through the motions of living, or alight at the next station, seek a lonely and unfrequented spot and there surrender to outrageous fortune. He had lived every moment of his life: fair fortune and ill had been his portion so often that he had long since ceased to care which took precedence over the other; to quote Mr. Kipling, he had schooled himself to "treat those two impostors both the same"-not a very difficult task, if one be granted a breathing spell between the arrival of each impostor! Hitherto, in Webster's experience, there had always been a decent interval between the two -say a day, a week, a month or more; whereas in the present instance, two minutes had sufficed to make the journey from a heaven of contentment to the

dungeons of despair.

It was altogether damnable. careless moment, Fate had accorded him a glimpse of the only woman he had ever met and desired to meet again-for Webster was essentially a man's man. and his profession and environment had militated against his opportunities for meeting extraordinary women; and extraordinary women were the only kind that could hope to challenge his serious attention. Had his luck changed there, he might have rested content with his lot -but it hadn't. Fate had gone farther. She had accorded him a signal opportunity for knightly combat in the service of this extraordinary woman; and in the absence of a formal introduction, what man could desire a finer opportunity for getting acquainted! If only their meeting had but been delayed two weeks, ten days, a week! Once free of his ugly cocoon of rags and whiskers, the butterfly Webster would not have hesitated one brief instant to inform himself of that young lady's name and address, following his summary disposal of her tor-Trusting to the mingled respect and confusion in his manner, and to her own womanly intuition to warn her that no rudeness or brazen familiarity was intended, he would have presented himself before her and addressed her in these words:

"A few minutes ago, Miss, you were gracious enough to accord me the rare

pleasure of being of slight service to you. May I presume on that evidence of your generosity and perfect understanding to risk a seeming impertinence by presuming to address you?"

Webster pictured her as bowing, favoring him with that grave yet interested scrutiny and saying: "Certainly, sir."

Whereupon he would say:

"It has occurred to me-for, like Bimi, the orang-outang, I have perhaps too much ego in my cosmos-that you might be charitably moved to admit me to the happy circle of those privileged to call you by name. Were there a mutual friend on this train whom I could prevail upon to introduce me formally, I should not be reduced to the necessity of being unconventional. Under the circumstances, however, I am daring enough to presume that this misfortune is not so great that I should permit it to interfere with my respectful desires. Therefore—have I your permission to present myself, with the hope that in so doing I may feel freer to be of additional service to you throughout the remainder of our journey?"

That would be a pretty, a graceful speech-a little ornate, doubtless, but diplomatic in the extreme. Having been accorded permission to introduce himself, he would cease thereafter to be flowery. However, Webster realized that however graceful might be his speech and bearing, should be essay the great adventure in the morning, his appearance would render him ridiculous and presumptuous and perhaps shock and humiliate her; for in all things there is a limit, and John Stuart Webster's right eye constituted a deadline beyond which, as a gentleman, he dared not venture; so with a heavy heart he bowed to the inevitable. Brilliant and mysterious as a meteorite she had flashed once across his horizon and was gone.

IN the privacy of his stateroom, Webster had ham and eggs for breakfast. He was lighting his second cigar when the porter knocked and entered with an envelope.

"Lady in the observation-car asked me to deliver this to you, sah," he an-

nounced importantly.

MR. WEB-

tens to a business proposition.

"There's twen-

ty-five thousand a year in it," urged

Jerome, "with a

house and a good

cook and an auto-

mobile and a

chauffeur, and

you can come to

town whenever

you please."

It was a note, freshly written on the train stationery. Webster read:

The distressed lady desires to thank the gentleman in stateroom A for his chivalry of yesterday. She quite realizes that the gentleman's offer to relieve her of the annoyance to which she was being subjected was such a direct expression of his nature and code, that to have declined his aid would have been discourteous, despite her distress at the possible outcome. She is delighted to know that her confidence in the ability of her champion has been fully justified by a swift and sweeping victory, but profoundly sorry that in her service the gentleman in stateroom A was so unfortunate as to acquire a red eye with blue trimmings.

John Stuart Webster swore his mightiest oath: "By the twelve apostles, Simon Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, Jude and Simon, not omitting Judas Iscariot, the scaly scoundrel who betrayed his Lord and Master!" He searched through an old wallet until he discovered a fairly clean professional card, across the bottom of which he wrote, "Thank you. J. S. W." and sent it to the nolonger-distressed lady.

"The most signal adventure of my life is now over," he soliloquized and turned to his cigar. "For the sake of my self-respect, I had to let her know I'm not a hobo! And now to the task of framing up a scheme for future acquaintance. I must learn her name and destination; so as a preliminary I'll interview the

train conductor."

He did, and under the ameliorating influence of a five-dollar bill the conductor bent a respectful ear to the Websterian message.

"In Car

"In Car

Seven," he began, "there is a young lady. I do not know what section she occupies;

neither do I know her name and destination. I only know what she looks like."

The conductor nodded. "And you want to ascertain her name and destination?"

"I do."

"Easiest thing in life. There is only one young lady in Car Seven. I suppose you mean that queen with the olive complexion, the green suit and—"

"Hold! Enough."

"All right. I have the unused portion of her transportation to return to her before we hit Salt Lake; her name is on the ticket, and the ticket indicates her destination. I'll make a mental note of both, as soon as I've identified her ticket."

"After you've made the said mental note," Webster pleaded, "be sure you write it down, so you'll not forget."

A few hours later the conductor came to Webster's stateroom and handed him a card upon which was written:

Dolores Ruey. From Los Angeles, via San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, to Salt Lake City. Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington to St. Louis, Illinois Central to New Orleans. Stop-over at Denver.

John Stuart Webster studied the name after the conductor withdrew. "That's a Spanish name," he soliloquized, "but for all that, she's not a Creole. There's something Gaelic about her features, particularly her eyes. They're brown, with golden flecks in them, and if she had a drop of dark blood in her, they'd be smoky and languid. Also if she were a Latin, she would have referred to my black eye-whereas she referred to a red eye with blue trimmings! Same thing but different! All things considered, I guess I'll take a chance and investigate.

CHAPTER III

WEBSTER'S dreams of bliss had, with very slight variation, come true as per schedule. In Salt Lake City he abandoned the beefsteak on his damaged eye for two businesslike leeches, which quickly reduced the nocturne effect around his orb, enabling him, the third

day, to saunter forth among his fellowmen. By the end of the week he was a being reincarnated, and so he packed a huge new wardrobe-trunk with his latest purchases and journeyed on to Denver. Coincident with his arrival there, we again take up the thread of our-story.

One hour after his trunk arrived, the gentleman from Death Valley might have been observed standing before a cheval glass, looking long and earnestly at the reflection of his middle-aged person, the while he marked the fit of his

new raiment.

Let us describe these habiliments, alleging as an excuse for dwelling with emphasis upon the subject the fact that John Stuart Webster was all dressed up for the first time in three long, laborridden years, and was tremendously glad of it. Hark to this inventory. . There were the silken hose and underwear next his well-scrubbed skin; then there was the white pleated linen shirt—a shirt so expensive and exquisite that Mr. Webster longed to go somewhere and shoot a game of billiards, in order that thus he might have an excuse to remove his coat and exhibit that shirt to the gaze of the multitude. His collar irked him slightly, but he had been assured by the clerk who sold it to him that it was strictly in vogue. His gray silk Ascot tie was held in a graceful puff by a scarfpin with a head of perfect crystal, prettily shot with virgin gold; his black afternoon coat enveloped his wide shoulders and flanked his powerful neck with the perfection of the epidermis on a goose in the pink of condition; his gray striped trousers broke exactly right over his new "patent leather" shoes. The tout ensemble, as the gentleman himself might have expressed it had he possessed a working knowledge of French (which he did not) was perfect.

He "shot" his cuffs and strutted backward and forward, striving to observe his spinal column over his right shoulder, for he was in a transport of delight as truly juvenile as that on the never-to-be-forgotten day when he had attained to the dignity of his first pair of long trousers. He observed to himself that it was truly remarkable, the metamor-



Mr. Webster sees the girl: As she passed him in the station at Denver, he looked fairly into her face and hastily lifted his hat. The girl returned his scrutiny, decided she did not know him, and reproved him with a glance which caused his friend Neddy Jerome to chuckle.

phosis nine tailors and a talkative barber can make in an old sour-dough.

PRESENTLY, convinced that he was the glass of fashion and the mold of form, Mr. Webster took up a smart lancewood stick and a pair of new gray suède gloves and descended to the lobby of Denver's most exclusive hotel. He paused at the cigar-stand long enough to fill his case with three-for-a-half perfectos and permit the young woman in charge to feast her world-weary eyes on his radiant person (which she did, classifying and tabulating him instantly as a millionaire mining man from Nevada). After this he lighted a cigar and stepped forth into Seventeenth Street. along which he strolled until he came to a certain building, into the elevator of which he entered and was whisked to the twelfth floor, where he alighted and found himself before a wide portal which bore in gold letters the words:

ENGINEERS' CLUB

The Engineers' Club was the closest approach to a home that John Stuart Webster had known for twenty years, and so he paused just within the entrance to perform the time-honored ceremonial of home-coming. Over the arched doorway leading to the lounge hung a large bronze gong such as is used in mines, and from the lever of the gongclapper depended a cord which Webster seized and jerked thrice-thus striking the signal known to all of the mining fraternity-the signal to hoist! Only those members who had been sojourning in distant parts six months or more were privileged thus to disturb the peace and dignity of the Engineers' Club, the same privilege, by the way, carrying with it the obligation of paying for the materials shortly to be hoisted!

Having announced the return of a prodigal, our hero stepped to the door of the lounge and shouted:

"John Stuart Webster, E. M."

The room was empty. Not a single member was present to greet the wanderer and accept of his invitation!

"Home was never like this when I was a boy," he complained to the servant at the telephone exchange: "Times must be pretty good in the mining game in Colorado when everybody has a job that

keeps him out of Denver."

The servant rose and essayed a raid on his hat and stick, but Mr. Webster, who was impatient at thus finding himself amidst old scenes, fended him away and said "Shoo fly!" Then he crossed the empty lounge and ascended the stairs leading to the card-room, at the entrance of which he paused, leaning on his stick -in unconscious imitation of a Sicilian gentleman posing for his photograph after his first pay-day in America,swept that room with a wistful eye and sighed because nothing had changed in three long years.

SAVE for the slight job of kalsomining which Father Time had done on the edges of the close-cropped Websterian mustache, the returned prodigal might have stepped out of the Club but yesterday. He would not have taken the short end of a modest bet that even a fresh log had been placed on the fire or that the domino-players over against the wall had won or lost a drink or two and then resumed playing-although perchance there were a few more gray hairs in the thickly thatched head of old Neddy Jerome, sitting in his favorite seat by the window and turning the cards in his eternal game of solitaire, in blissful ignorance that John Stuart Webster stood within the portals of home and awaited the fatted calf.

"I'll hypnotize the old pelican into looking up," Webster soliloquized, and forthwith bent a beetling gaze upon the player. For as many as five seconds he strove to demonstrate the superiority of mind over solitaire; then, despairing of success, he struck the upholstery of an adjacent chair a terrific blow with his stick-the effect of which was to cause everybody in the room to start and to conceal Mr. Webster momentarily in a cloud of dust, the while in a bellowing

baritone he sang:

His father was a hard-rock miner; He comes from my home town-

Continued on page 819 of this issue.

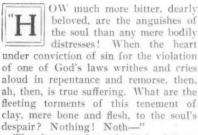
PAIN

A short story you will remember

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "What Will People Say?"
"Empty Pockets" and "Clipped Wings."





The clergyman's emphatic fist did not thump the Scriptures the second time. He checked it in air; for a woman stood up straight and stared at him straight. Her thin mouth seemed to twist with a sneer. He thought he read on her lips words not quite uttered. He read:

"You fool! You fool!"

Then Miss Straley sidled from the family pew to the aisle and marched up it and out of the church.

Dr. Crosson was shocked doubly. The woman's action was an outrage upon the holy composure of the Sabbath, and it would remind everybody that he was an old lover of Irene Straley's.

The neatly arranged congregational skulls were disordered now, some still tilted forward in sleep, some tilted back to see what the pastor would do, some craned round to observe the departer,



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

some turned inward in whispering couples.

Such a thing had never happened before in all the parsoning of Dr. Crosson—the D.D. had been conferred on him by the small theological institute where he had imbibed enough dogmas in two years to last him a lifetime.

Some of his dogmas were so out of fashion that he felt them a trifle shabby even for village wear. He had laid aside the old red hell-fire dogma for a new one of hell-as-a-state-of-mind. He was expounding that doctrine this morning again. He had never heard any complaint of it. But his mind was so far from his memory that he hardly knew what he had just uttered. He wondered what he could have said to offend Miss Straley.

But he must not stand there gaping and wondering before his gaping and wondering congregation. He must push on to his *lastly's*. His mind retraced his words, and he repeated:

"What are the fleeting torments of this tenement of clay, mere bone and flesh, to the soul's despair? Nothing! As

I said before-nothing!"

And then he understood why Irene Straley had walked out. The realization deranged him so that only the police-force everyone has among his faculties coërced him into going on with his sermon.

IT was a good sermon. It was his own, too; for at last he had paid the final installment on the clergyman's library which contained a thousand sermons as aids to overworked, underinspired evangelists. He had built this discourse from well-seasoned timbers. He had used it in two pulpits where he had visited, and now he was giving it to his own flock. He knew it well enough to trust his oratorical machinery with its delivery, while the rest of his mind meditated other things.

Often, while preaching, a portion of his brain would be watching the effect on his congregation, another watching the clock, another thinking of dinner, another musing over the scandals he knew in the lives of the parishioners.

But now all his by-thoughts were scattered at the abrupt deed of Irene Straley. She was the traffic of his other brains now, while his lips went on enouncing the phrases of his discourse and his fists thudded the Bible for emphasis. He was remembering his boyhood and his infatuation for Irene Straley. That was before he was sure of his call to the ministry. If he had married her, he might not have heard the call.

Dr. Crosson hoped that he was not regretting that sacrament! Sweat came out on his brow as he understood the blasphemy of noting (even here on the rostrum with his mouth pouring forth sacred eloquence) that Irene Straley as she marched out of the church was still slender and flexible, virginal. Dr. Crosson mopped his brow at the atrocity of his thoughts this morning.

The springtime air was to blame. The windows were open for the first time. The breeze that lolled through the church had no right there. It was irreverent and frivolous. It was amused at the people. It rippled with laughter

at the preacher's heavy effort to start a jealousy between the pangs of the flesh and the pangs of the soul.

It brought into church a savor of green rushes growing in the warm, wet thickets where Dr. Crosson—once Eddie Crosson—had loved to go hunting squirrels and rabbits, and wild duck in season. Those were years of depravity, but they were entrancing in memory. He felt a Satanic whisper: "Order these old fogies out into the fields and let them worship there. It is May, you fool!" "You fool!" That was what Irene

"You fool!" That was what Irene Straley had seemed to whisper. Only, the breeze made a soft, sweet coo of the word that had been so bitter on her lips.

Across the square of a window near the pulpit a venerable locust tree brandished a bough dripping with blossoms. Countless little censers of white spice swung frankincense and myrrh for pagan nostrils.

There was a beckoning in the locust bough, and in the air an incantation that made a folly of sermons and souls and old maids' resentments and gossips' queries. The preacher fought on, another Saint Anthony in a cloud of witches

He could hear himself intoning the long sermon with the familiar pulpiteering rhythms and the final upsnap of the last syllable of each sentence. He could see that the congregation was already drowsily forgetful of Irene Straley's absence. But, to save his soul, he could not keep his mind from following her out into the leafy streets and on into the past where she had been the prize he and young Drury Boldin had contended for—a past in which he had never dreamed that his future was a pulpit in his home town.

HE was the manlier of the two, for Drury was a delicate boy, too sensitive for the approval of his Spartan fellows. They made fun of his gentleness. He hated to wreathe a fishing-worm on a hook! He loathed to wrench a hook from a fish's gullet! The nearest he had ever come to fighting was in defense of a thousand-legged worm that one of the boys had stuck a pin through, to watch it writhe and bite itself behind the pin.

Irene Straley was a sentimental girl. That was right in a girl, but silly in a boy.

Once when Eddie Crosson stubbed his toe and it swelled up to great importance, Irene Straley wept when she saw it, while Drury Boldin turned pale and sat down hard. Once when Drury cut his thumb with a penknife, he fainted at

the sight of his own blood!

Eddie Crosson was a real boy. He smoked cubeb cigarettes with an almost unprecedented precocity. He nearly learned to chew tobacco. He could snap a sparrow off a telegraph wire with a niggershooter almost infallibly. He had the first airgun in town, and a shotgun at fifteen. He thought that he was manlier than Drury, because he was wiser and stronger. It never occurred to him that Drury might suffer more because he was more finely built, that his nerves were harpstrings while Crosson's were fence-wire.

So Crosson called Drury a milksop because he would not go hunting. He called himself one of the sons of Nim-

rod.

For a time he gained prestige with Irene Straley, especially as he gave her bright feathers now and then, an oriole's gilded mourning, or a tanager's scarlet vesture.

ONE day Drury Boldin was at her porch when Ed came in from across the river with a brace of duck.

"You can have these for your dinner to-morrow, Reny," he said, as he laid the limp, silky bodies on the porch floor.

Their bills and feet were grotesque, but there was something about their throats, stretched out in waning iridescence, that asked for regret.

"Oh, much obliged!" Irene cried. "That's awful nice of you, Eddie. Duck

cook awful good."

And then her enthusiasm ebbed, for she caught the look of Drury Boldin as he bent down and stroked the glossy mantle of the birds, not with zest for their flavor, nor envy of the skill that had fetched them from the sky, but with sorrow for their ended careers, for the miracle gone out of their wings, and the strange fact that they had once quawked and chirruped in the high air and on hidden waters—and would never fly or swim again.

"I wonder if they had souls," he mumbled.

Eddie Crosson winked at Irene. There was no use getting mad at Drury. Eddie only laughed:

"'Course not, you darn galoot!"
"How do you know?" Drury asked.
"Anybody knows that much," was
Crosson's sufficient answer, and Drury
changed to another topic. He asked:

"Did it hurt 'em much to die?"

"'Course not," Eddie answered promptly. "Not the way I got 'em. They just stopped sailin' and dropped. I lost one, though. He was goin' like sixty when I drew bead on him. Light wasn't any too good, and I just nipped one wing. You ought to seen him turning somersets, Reny. He lit in a swampy spot, though, and I couldn't find him. I hunted for an hour or more, but I couldn't find him and it was growin' dark, so I come home."

Drury spoke up quickly: "You didn't

kill him?"

"I don't guess so. He was workin' mighty hard when he flopped."

"Oh, that's terrible!" Drury groaned. "He must be layin' out there now somewheres—sufferin'. Oh, that's terrible."

"Aw, what's it your business?" was Crosson's gruff comment. But there was uneasiness in his tone, for Drury had set Irene to wringing her hands nervously, and Crosson felt a trifle uncomfortable himself. Twilight always made him susceptible to emotions that daylight blinded him to, as to the stars.

HE remembered that boyhood emotion now in his pulpit, and his shoulderblades twitched; an icy finger seemed to have written something on them. He was casting up his eyes and his hands in a familiar gesture and quoting a familiar text:

"'Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.'"

From the roof of the church he



While Crosson stood in sheepish dismay, the minister appeared at his elbow. "It seems to me, Eddie," he said, "that it is high time you were beginning to take life seriously."

seemed to see that wounded wild duck falling, turning in air, striking at the air frantically with his good wing and feebly with the one that bled. Down he fell, struggling somewhere among the pews.

A fantastic notion drifted into the preacher's mind—that Satan had shot up a bullet from hell and it had lodged among the feathers of Jehovah the protector, and He was falling and lost among that congregation in which so often the preacher had failed to find

Dr. Crosson shook his head violently to fling off such madnesses, and he propounded his next "furthermore" with added energy. But he could not shake off the torment in the recollection of Drury Boldin's nagging interest in that wild duck.

II

RURY insisted on knowing where the wild duck fell, and Crosson told him that it was "near where the crick emptied into the sluice, where the cat-tails grew extra high."

He went on home to his supper, but the thought of the suffering bird had seized his mind; it flopped and twisted at the roots of his thoughts.

A few days later Drury met him and asked him again where the duck had fallen

"I can't find it where you said," he said.

"You aint been lookin' for it, have you?"

"Yes, for days."

"What'd you do if you found it?" Crosson asked.

"Kill it," Drury answered. It was a most unexpectable phrase from him.

"That sounds funny, comin' from you," Crosson snickered. Then he spoke gruffly to conceal his own misgivings. "Aw, it's dead long ago."

"I'd feel better if I was sure," said Drury.

Crosson called him a natural born idiot, but the next day Crosson himself was across the river, dragged by a queer mood. He book his bearings from the

spot where he had fired his shotgun, and then made toward the place where the duck fell.

He stumbled about in slime and snarl for an hour in vain.

Suddenly he was startled by the sound of something floundering through the reeds. He was afraid that it might be a wild animal, a traditional bear or a big dog. But it was Drury Boldin. And Irene Straley was with him.

They were covered with mud. Crosson was jealous and suspicious and indignant. They told him that they were looking for the hurt bird. He was furious. He advised them to go along about their own business. It was his bird.

"Who gave it to you?" Drury answered, with a battling look in his soft eyes.

"The Lord and my shotgun."

"What right you got to go shootin' wild birds, anyway?" Drury demanded. Crosson was even then devoted to the Bible for its majestic music, if for nothing else. He quoted the phrase about the dominion over the fowls of the air given to man for his use.

Drury would not venture to contradict the Scriptures, and so he turned away silenced. But he continued his search. And Irene followed him.

In sullen humor Crosson also searched, till he heard Drury cry out; then he ran to see what he had found.

Irene and Drury were shrinking back from something that even the son of Nimrod regarded with disquiet. The duck, one wing caked and festered, and busy with ants and a-drone with flies, was still alive after all those many days.

Its flat bill was opening and shutting in hideous awkwardness, its hunger-emaciated frame rising and falling with a kind of lurching breath, and the film over its eyes drawing together and rolling back miserably.

At the sight of the three visitors to its death-chamber, it made a hopeless effort to lift itself again to the air of its security. It could not even lift its

Drury fell to one knee before it, and a swarm of flies zooned angrily away. He put out his hand, but he was afraid to touch, and he only added panic to the bird's wretchedness.

He rose and backed away. The three stood off and stared. Crosson felt the guilt of Cain, but when Irene moaned, "What you goin' to do?" he shook his head. He could not finish his task.

It was Drury Boldin, weak-kneed and putty-faced, who went hunting now. He had to look far before he found a heavy rock. He lugged it back and said: "Go on away, Reny."

She hurried to a distance, and even Crosson turned his head aside.

ON the way home they were all three tired and sick, and Drury had to stop every now and then to sit down and get strength into his knees.

But there was a sense of grim relief that helped them all, and the bird once safely dead was rapidly forgotten. After that Crosson seemed to lose his place in Irene's heart, and Drury won all that Crosson lost, and more. Before long it was understood that Drury and Irene had agreed to get married as soon as he could earn enough to keep them. All four parents opposed the match; Irene's because Drury was "no 'count," and Drury's for much the same reason.

Old Boldin allowed that Irene would be added to his family, for meals and lodgin', if she married his son; and old Straley guessed that it would be the other way round, and the Boldin boy would come over to his house to live.

Also, Drury could get no work in Carthage. Eventually he went to Chicago to try his luck there. Crosson seized the chance to try to get back to Irene. One Sunday he took his shotgun out in the wilderness and brought down a duck whose throat had so rich a glimmer that he believed it would delight Irene. He took it to her.

She was out in her garden, and she looked at his gift with eyes so hurt by the pity of the bird's drooping neck that they were blind to its beauty.

While Crosson stood in sheepish dismay, recognizing that Drury was present still in his absence, the minister appeared at his elbow. It was not the wrecked career of the fowl that shocked the pastor, but the broken Sabbath.

"It seems to me, Eddie," he said, "that it is high time you were beginning to take life seriously. Come to church tonight and make up for your ungodliness."

Crosson consented. It was a good way of making his escape from Irene's haunted eyes.

The service that night had little influence on his heart, but a month later a revivalist came into Carthage with a great fanfare of attack on the hosts of Lucifer. This man was an emotionalist of irresistible fire. He reasoned less than he sang. His voice was as thrilling as a trombone, and his words did not matter. It was his tone that made the heart resound like a smitten bell.

The revivalist struck unsuspected chords of emotion in Eddie Crosson and made him weep! But he wept tears of a different sort from the waters of grief. His unusual tears were a tribute to eloquence. Sonorous words and noble thoughts thrilled Eddie Crosson then as ever after.

He had loved to speak pieces at school. Whether it were Spartacus exhorting his brawny slaves to revolt, or Daniel Webster upholding the Union now and forever, one and inseparable, he had felt an exaltation, an exultation that enlarged him to the clouds. He loved the phrase more than the meaning. What was well worded was well reasoned.

His passion for elocution had inclined him at first to be a lawyer, but when he visited the county courthouse, the attorneys he listened to had such dull themes to expound that he felt no call to the law. What glory was there in pleading for the honor of an old darky chicken-thief when everybody knew at once that he was guilty of stealing the chickens in question, or would have been if he had known of their accessibility? What rapture was there in insisting that a case in an Alabama court eight years before furnished an exact precedent in the matter of a mechanic's lien in Carthage?

So Crosson chilled toward the legal profession. His father urged him to come into the Crosson hardware emporium, but Eddie hated the silent

trades.

PAIN 661

The revivalist decided him, and he began to make his heart ready for the clerical life. His father opposed him heathenishly and would not pay for his seminary course.

FOR several months Crosson waited about, becalmed in the doldrums. There was little to interest him in town except a helpless espionage on Irene's · lovalty to Drury Boldin. Her troth defied both time and space. She went every day to the post office to mail a heavy letter and to receive the heavy letter she was sure to find there.

She became a sort of tender joke at the post office, and on the street as well, for she always read her daily letter on the way home. She would be so absorbed in the petty chronicles of Drury's life that she would stroll into people and bump into trees, or fetch up short against a fence. She sprained her ankle once walking off the walk. And once she marched plump into the parson's horrified bosom.

Crosson often stood in ambush so that she would collide with him. She was very soft and fragrant, and she usually had flowers pinned over her breast.

Crosson would grin as she stumbled against him; then the lovelorn girl would stare up at him through the haze of the distance her letter had carried her to, and stammer excuses and fall back and blush, and glide round him on her way. Crosson would laugh aloud, bravely, but afterward he would turn and stare at her solemnly enough when she resumed her letter and strolled on in the rosy cloud of her communion with her far-off "fellow."

One day Crosson had to run after her, because when she thought she was turning into her own yard, her absent mind led her to unlatch the gate to a pasture where a muley cow with a scandalous temper was waiting for her with sway-

ing head.

Irene laughed at her escape, with an unusual mirth for her. She explained it by seizing Crosson's sleeve and exclaim-

'Oh, Eddie, such good news from Drury you never heard! He's got a position with a jewelry store, the biggest in Chicago. And they put him in the designing department at ten dollars a week, and they say he's got a future. Isn't it simply glorious?"

She held Crosson while she read the young man's hallelujahs. They sounded to Crosson like a funeral address.

Irene's mother was even prouder of Drury's success than the daughter was. She bragged now of the wedding she had dreaded before. Finally Irene proclaimed the glorious truth that Drury's salary had been boosted again and they would wait no longer for wealth. He was awful busy, and so he'd just run down for a couple of days and marry her and run back with her to Chicago and jewelry. This arrangement ended Irene's mother's dreams of a fine wedding and relieved the townspeople of the expense of wedding presents.

THE sudden announcement of the wedding shocked Crosson. He endured a jealousy whose intensity surprised him in retrospect. He endured a good deal of humor too, from village cut-ups who teased him because his best girl was marrying the other fellow.

Crosson felt a need of solitude, and a fierce desire to kill something. He got his abandoned gun and went hunting to wear out his wrath. He wore himself out, at least. He shot savagely at all sorts of life. He followed one flitting, sarcastic bluejay with a voice like a village cut-up, all the way home without getting near enough to shoot.

He came down the long hill with the sunset, bragging to himself that he was reconciled to Irene's marriage with any-

body she'd a mind to.

He could see her from a distance, sitting on the porch alone. She was all dressed up and rocking impatiently. Evidently the train was late again, as always. From where he was, Crosson could see the track winding around the hills like a little metal brook. The smoke of the engine was not yet pluming along the horizon. The train could not arrive for some minutes yet.

TO prove his freedom from rancor and his emancipation from love, but really because he could not resist the chance to have a last word with Irene, he went across lots to her father's back yard and came round to the porch. He forgot to draw the shells from his gun.

In the sunset, with his weapon ashoulder, he must have looked a bit wild, for Irene jumped when he spoke to her. He sought an excuse for his visit and put at her feet the game he had bagged, —a squirrel, a rabbit and a few birds, the last he ever shot.

The moment the dead things were there he regretted the impulse. He was reminded of his previous quarry and its ill success. Irene was reminded too, for she thanked him timidly and asked if he had left any wounded birds in the field. He laughed "No" with a poor grace.

She said: "I'd better get these out of sight before Drury comes. He doesn't

like to see such things."

She lifted them distastefully and went into the house. She came out almost at once, for she heard a train. But it was not the passenger swooping south: it was the freight, trudging north. There was only a single track then, and no block system of signals.

Irene no sooner recognized the lumbering, jostling drove of cattle-cars and flats going by than she gasped:

"That freight ought not to be on that track—now!"

She was frozen with dread. Crosson understood, too. Then from the distance came the whistle of the express, the long hurrah of its approach to the station. The freight engineer answered it with short, sharp blasts of his whistle. He kept jabbing the air with its noise.

There was the grind of the brakes on the wheels. The cars tried to stop. like a mob, but the rear cars bunted the front cars forward irresistibly. The cattle aboard lowed and bellowed. The brakemen, quaint silhouettes against the red sky, ran along the tops of the box-cars, twisting the brake-wheels.

I RENE stumbled down the steps and dashed across the pastures toward the jutting hill that she had so often seen the express sweep round. Crosson followed.

They came to a fence. She could not

climb, she was trembling so. Crosson had to help her over. She ran on, and as he sprawled after, he nearly discharged the gun.

He brought it along by habit as he followed Irene, who ran, and ran, waving her arms as if she would stop the

express with her naked hands.

But long before they reached the tracks the express roared round the headland and plunged into the freight. The two locomotives met and rose up and wrestled like two black bears, and fell over. The cars were scattered and jumbled like a baby's train. They were all of wood—heated by soft-coal stoves and lighted by coal-oil lamps.

The wreck was the usual horror, the usual chaos of wanton destruction and mysterious escape. The engineers stuck to their engines and were involved in their ruin somewhere. The passenger train was crowded, and destruction showed no favoritism: old men, women, children, sheep, horses, cows, were maimed, or killed, or left scot-free.

Some of those who were uninjured ran away. Some stood weeping. Some of the wounded began at once to rescue others. Crosson stood gaping at the spectacle, but Irene went into the wreckage, pawing and peering like a terrier.

She could not find what she was looking for. She would bend and stare into a face glaring under the timbers and maundering for help, then pass on. She would turn over a twisted frame and let it roll back. She was not a sister of charity; she was Drury Boldin's helpmeet.

She kept calling his name, "Drury—Drury—Drury!" Crosson watched her as she poised to listen for the answer that did not come. He gaped at her in stupid fascination, till a brakeman shook him and ordered him to lend a hand. He rested his gun against a pile of ties and bowed his shoulder to the hoisting of a beam overhanging a woman and a suckling babe.

The helpers dislodged other beams and finished the lives they had meant to

save.

There were no physicians on the train. But a doctor or two from the town came out, and the others were sent for. A



VALES MOLTOWERY FLAGG

She always read her daily letter on her way home. She would be so absorbed in the petty chronicles of Drury's life that she would stroll into people. Once she marched plump into the person's horrified bosom.

telegram was sent to summon a relieftrain, but it could not arrive for hours.

The doctors began at the beginning, but they could do little. Their own lives were in constant danger from tumbling wreckage, for the rescuers were playing a game of tragic jackstraws. The least mistake brought down disaster.

As he worked, Crosson could hear Irene calling, calling, "Drury, Drury, Drury!"

He left his task to follow her, his jealousy turned into a wild sorrow for her.

At last he heard in her cry of "Drury!" a note that meant she had found him. But such a welcome as it was for a bride to give! And such a trysting-place!

THE car Drury was in had turned a somersault and cracked open across another. Its inverted wheels on their trucks had made a bower of steel about the bridegroom. The flames from the stove and from the oil lamps were blooming like hell-flowers everywhere. And the wind that fanned the blazes was blowing clouds of scalding steam from the crumpled boilers of the two engines.

Crosson ran to Irene's side. She was trying to clamber through a trellis of iron and splintered wood. She was stretching her hand out to Drury, where he lay unconscious, deep in the clutter. Crosson dragged her away from a flame that swung toward her. She struck his hand aside and thrust her body into the danger again.

Crosson, finding no water, began to shovel loose earth on the blaze with a sharp plank from the side of a car. Finding that she could not reach her lover, Irene turned and begged Crosson to run for help and for the doctors.

He ran, but the doctors refused to leave the work they had in hand, and the other men growled:

"Everybody's got to take their turn."
Crosson ran back to Irene with the news. Drury had just emerged from the merciful swoon of shock to the frenzies of his splintered bones, lacerated flesh and blistered skin, and the threat of his infernal environment.

The last exquisite fiendishness was the sight of his sweetheart as witness to his agony, her face lighted up by the flames that were ravening toward him, her hands hungering toward him, just beyond the stretch of his one free arm.

Crosson heard the lovers murmuring to each other across that little abyss. He flung himself against the barriers like a madman. But his hands were futile against the tangle of joists and hot steel.

Irene saw him working alone and asked him where the others were, and the doctors,

"They wouldn't come!" Crosson groaned, ashamed of their ugly sense of justice.

The girl's face took on a look of grim ferocity. She said to Crosson:

"Your gun-where is it?"

He pointed to where he had left it. It had fallen to the ground.

She ran and seized it up, and holding it awkwardly but with menace, advanced on a doctor who toiled with sleeves rolled high, and face and beard and arms blotched with red grime.

She thrust the muzzle into his chest and spoke hoarsely:

"Doctor Lane, you come with me."
"I'm busy here," he growled, pushing the gun aside, hardly knowing what it was. She jammed it against his heart again and cried:

"Come with me or I'll kill you!"
He followed her, wondering rather

than fearing, and she swept a group of men with the weapon, and commanded: "You men come, too."

She marched them to the spot where Drury was concealed, and pointed to him and snarled:

"Get him out!"

The men tested their strength here and there without promise of success. One group started a heap of wheels to slewing downward and Crosson shouted to them to stop. An inch more, and they would have buried Drury from sight or hope.

One man wormed through somehow and caught Drury by the hand, but the first tug brought from him such a wail of anguish that the man fell back. He could not budge the body clamped with steel. He could only wrench it. So he came away.

"There's nothing for me to do, Reny," the Doctor faltered, and choked with pity for her and her lover and the helplessness of mankind, he turned away and she let him go. The gun fell to the ground.

THE other men left the place. One of them said that the wrecking crew would be along with a derrick in a few hours.

"A few hours!" Irene whimpered.

She leaned against the lattice that kept her from her bridegroom, and tried to tell him to be brave. But he had heard his sentence, and with his last hope went what little courage he had ever had.

He began to plead and protest and weep. He gave voice to all the voices of pain, the myriad voices from every tormented particle of him.

Irene knelt down and twisted through the crevice to where she could hold his hand. But he snatched it away, babbling: "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!"

Crosson stayed near, dreading lest Irene's skirts should catch fire. Twice he beat them out with his hands. She had not noticed that they were aflame. She was murmuring love-words of odious vanity to one who almost forgot her existence, centered in the glowing sphere of his own hell.

Drury rolled and panted and gibbered, cursed even, with lips more used to gentle words and prayers. He prayed too, but with sacrilege:

"O Lord, spare me this. O God, have a little mercy. Send rain, send help, lift this mountain from me just till I can breathe. O God, if you have any mercy in Your heart—but no, no,—no, no, You let Your own Son hang on the cross, didn't You? He asked You why You had deserted Him, and You didn't answer, did You?"

Crosson looked up to see a thunderbolt split the dark sky, but the stars were agleam now, twinkling about the moon's serenity.

Irene put her fingers across Drury's lips to hush his blasphemy. She tore her face with her nails, and tried for his sake to stifle the sobs that smote through her.

By and by Drury's voice grew hoarse, and he whispered. She bent close and heard. She called to Crosson:

"Run get the doctor to give you something—some morphine or something quick. Every second is agony for my poor boy."

Crosson ran to the doctor. He stood among writhing bodies and shook his head dismally. He was saying as Crosson came up:

"I'm sorry, I'm awful sorry, folks, but the last grain of morphine is gone. The drug-stores haven't got any more. We've telegraphed to the next town. You'll just have to stand it."

Crosson went back slowly with that heavy burden of news. He whispered it to Irene, but Drury heard him, and a shriek of despair went from him like a flash of fire. New blazes sprang up with an impish merriment. Crosson, fearing for Irene's safety, fought at them with earth and with water that boys fetched from distances, and at last extinguished the immediate fire.

The bystanders worked elsewhere, but Crosson lingered to protect Irene. In the dark he could hear Drury whispering something to her.

He pleaded, wheedled, kissed her hand, mumbled it like a dog, reasoned with her insanely, while she trembled all over, a shivering leaf on a blown twig.

Crosson could hear occasional phrases: "If you love me, you will—if you love me, Reny. What do you want me to suffer for, honey? You don't want me just to suffer—just to suffer, do you—you don't, do you? Reny, honey, Reny? You say you love me, and you wont do the thing that will help me. You don't love me. That's it, you don't really love me!"

. She turned to Crosson at last and moaned:

"He wants me to kill him! What can I do? Oh, what is there to do?"

CROSSON could not bear to look in her eyes. He could not bear the sound of Drury's voice. He could not even debate that problem. He was cravenly glad when somebody's hand



He brought his gun along by habit as he followed Irene, who ran, and ran, waving her arms as if she would stop the express with her naked hands.

seized him, and a rough voice called him away to other toil. He slunk off.

There were miseries enough wherever he went, but they were the miseries of strangers. He could not forget Irene and the riddle of duty that was hers. He avoided the spot where she was closeted with grief, and worked remote in the glimmer from bonfires lighted in the fields alongside.

The fire in the wreck was out now, save that here and there little blazes appeared, only to be quenched at once. But smoldering timbers crackled like rifle-shots, and there were thunderous slidings of wreckage.

Irene's mother and father had stood off at a distance for a long time, but at length they missed Irene and came over to question Crosson. He knew that Irene would not wish them present at such obsequies, and he told them she had gone home.

After a time, curiosity nagged him into approaching her hiding-place. He listened, and there was no sound. He peered in and dimly descried Drury. He was not moving; he might have been asleep. Irene might have been asleep, too, for she lay huddled up in what space there was.

Crosson knelt down and crawled in. She was unconscious. He touched Drury with a dreading hand, which drew quickly back as from a contact with ice.

A kind of panic seized Crosson. He backed out quickly and dragged Irene away with him in awkward desperation.

As her body came forth, his gun came too. He thought it had lain outside. He caught it and broke it at the breach, ejecting the shells; one of them was empty. He threw it into the wreck and pocketed the other shell and tossed the gun under a stack of débris.

He was trying to revive Irene when her father and mother came back anxiously to say that she was not at home. Her mother dropped down at her side.

Crosson left Irene with her own people. He did not want to see her or hear her when she came back to this miserable world. He did not want her even to know what he knew. ROSSON had tried afterward to forget. It had been hard at first, but in time he had forgotten. He had gone to a theological school and learned to chide people for their complaints and to administer well-phrased anodynes. During his vacations he had avoided Irene. When he had been graduated, he had been first pulpited in a far-off city.

Years afterward he had been invited to supply an empty pulpit in his home town. He had not succeeded with life. He lacked the flame or the luck or the tact-something. He had come back to the place he started from. He had renewed old acquaintances, laughed over the ancient jokes and said he was sorry for those who had had misfortune. When he met Irene Straley he hardly recalled his love, except to smile at it as a boyish whim. He had forgotten the pangs of that as one forgets almost all his yester aches. He had forgotten the pains he had seen others suffer, even more easily than he forgot his own.

To-day his sermon on the triviality of bodily discomfort had flung Irene Straley back into the caldron of that old torment. She had made that silent protest against the iniquitous cruelty of his preachment. She had dragged him backward into the living presence of his past.

She had not forgotten. She had been faithful to Drury Boldin while he was working in a distant city. She was faithful to him still in that Farthest Country. She had the genius of remembrance,

These were Dr. Crosson's ulterior thoughts while he harangued his flock visibly and audibly. His thoughts had not needed the time their telling requires. They gave him back his scenes in pictures, not in words; in heartaches and heartbreaks and terrors and longings, not in limping syllables that mock the vision with their ineptitude.

He felt anew what he had felt and seen, and he could not give any verve to the peroration of his sermon. He could not even change it. It had been effective when he had preached it previously. But now he parroted with unconscious irony the phrases he had

once so admired. He came to the last word.

"And so, to repeat: How much more bitter, dearly beloved, are the anguishes of the soul than any mere bodily distress! What are the fleeting torments of this tenement of clay, mere bone and flesh, to the soul's despair? Nothing, nothing."

HIS congregation felt a lack of warmth in his tone. His hand fell limply on the Bible, and the sermon was done. The only stir was one of relief at its conclusion.

He gave out the final hymn, and he sat through it while the people dragged it to the end. He gave forth the benediction "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and he made short work of the dawdlers who waited to exchange stupidities with him. He took refuge from his congregation in his study, locked the door and gave himself up to meditation.

Somehow pain had suddenly come to mean more to him than it had yet meant. He had known it, groaned under it, lived it down and let it go. He had felt sorry for other people and got rid of their woes as best as he could with the trite expressions in use, and had forgotten whether they were hushed by health or by death.

And so he had let the old-fashioned hell go by with other dogmas out of style. He had fashioned a new Hades to frighten people with, that they might not find sin too attractive and imperilous.

Now he was suddenly convinced that if there must be hell, it must be such as Dante set to rhyme and the old hardshell preachers preached: a region where flames sear and demons pluck at the frantic nerves, playing upon them fiendish tunes.

Yet he could not reconcile that hell with the God that made the lilac bush whose purple clusters shook perfume and little flowers against his windowsill, while the old locust in rivalry bent down and flaunted against the lilacs pendants of ivory grace and heavenly fragrance.

Against that torment of beauty came glimpses of Drury and Irene in the lurid cavern under the wreck. Beyond those delicate blossoms he imagined the battlefields of Europe and the ruined vessels where hurt souls writhed in multitudes.

He could not be satisfied with any theory of the world. He could not find that pain was punishment here, or see how it could follow the soul after the soul had left behind it the fleshly instrument of torture. The why of it escaped his reason utterly; for Drury had been good, and he had come upon an honorable errand when he fell into the pit.

Doctor Crosson stood at his window and begged the placid sky for information. He looked through the lilacs and the locusts and all the green wilderness where beauty beat and throbbed like a heart in bliss. It was the Sabbath, and he was not sure. But he was sure of a melting tenderness in his heart for Irene Straley, and he felt that her power to feel sorry for her lover—sorry enough to defy all the laws in his behalf—was a wonderful power. He longed for her sympathy.

By and by he began to feel a pain, the pain of Drury Boldin. He was glad. He groaned. "I hurt! I hope that I may burt terribly."

may hurt terribly."

Suddenly it seemed that he actually was Drury Boldin in the throes of every fierce and spasmic thrill. Again he most vividly was Irene Straley watching her lover till she could not endure his torture or her own, and with one desperate challenge sent him back to the mystery whence he came.

Dr. Crosson, when he came back to himself, could not solve that mystery or any mystery. He knew one reality, that it hurts to be alive; that everyody is always hurting, and that human heart must help human heart as best it can. Pain is the one inescapable fact; the rest is theory. He prayed with a deeper fervor than he had ever known:

"God give me pain, that I may understand, that I may understand!"

RUPERT HUGHES' NEW NOVEL begins in the September issue, on the news-stands August 23rd. It tells vividly and brilliantly the story of The Girl Who Never Had Anything and The Man Who Always Had Everything.

The Reformation of Dorinna



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

T aint that I'm criticising Dorinna, yuh know, Bat. I aint," declared Warry Bulson positively. "I wouldn't do that for anything! I aint saying a word against her—not a solitary word."

Warry Bulson spoke with intense earnestness—and so preoccupiedly that he unknowingly let a five-dozen order of assorted cicl and snowy-white ostrich pompons for the Bastrapp Sisters of Corning, Iowa, fall to the dusty floor of the packing-room of the Blootz Wholesale Millinery House.

Bat Atterson, his friend and copacker, kindly picked them up and brushed off the dust.

"I understand, Warry," he said feel-

"I wouldn't for the world have you get the impression that I'd say anything against her," earnestly repeated Warry. "'Cause I aint the kind of fellow to go round talking to other fellows about my girl."

"'Course you aint, Warry! But-"

"Lots of fellows do it,"—virtuously,
—"but I wouldn't; I call it low. But,
darn it! there aint no sense in a girl
being as doggoned extravagant as
Dorinna! She acts as though money is
something to flip around just like tiddledy-winks!"

His friend Bat had a long upper lip; now it curled lengthily and very coldly. "She certainly does! Why, just this noon me and Art Cobbs was trying to count up how many pairs of shoes that girl has bought since last season. —Say, Warry, this Bastrapp order has got to go out to-night, or there'll be a complaint and a collect telegram to-morrow, and it's almost six o'clock now!"

With moody and reluctant diligence Warry resumed his packing, saying bitterly: "Well, you two—or anyone else!—would have to be *some* counters to keep track of *her* shoes! Or her white gloves, either! Or her hats! Or her chiffon waists! Or her scads of lace and

organdie collars! Or her stockings nothing but silk, you bet! And I've told her a hundred times if I've told her once, that I'd like her every bit as well in fewer clothes and plainer clothes."

"Well, I never cared to say anything," tactfully and diplomatically remarked Bat, packing fast, "because I couldn't know just how you'd take it."

"You are a good friend of mine,"—briefly. "Any time, you could have said anything you wanted to—especially after last week when it's cost me seven dollars to take her three times to the Halfway Gardens—and this besides taking her there the Saturday night before when it cost me four dollars and sixty cents!"

"Oh, say! That's too much to expect of a fellow," cried Bat, indignantly.

"You bet it's too much," averred Warry, bitterly, letting fall another delicate blue armful which Bat in concern gathered up, "—especially when I don't care much for such places myself. Nothing to 'em but a lot of loud music and a dancing mob that you don't know whether they're cloak-and-suit salespeople or Washington Park bank-robbers. And all the place wants is your money! If you don't call for drinks or eats every ten minutes, you're a cheap-skate."

"That's the truth," agreed Bat with conviction.

"What I like far better," went on Warry with injury, "is to sit in a parlor where it's nice and restful, and listen awhile to the phonograph, maybe, if the girl's folks have got one, and eat some candy, maybe, and tell her something about your plans and ambitions—"

"Sure! So do most fellows, except"— Bat's contempt was as biting as a bumblebee's salute — "some addle-pated Johnnies who dearly love to flash their week's pay before a girl or a waiter!"

"Certainly," said Warry bitterly.
"But Dorinna," — with a snort, — "she don't like to stay at home and sit in the parlor! Says that's too slow for her!"

Bat stopped the fast stuffing of plumes into crates long enough to snort in fraternal concert. "Girls are all alike nowadays! Why, you'd think parlors were lined with thistles and sharp spikes the way they jump out of 'em! Before a fellow sometimes can take off his hat and shake hands, they must get right out and go some place! Any place — every place!"

"Yes," gloomily agreed Warry.
"Dorinna's always got a new hat or new
dress or new shoes that she must wear to
the Halfway Gardens or the Lunette
Café or the Red Mill Inn."

Bat stretched around a crate to look through the door. Beyond, he could glimpse the first table of girls in the trimming-room. In the medley of heads at the table a tilted light-brown one was conspicuous for its high façaded knot of silky hair held in place by two huge rhinestone bars.

"Dorinna must spend all she makes on herself?" curiously speculated Bat.

"Every cent of her fourteen dollars!" Warry moodily followed Bat's glance. "Her mother don't make her pay a cent of board, 'cause she's the youngest. And I think that's wrong."

Bat Atterson was shocked. "Wrong! It's ruinous to a girl. Her mother ought to be ashamed of herself! She ought to know that she's laying up misery for the poor chap that'll some day marry her daughter."

Warry looked miserable—wrothfully miserable.

"I've been thinking the same," he said resentfully. "But maybe" —with hopeful, querying glance at his friend, as though for an opinion—"after marriage Dorinna'll change—settle down."

Bat shook his sallow head pityingly but decisively.

"Don't you ever think it, old man. (Hey! don't stuff pink plumes in here—those are for Chaon's, of Des Moines.) Take it from me, Warry, a girl that wont sit in a parlor with a chap before she's married to him wont sit there afterward!"

Warry looked uncertain.

Bat continued earnestly: "And take this, too: a girl that spends all her own salary on her clothes will spend all her husband's—and yell if the poor man tries to hold out the price of a pair of gloves."

Warry looked glum.

Bat went on emphatically: "None of us fellows ever said much, not knowing how you'd take it," — kindly, — "but among ourselves we've talked a lot about what a chump you are—"

"Oh, I don't know," weakly protested

Warry.

"Chump—that's what Art and me and the rest agreed you'd be to slave week in, week out, all your life, while that young woman squandered your wages."

WARRY scowled. He ceased to pack, and plunged his hands into his side pockets, while he stared worriedly toward the trimming-room beyond. He could barely glimpse the tilted silky young head. "Oh—I don't know."

"You don't know!" lightly sneered Bat. "Well, you ought to know! Take a look around you! There in the corner is old Jo Whimson—carrying his lunch while his red-haired wife has four hats a season or there's the devil to pay and all the neighbors hear it! And look over at poor old Chad Jones—worn that fifteen-dollar gray suit three years now, and his wife was down here yesterday all togged out swell in new high cream-colored shoes and silk stockings to match!"

Warry Bulson looked glumly across the wide room at a fat, shabby, roundshouldered man who was tenderly swathing rose Milans in tissue-paper before packing them, and softly whistling:

> Wait till the sun shines, Nelly! Till the clouds roll drifting by—

"Well, I've been doing some thinking along that line myself," admitted Warry a trifle grimly. "Still—"

"And poor old Harry Andrews," eloquently pursued Bat, "half the time goes home and has to cook his own supper because that high-heeled dolled-up Stella of his is still at some cabaret!"

"I've heard something about it," said

Warry grimly.

"And only this morning poor old Ethan Ray, downstairs in the office, told me his wife has gone and bought a William-and-Mary dining-room set, when they aint yet paid for their Queen Marguerita gas-range, and he dreams every night a collector is chasing him all over its lighted burners!"

At mention of the office regions Warry's square face grew more glumly square. It was an unpleasant reminder to him. He had been down there that afternoon, to the cashier's department. Three trips in one week to the dancing Halfway Gardens had depleted his pockets and necessitated a request for an advance of the next week's wages. And while the Blootz house beneficently professed itself, in printed cards hung generously around in all elevators and corridors, willing to make any such advance desired,-especially in lieu of an employee's possible call on a loan shark, -old whiskered Sherman, the head cashier, had so ungracious a way of crisply wanting to know what you wanted it for, that few employees, and those only in dire necessity, availed themselves of the printed invitation.

But Warry Bulson had ascertained that Mr. Sherman was out, and only Kemley, the youngish, thin-chested assistant cashier, was in charge. So he hustled down, expecting that underling to hand it over without comment. Instead, Kemley had been slightly inquisitive, though entirely civil, and had insinuated gently that a young, single chap getting twenty-eight dollars a week ought to be able to manage on it. Warry was irate at the implied censure, and more irate at being censured for Miss Dorinna's fault. It was, in a way, humiliating. It irritated him at Dorinna as well as at Kemley, who after all was darned cheeky to take that high-rebukeful tone! For everyone knows that an assistant cashier is nothing more than bookkeeper, and wholesale millinery houses do not pay bookkeepers any more than other firms. He doubted if the fellow got eighteen dollars himself.

But since then he had felt a glum fellowship with old Jo Whimson, Ethan and the others.

Bat went on: "And don't you let that girl rope you in."

"Oh, well, she isn't trying to rope me in," he weakly protested. "She says she likes her own fourteen dollars a week too well to quit making it." Bat shrugged skeptical shoulders. "Aw, they all talk that way. You'll see she'll give it up quick enough—and reproach you the rest of your life for not replacing it with fourteen thousand!—Hey! chuck that last feather in while

the packing-room, called brightly to know if Warry would be out at eight or eight-thirty. Glumly he called back, "Eight-thirty!"

VOICE and visage were still glum when, a minute or so after the appointed time, he ascended the shabby board steps of the somewhat shabby Heipsley home (a two-story frame affair which Dorinna's father, a carpenter, had erected two decades before and never since repaired) and met Dorinna descending.

She was a small maiden, but so radiant withal, and so daringly attired, that her stature and weight were the last things about her that you appraised. Her ivory-colored shoes were very high. But her shirred, voluminous maize-colored silk skirt was so very short that below it two full inches of plump ivory-

Her father came to close the front door after her. "Don't you keep my little girl out late," he good-naturedly warned Warry, "even if it is Saturday night."

I send this box down the chute."

Warry chucked it. And he eyed it morosely. It was a lightbrown feather, silky, perky, frail, fluffy. For some reason it reminded him of Dorinna Heipsley.

Six o'clock gonged. Instantly the trimming-room beyond scattered toward the coat-room. On its way, the silky, high-coiffed brown head tilted toward colored silken calf were visible. But correspondingly (or compensatingly, or offsettingly,) her white fur collar was so tall, and her shirred mushroom hat was so low, that barely two inches of her small, piquant, powdered face was visible! In fact, it took you a full keen minute to disintegrate visually from converging hair, hat and fur collar, a pair of gay, shallow gray eyes and a short, happy, red upper lip. You had to guess that eyebrows and a red lower lip completed her countenance, for the upstanding white fur hid the one,

and hat and silky brown hair the others.

Her father, stout, spectacled and graywhiskered, in the dishabille of work-shirt and corncob pipe, came to close the front door after her.

"Don't you keep my little girl out late," he good-naturedly warned Warry, "even if it is Saturday night."

"even if it is Saturday night."
Warry stiffly began: "Well, I'm sure

But Dorinna's chuckle broke in. She was a tolerably honest young woman.

"He wont, Pa," she assured. "It'll be me"—giggling—"that'll keep him! But"—with careless generosity—"he doesn't have to unless he wants to!"

Warry Bulson knew what she meant; and he had to hold back a scowl. So did her father know; and he did not try to suppress an indulgent grin. She meant that there were lots of other worthy young men who would be delighted to substitute for Warry. Dorinna had a soupçon—if not more—of conceit.

"Certainly I want to," said Mr. Bulson promptly if a trifle sulkily.

"Well, sometimes you don't act it. Come on—it's pretty near nine o'clock! And it's an how's ride to the Gardens."

But he held back a step.

"Dorinna,"—solicitously and insinuatingly,—"aren't you a little bit tired? Sewing hats all week—"

"A little bit? I'm dead tired!"—vivaciously. "Sitting six whole days at that trimming-table makes me so stiff—"

"Then let's not-"

"—that I feel like I could dance all night and till noon to-morrow to get stiffness out of me!"

"Oh-do you!"

"And I'm hungry, too. All day I've been working on fresh-dyed green chips. So to-night it took me so long to get the stain off my fingers with pumice stone and peroxide that I didn't have time to eat as much supper as I wanted."

A very disagreeable look came over Warry Bulson's square face. And it did not lift till fifteen minutes later when he noted that across the aisle of the streetcar four young gentlemen were eying the girl at his side with appreciation and desire. They were dapper youths, modishly cravated, genteelly shod and gloved. Assuming a posture of pride, Warry proprietarily laid his arm across the back of the seat so that it almost encircled Dorinna's chic shoulders—merely to let them enviously be aware that she was his, all his, and never could be theirs.

Dorinna did not notice. She was busy looking into the mirror glued on the inner back of her vanity bag.

Warry watched her with an expression in which pride and fond possession struggled with glum condemnation. And presently the condemnation prevailed, as he happened to look down at her small ivory feet.

"Not a new pair?"-incredulously.

"Uh-huh," she affirmatively mumbled, tilting the mirror that she might correctly plant a powder-puff on a small ear. Dorinna always showed a bland, beaming disregard for any observers, no matter how public the place, while she put the finishing touches on an apparently finished toilet.

"You had new bronze ones week before last!"

"Un-huh. Wasn't it a shame bronze went out of style so quick? But everyone is wearing ivory now."

"Dorinna, I'm going to say something to you—"

"And what do you think?"—worriedly. "I heard the shoe-clerk tell a woman in sealskin that next week everyone would be wearing chocolate-brown. But I don't care!"—virtuously. "These will have to do me the rest of this month."

Warry looked at her. She was pensively surveying the ivory laces. He felt that it would be weak to be merciful. So he bluntly told her that Bat Atterson declared that he—Bat—would never care for any but an economical woman.

"My!" she murmured. "How terrible!"

"What would be terrible?" - suspiciously.

"Economizing all your life for Bat," said Dorinna. "Of course, he's a nice enough fellow, but—"

"But what?"-stiffly.

"He's so high and lean—and bowlegged," she gently and pityingly explained. "And—and his neck isn't hardly ever clean."

"There are worse faults."

"Oh, my, yes," she readily and cheerfully admitted, closing her vanity bag. "I dare say lots of girls who couldn't do any better wouldn't mind taking poor Bat."

Warry could not pursue the conversation, because just then the car jolted to half-hidden eyes, now quite observant of them, to her ivory high heels.

Somehow they later got introductions and danced, in turn, with her. Warry did not mind that. One of Dorinna's chief charms was the fact that so many of his sex approved of her. But he did not mind that he himself had to dance twice with Hattie Cross, a tall, sallow, dowdily dressed apprentice from the Blootz. Dorinna told him to; Hattie was a friend of hers and not popular. In some ways Dorinna was good-hearted—

too darned good-hearted, Warry reflected resentfully, the second

time that she led him to Hattie, who wore broad, cheap black shoes. And while, of course, he disapproved of Dorinna's too numerous pairs of pretty shoes, he would have liked to tell Hattie that heavy black soles were an eyesore.

And later his re-

flections were more than resentful; they were rampant.

For Dorinna's good-

A very disagreeable look came over Warry Bulson's square face. And it did not lift till fifteen minutes later when he noted that across the aisle of the street-car four young gentlemen were eying the girl at his side with appreciation and desire. They were dapper youths, modishly cravated, genteelly shod and gloved.

a stop and the lights of their destination gleamed at the corner. But he helped Dorinna off stiffly. Later he would let her know that she could not misjudge his best friend.

Then again pride took possession of him. Close behind them pressed the four dapper young fellows, their eight eyes frankly approving Dorinna's glad young appearance, from her demure, heartedness extended to the point of including Hattie for supper before they started for home.

"No one ever asks the poor girl any place," whispered Dorinna, "because she has to give all her money in at home, poor girl, and can't dress in style."

Warry was sulkily silent. He was not deeply touched—especially whenever he looked at Hattie's rather broad, homely nose. And he was irate as the last dollar of the ten advanced by Kemley went

for Blue Points and claret punch eagerly consumed by the grateful Hattie—so irate that, though he had not intended to mention it, he was impelled, on the way home, to inform the inconsiderate Dorinna that he had found it necessary to ask for such advance.

Her gray eyes immediately widened. "Why Warry! Did you? Really?"

"Yes, I did,"—quietly, glad to note that she was actually impressed. For it would not at all have surprised him had she not been in the least impressed!

She was very quiet for a few minutes.

—and thoughtful.

"Oh," he said magnanimously, "it

doesn't really matter—"
"Wasn't old Sherman terribly

cross?" asked she anxiously. "Once Hattie asked,—when her father was out of work,— and he simply glared at her!"

"Oh, I was too wise to tackle that old curmudgeon," explained Warry. "I asked Ethan Ray to 'phone up to me when Sherman left the floor and only Kemley was there. Of course I don't care what Kemley withinks he must say,"—with the table of hauteur. "But don't feel bad, Dorinna. I don't mind doing it for you—that is, not very much."

"I'm so glad you told me!" brightly broke in Dorinna. "I'm going to get some in advance myself! But I've always been afraid to ask old Mr. Sherman—"/

"What!" choked Warry.
"Say, don't you — don't you dare—"

"I want a new pink taffeta dress next week, and I was just figuring how I could get it—because I want gloves and another hat. Oh!" Gayly she patted Warry's arm. "I'm so glad you told me!"

AND she was as good as her word. Late Monday afternoon Warry passed the cashier's department just in time to hear her earnestly informing Kemley, who was listening with what seemed an uncomfortable expression, that she was from the trimming department, where she had been employed four steady years, and she needed the money frightfully badly, and never before had she ventured to ask for an advance, but it was dire necessity—

Without lingering to hear more, Warry strode on. He was disgusted; and he told Bat so.



"And you'll be more disgusted before you die," prophesied that candid friend. "And you better believe me!"

"Oh, I don't doubt you're right," sighed Warry glumly. And the next evening he took Dorinna to task for her weaknesses. He had taken her to task before, several times, in the two years and more that he had known her—but

never so seriously. Squarely he told her that she was, in many ways, an undesirable young woman.

Her gay shallow gray eyes widened.

"What?"-resentfully.

"You ought to save money," he explained loftily, "instead of spending more than you earn."

"It's me that earns it—isn't it?" she hotly demanded. "And I guess if I work hard for it, I've got a right—"

"You've got plenty of dresses-"

"They're out of style."

Warry caustically informed her that persons with really strong brains didn't run after style, like a kitten after its tail.

"Oh-don't they?" scorned Dorinna. She eved him with calm disdain-then observed crushingly that the Blootz, which was a large and respected establishment, paid quite a good deal of thought to that will-o'-the-wisp Fashion. Only that day a squad of salesmen, some grav-haired, three designers, four illustrators (catalogue), the credit man, three buyers, the two advertising heads, the vice-president and one of the directors had walked the third floor for four warm hours, wringing their hands, raving, wailing, glaring, objurgating each other and circumstance, because a recent shipment from abroad had consisted of écru Leghorns the brims of which were more of last year's style than of this year's! And what was seemly for the Blootz heads, sage men and experienced, was not so very unseemly for her, she tartly guessed!

Feebly and futilely Warry Bulson tried to explain the difference between her attitude and the Blootz point of view. But Dorinna simply couldn't see

any.

"Bosh!" she retorted, and scooted over to Mrs. Alline, one of the designers, to get advice on making pink crêpe panniers. Dorinna made her own dresses.

THROUGH spectacles as blue as the indigo-dyed down of the herons so much used for trimming that season at the Blootz, Warry looked at his future. He saw himself slaving, sweating, weary. It was Bat, to whom he con-

fided this, who advised him to drop the young lady for a while. It would teach her a lesson.

Warry was dubious. But Bat insisted that it was the only way. "And don't worry," he added. "She likes you pretty well."

"Yes, I think she does, in a way," admitted Warry, and added bitterly, "—as well as she could like anything except clothes." Brightening, as he turned the advice over: "It wouldn't do any harm—for a few weeks. I'll try it."

And he did.

Dorinna didn't mind being neglected that first week—didn't seem to know it. She told him to stay away till Saturday night, because she would be busy every evening with the pink crêpe.

But after Saturday evening there was an astounded wideness to her shallow gray eyes. And she took the lesson in the same spirit that a small petted girl takes a box on the ear, with amazement and rising temper—that is, for a while; then she grew philosophical. Her eves. though shallowly gray, were entirely too long-lashed to be left to widen solitarily. She shrugged her shoulders at sight of Warry-and spent her evenings pretty much as was her custom. Plenty were glad to take his place-even Art Cobbs, one of her critics. But Bat reassured Warry. And of course there was safety in numbers.

Moreover, his resentment at her was fanned more and more as she continued to buy clothes. Fourteen dollars is not a huge sum; but given a clever young brain, an uncanny knowledge of values, a perfect acquaintance with every bargain nook and cranny of State Street, and it is a stupid girl who cannot make a bewildering display on that weekly amount.

The ivory shoes gave way to chocolate, the chocolate to black-topped, the black-topped to white-topped, the white-topped to all white. The snowy fur collar was replaced by an ostrich ruff, the ruff by a lace cape—a frivolity ushered in with early daffodils. The short, shirred skirt was succeeded by a shorter plaited one, the plaited by a ruffled, the ruffled by a striking three-tiered affair from which

Dorinna's small waist rose coquettishly.

Twice Warry saw her at the cashier's department, talking to Kemley, who looked uncomfortable. And once her face—or what of it was visible between a bronze ostrich ruche and a scoop-like flowered hat (one of the season's new designs)—was pinkly flushed. But she smiled satisfiedly as she turned away from the window.

Warry was half minded to ask Kemlev to refuse her. He might see Kemley on his own account also. For time had dragged without Dorinna, and he had played pool evenings to speed it; pool had proved expensive, too. But he couldn't bring himself to ask an advance of Kemley again. Though Kemley seemed rather a stupid fellow, and reserved, he was a bit officious, and Warry was not enough at ease with him to bring Dorinna into discussion between them. Besides, he reasoned, she had no sense of discretion, and it would be only a question of time till old Sherman found out what was going on and swooped upon her. He hoped that time

But Dorinna seemed more extravagant every day. Bat said that she was hopeless. And Warry feared that she was. He wished that he had never known her. He vowed to himself that if ever he married her she would toe the financial mark. And then, just as he was about to give up hope, Dorinna began to change.

would hurry.

I T was a slow change at first, almost imperceptible, as though she found it well-nigh impossible to vary ever so slightly the habits of a young lifetime. But Warry saw that her face at times was very serious. Often she frowned thoughtfully to herself, as though reflecting hard.

Then the brilliant rhinestone bars disappeared out of her hair. That might have signified only that rhinestones were out of style; but the silky hair was indubitably neater, less ornately coiffed. Warry hardly knew whether he liked the change or not. Did it improve her?

But he grinned to himself when he noted—so did Bat—that she had begun

to wear out her old shoes; they recognized them in turn—almost every color in the rainbow and out.

Then her skirts took on an inch—an inch and a half—two inches—till they were decorously and neatly long, and quite hid the plump calves.

"I told you," crowed Bat. "Now you just wait awhile longer," he advised genially.

Warry waited—though one day when Dorinna looked at him, across the trimming-room, rather wistfully, he almost went over to her. But he refrained Might as well make the lesson thorough.

And it seemed to be very thorough. For some one told around that Dorinna Heipsley had cut out dances and cabarets and was staying at home nearly every evening. And in Bat's hearing one day she said that the Halfway Gardens was no place to go. It was indecorous—and not a bit improving.

Warry chuckled at that. Bat certainly had given him the right dope—certainly, because presently Dorinna, meeting him in the elevator, held out a small, dyegreened hand and smiled coaxingly: "There's no need in us not speaking to each other, Warry," she said plaintively. "We used to be good friends."

"No need at all," he agreed with commendable carelessness of inflection—for secretly he wanted to kiss her. Dorinna, with her long-lashed shallow gray eyes and trim silky hair and that plaintive, wistful smile, sent a ripple up and down his spine. He had a strong notion to take her out that night and show her a glorious time, regardless of expense, just to let her know that he appreciated her attitude. But prudence hinted that he had better not.

Dorinna shrugged her shoulders as she got out of the elevator—apparently, or so he guessed, in resentment of his standoffish manner!

But the change in her continued; it progressed. She seemed an entirely different Dorinna. She made her clothes over; it was rumored that every week the greater part of her envelope went into a savings bank. Warry was glad to hear that. It meant that she was planning to do her share toward furnishing

their future little flat. He could hardly refrain from letting her know how happy she made him.

"Wait awhile," advised Bat. "She'll

come the whole way."

So he waited. And she came—that is, she purposely intercepted him one Saturday night, as the employees of the Blootz were hustling out from time-clock and work for the longed-for weekend, and nervously interlacing her small mauve-dyed fingers, said in great embarrassment, her face pink: "Warry, I—I have something to say to you!"

Warry decided instantly that, Bat or no Bat, he'd not hold out against her any longer. He was glad it was Saturday night, the big night of the week. "What is it, Dorinna?" he asked

gently.

"I want to apologize, Warry,"—in a troubled voice,—"for treating you the abominable way I used to. I've been thinking it over—and I'm ashamed. Why,"—repentantly,—"I had no consideration for you at all! I never

stopped to think that you might be spending more than you could afford. All I cared for was to have a good time—and buy a lot of clothes. And—and—"Her voice quavered nervously.

Warry had listened radiantly, and had not interrupted, but allowed her to go on and on. But now he said generously: "Oh, that's all right. I guess I could afford it—as long as it pleased you. But I'm awfully glad, Dorinna, that now we understand e a c h other."

Dorinna smiled happily till her usual dimples appeared. "It is awfully good of you, Warry, to forgive me so nicely," she said.

Warry glowed all over. And he thrilled all over: besides being silky, Dorinna's soft hair had the scent of apple-blossoms, and at close range it was unnerving. So he said impetuously: "We'll go to the Halfway Gardens, tonight, Dorinna, for a last fling before we settle down."

"Oh no, Warry!"

"Then the Lunette Café!"
"Oh—oh no, really, Warry—"

"The Red Mill Inn, then!"—with generous insistence. "I'll be out at eight

o'clock, so be ready."

Dorinna's eyes grew big and embarrassed; and she nervously interlaced her dye-stained fingers. And the said softly, sweetly: "I can't, Warry—though it's lovely of you to ask me. But—but I'm going to marry Reed Kemley—you know, the assistant cashier. That's why I've been learning to be economical, you see! Reed gets only twenty dollars a week, and he isn't strong, and can't ever work hard. And—and I don't want to be a burden to him."

"Oh—you don't!" feebly said Warry Bulson. And his voice seemed to come from a spot far down in his throat.



"No. And that's how I came to understand how terribly I treated you, Warry, and some other fellows-because I didn't love you-or them. And I didn't care. But I-I love Reed: and I couldn't bear to let him squander his money at such silly places like I used to go to."

"Oh-you couldn't!"-vacuously.

"No; and he doesn't care for clothes to be always in style," she further confided. "And so-I got so I didn't care for them, either."

"Oh-you did!" He had always

thought her gray eyes were shallow!
"Yes. And—" But just then Reed Kemley, striding fast, a happy, expectant look on his thin face, approached. and Dorinna curled one hand under his arm and departed. Warry heard Kemley say: "To-night we'll go-"

"Right in the Heipsley parlor," decisively interrupted Dorinna. "And no

place else."

"Dorinna," expostulated he, "every fellow takes a girl somewhere Saturday night, or else he's a cheap-skate. Now, I don't-"

"Is it too dull just sitting at home in a parlor with me?" inquired Dorinna. Her voice was tremulous-and it held a hint of tears.

"Oh-I don't mean that," hastily cried Kemley, as they went on out of Warry's earshot.

WARRY turned to see Bat, who had also overheard.

"Well, you're well rid of her," comforted Bat. "'Cause most likely it wont last."

Warry Bulson looked at him. "Shut up!" he said bitterly.

"What!" said Bat incredulously.

"Shut your fool mouth!" said Warry malevolently. And he looked at him again.

Bat returned the look resentfully. And in that visual interchange another friendship dropped from the world's possible annals, and was shattered-shattered as utterly and as minutely as a goblet falling from the top of the Metropolitan Tower to the hard pavement far below.



"The Man Who Saw Beyond" By Harold Mac Grath

A short story so vivid, so beautifully told, that it compelled us to break our rule against print-ing any stories with the war as a background.

Two of the 12 Feature Short Stories coming in the September issue of The Red Book Magazine

"Quick on the Trigger" By Maria Thompson Daviess

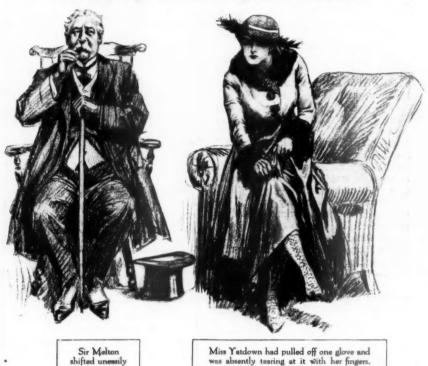
A short love-story that fairly breathes the romance of the South.



Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Daredevil," etc.

DAGGER

The First of a New Series of Scotland Yard Stories.



was absently tearing at it with her fingers.

ITTLE Jimson was not beautiful. Weedy, stunted with a sandy mustache that for long had struggled with adversity, he looked like a grocer's assistant. As one moving more or less in society, he had ambitions in the way of dress, though now and again he made those little slips which even the best intentions cannot avoid.

You might have known Jimson for a long while without his provoking more than a smile. If you addressed him unexpectedly, he would probably blush like a girl and stutter incoherently. Yet to many people Jimson represented black tragedy.

Chief Detective Inspector Penny; passing Jimson in the Strand with his arm thrust familiarly through that of Sir Melton Tarson, stopped abruptly before a convenient shop mirror and noticed the worried frown on the Baronet's forehead. However, it was no business of his. Detectives of the Criminal Investigation Department, popular imagination notwithstanding, do not dive helter-skelter, uninvited, into other people's affairs. There are few men with a greater faculty for minding their own

By Frank Froest, M. V. O.

Former Superintendent of the Department of Criminal Investigation at Scotland Yard

and George Dilnot





Jimson sat flushed and nervous, and the toe of his patent-leather shoe did a quick tattoo on the floor.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD CULTER

business. Penny had his own work to do, and Tarson's troubles were his own.

"That little hawk seems to have got his talons into that chap," he reflected, and went on his way.

Not till he reached Scotland Yard that evening, did Penny recall the incident to his mind. Loitering nervously in the corridor was the little man he had last seen in the Strand. A clerk pulled the Inspector aside.

"This man's waiting to see the Superintendent, sir. Mr. Foyle's out. Will you see him?"

Penny stopped and dropped a heavy fist on Jimson's shoulder. He spoke without that geniality that had made him popular in his profession.

"Well," he said, harshly, "what do you want?"

Jimson went red. "It's a m-m-matter of confidence, s-s-ir," he said.

"All right. Come along in." Penny escorted him along to the Chief Inspector's room, and selecting a high stool for himself, fixed a harsh gaze on his visitor. He did not trouble to offer him a seat.

"Somebody want to murder you?" he ejaculated.

Jimson fumbled with an inside pocket. "T-that's it," he agreed. "Will you r-read these letters?"

"I'm not surprised," said Penny shortly. "The only wonder to me is that somebody hasn't knifed you before now. Anyway, let's have a look."

He took the three letters Jimson handed to him and smoothed them out on the table. There was a glint of ironical amusement in his gray eyes as he read the first. It was typewritten and postmarked from Action. The signature only was handwritten in blue pencil.

You pernicious little bloodsucker. You have had a long run. It is time some one finished you. You have twenty days to leave the country. The *Themistocles* sails for Australia on the 22nd. If you want to preserve your skin you will book a passage.

AVENGER.

"Sounds like a moving-picture plot," commented Penny dryly. "Now for the next."

It was dated a week later and had not passed through the mails.

Have you booked that passage yet?

"F-found it in my overcoat pocket one n-night," observed Jimson.

The third was three days later:

Look out. You are marked. If you remain in England a day after the 22nd you are a dead man.

"H'm!" Penny was grinning undisguisedly now. "I said it was a motion-play. To-day is the twenty-third. You never did look healthy, my lad, but you don't look a dead man—yet." He wrinkled his brows. "You know," he went on reflectively, "you're one of that sort of vermin who must have a kind of courage. This isn't the first time you've been threatened, if I'm any judge. As I said just now, somebody'll do more

than threaten, one of these days—and you wont get any wreath from me. What makes you think there's anything in this particular rot?"

The other fizzled for a moment like a newly drawn champagne-cork. "D-ddidn't, at f-first. B-b-but t-they tried to g-get me to-day." His stutter vanished as he warmed up. "Some one nearly pushed me under a motor lorry this morning in Pall Mall. I was all but a goner. Luckily it pulled up in time. thought it was an accident. Then they tried to poison me at tea. I have a cup of tea at my little flat about four, sometimes. My man happened to upset some milk on the floor, and the cat got at it before it could be cleared up. It had about two laps and then rolled over as if it had been shot. I took the milk to a chemist, who said cyanide of potassium had been put in it. Must have been done when it was left at the tradesman's entrance. So I got alarmed and came along to see you." He mopped his damp brow with a cream-colored silk handkerchief.

"Yes." Penpy filled a pipe and rammed the tobacco down with his fore-finger. "Seems as if some one has got it in for you. Of course,"—he spoke casually,—"you have a pretty good suspicion who it is."

"W-wish I had," muttered Jimson disconsolately. "There's so many people—"

"Give me a line," persisted Penny, passing with a lighted match in his hand. "Tell me one or two likely people."

But Jimson shook his head. Badly frightened though he was, he had no wish to take a Scotland Yard man too intimately into his confidence.

"I don't know," he said somewhat sulkily.

PENNY had cleared up the work he had in hand, and somehow Jimson's case interested him. Otherwise he would have referred it in the ordinary course of events to the divisional staff in the district where Jimson lived. As it was, he had a hankering to see the case through, himself; nor did the superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department object.

"Might as well look into it," agreed the superintendent, "though London would be a healthier place if Jimson were out of it. Maybe there's a woman in it."

Penny nodded and went away to refresh his memory of little Jimson's career. There are criminals whom Scotland Yard does not dislike. It deals with them, when they arouse its attention, in an impersonal fashion which has neither malice nor favoritism. On the other hand, there are offenders whom detectives (being after all human) despise with all the instinctive abhorrence of clean-minded men for the parasite.

Among these latter Jimson had a place. The Criminal Investigation Department knew him well. For twenty years they had watched his professional career develop, and occasionally they had taken a hand in its progress—not often, for Jimson, in spite of his stutter and his blush, was quite capable of taking care of himself.

They had known him when he was still a mere solicitor's clerk—indeed, it was a youthful indiscretion in connection with the petty cash that first brought him to their attention. Again, six years later, he had been so incautious as to attempt to bluff a well-known financier hardened to threats of exposure. On that occasion a trap had been laid which had cost Jimson three painful years but had broadened his experience.

Jimson was in fact a blackmailer. Possibly he was the most expert blackmailer in London; certainly his legal knowledge and his cunning had made him a difficult man to be dealt with by the ordinary police methods. Although fair guesses might be made at highly placed victims, it would have been mere folly to expect them to help in the cause of abstract justice.

Although, as Penny said, he would have wasted no tears on Jimson's funeral, now that the matter had reached his hands he would have felt it a slur on his competence not to solve the mystery of the anonymous letters. Even a blackmailer's life is entitled to as much protection as can be given.

Two men he detailed to keep a sharp

eye on Jimson and his peregrinations. He himself spent the evening in the West End. That a large stock of the information which Jimson found so valuable in his trade came from women was obvious. Penny, the picture of a genial city man on the spree, migrated from restaurant to restaurant and bought innumerable drinks for women likely to know anything of Jimson's operations.

It was ten o'clock at night before he gained the hint that he sought. A fluffy-haired goddess, her fingers armorclad in meretricious jewelry, sat opposite him, giggling at his jests, muttering inanities and ogling him with sidelong glances under her lashes.

"You know that little chap—Jimson, wasn't his name?—that used to knock about here?" he said, as one making conversation. "What's become of him?"

"Charlie Jimson? I see him sometimes." She giggled. "'E's a nut, 'e is. Couldn't do enough for me last week. Night before last I saw him helping a kid into a motor-car outside the stage door at the Regal. Looked at me as if I was a bit of dirt, and didn't even raise his hat. Not that I care—dirty little snipe. Friend of yours?"

He hastened to disclaim the impeachment. "Just wondered what had become of him; that's all. Queer fellow! Got any idea where he gets his money?"

She glanced at him knowingly over the rim of her glass. "I can give a guess. Say, I had a boy once—one of the lads—heaps of money. Regular gone on me, he was. Believe he'd have married me if he hadn't been married already. He cooled off toward the last, and Jimson bought his letters off me for a tenner. What do you think?" There was a knowing grin on her pretty face.

"Little vampire!" thought Penny. Aloud he said: "I see. Well, I guess I'll be moving. Say, write your address on this envelope, will you? I'd like to drop in and see you one day."

She complied. She did not know that Penny had a dozen other samples of handwriting in his breast pocket. It was unlikely that the author of the anonymous letters was to be found among her class. Still—one never knows.

GABRIELLE YATDOWN was struggling into her heavy fur motoring coat when the manager ushered Penny into her dressing-room. She was not a big enough star to resent the unceremonious intrusion, and her white teeth flashed in mechanical welcome as the manager introduced them.

"Mr. Penny, a friend of mine, Miss Yatdown. Hope you didn't mind my bringing him along to see you."

She put out a slim white hand. "Delighted! Wont you sit down, Mr. Penny? Are you a newspaper man?"

The manager, a discreet man who had formed his own surmises from the Scotland Yard man's questions, softly effaced himself. Penny hooked his stick on the dressing table and laid down his gloves.

"No, I'm not a reporter. Fact is, I'm a police officer, and I rather wanted to see you about a case in which I'm

interested."

Her blue eyes opened wide in artless astonishment. "You are a detective!" She trilled with musical laughter. "And you want to see me? What on earth for?"

There was no man who could finesse on occasion more adroitly than Penny. But he was in no mood now for delicacy. There was nothing to be denied in the mildness of his tone, but his words were blunt.

"Tell me, Miss Yatdown, how much money have you extorted from Sir Melton Tarson?"

The girl's smile froze on her face, and she lost a little of her delicate color. Then she blazed into sudden wrath.

"What do you mean? How dare you insult me? I'll--"

Smiling and unmoved he watched her. "My dear girl," he expostulated as though he had known her as many years as he had seconds, "what's the use of being silly? You know you've not lost your temper really, and these mock heroics don't impress worth a cent. I wish you'd sit down like a sensible child and talk it over."

She recovered herself. "I haven't the remotest idea of what you're talking about," she said loftily. "You are insinuating—"

"Forgive me. I should put it in the form of a statement of fact. I know."

He bore her searching scrutiny with seeming confidence. He had bluffed more astute persons than this dancer.

"Have you come from Sir Melton?" she demanded.

"Oh, dear no." He seemed surprised at her question. "I have never spoken to him in my life. I know he treated you rather badly once."

She laughed again, and he realized that he had underestimated her. "I suppose that is intended to draw something out of me. I don't quite know what you are hoping to get, but I have no intention of wasting my time. Good night, Mr. Penny."

The detective looked after her as she swished with dignity through the doorway. Mechanically he resumed his stick and gloves. Then his face beamed with an expansive smile.

"That's one on me," he observed aloud. "Well, that interview doesn't seem to have helped a heap."

WITH habitual punctuality Penny was on hand at Scotland Yard next day as nine o'clock was booming from Big Ben. Up in the magic-lantern room they had transferred the samples of handwriting he had gained onto slides, and now the reproductions were thrown one by one onto a screen while Penny watched closely for any peculiarities that would identify any of them with the signature on the first threatening letter.

Long and careful was his comparison, but at last he relinquished it. Not one of the samples—not even excepting that of Miss Yatdown, for he had borrowed an envelope of hers from the manager of the Regal—bore the faintest resemblance to the original signature.

He descended to his own room, his brows wrinkled. There he scanned the reports of subordinates he had put on various avenues of investigation, without much hope. Still thoughtful, he at last put on his coat and hat and made his way westwards. He was irritated at his failure to get a grip of the problem.

Jimson inhabited a flat near Jermyn Street, and the detective nodded con-



"They've been at it again, Mr. Penny." He pointed to a desk in a corner of the room. A dagger had been thrust through the writing-pad clean down to the hilt. "More like a moving-picture play than ever," the detective commented dryly.

fidently to himself as he pressed a little electric button on the outer door. Almost at the movement, the door flew open and the black, menacing muzzle of an automatic was thrust into his face.

For a middle-aged man Penny moved with incredible swiftness. He had no concern just then with the reason for such a reception. He swerved sideways and then inwards. The pistol dropped with a soft thud on the carpet, and a moment later its owner was flung crashing against the wall. Penny was angry, and he used all his strength. Only as he released his grip did he realize that the other was Jimson. He stooped and picked up the pistol.

"What in blazes do you mean by

this?" he demanded fiercely.

Jimson sat up, delicately feeling his throat and the back of his head. "Is t-that you, Mr. Penny? Y-you d-d-didn't give me a c-chance to explain."

"Chance to explain!" Penny's voice was grim, "I reckon not. I couldn't stop for explanations with a gun under my nose. What do you mean by it, anyway? You little rat!"

brushed his dressing-gown mechanically. "I-I didn't know i-it was you. I t-thought it was s-some one elsé. Will you come in?"

"This job's getting your nerve," ob-

served Penny.

He followed Iimson through into the sitting-room. The little man's finger was shaking as he pointed to a chair. "S-sit down," he said. Then in a burst: "They've been at it again, Mr. Penny." He pointed with a dramatic gesture to a desk in a corner of the room. A dagger had been thrust through the writing-pad clean down to the hilt.

THE detective turned suspiciously towards Jimson. "More like a moving-picture play than ever," he commented dryly. "When did you find it?"

"J-just before you came in. You see I d-didn't rise very early this morning." "Huh! Who else sleeps in the flat?

You've got a servant?"

Jimson nodded. "I-I felt something like that myself after the poisoned milk yesterday. I sent him away last night. It couldn't be him."

"Did he have a key?"

"I took that from him before he went."

Penny pulled up a big armchair and sank into its luxurious depths. From under his shaggy eyebrows he looked long and steadily at the little blackmailer. "I don't know if this is something you're putting across on me," he said sternly. "I don't believe it is. All the same, I have a kind of idea that no one wants to murder you at all." He pulled the knife out of the desk and stroked its edge with his thumb. "Now, if they could get in here with this skull-andcross-bones business, they could just as easily have croaked you as not. What better opportunity could they want? Ever seen this toy before?"

"N-no. I'm not a nervous man, Mr. Penny. I d-don't know why I escaped in the night. B-but I feel sure they mean b-business." He spread out his arms. "How could anyone get in? I

locked the p-place myself."

"Dunno," retorted the detective The other picked himself up and . brusquely. "Seems to me you'd better cough up who you think it is. can't hurt your reputation with us any. you know. I don't know why you want to hold up information you think may help to save your skin."

> Iimson shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and Penny knew that scared or not he did not intend to put a weapon into the hands of the police that might

be used against himself.

Somewhere there was the whirr of a bell. Jimson moved to the door. "Nuisance, my man being away," he apolo-

gized. "Wont be a second."

Penny sat still-till his host was out of sight. Then, walking noiselessly, he moved to the portières that shrouded the entrance to the room. In the hall Jimson was was holding the door ajar with one hand. The visitor said something that Penny could not catch.

He saw Jimson shake his head. "I t-tell you I c-can't see you now," he said "To-to-morrow or this aftercurtly.

noon."

The detective shifted his position to

obtain a view of the visitor. Then he

stepped openly forward.

"Good morning, Sir Melton," he said quietly, "May I introduce myself, since Iimson here seems to have lost his tongue. I am Chief Detective-Inspector Penny, of Scotland Yard. Don't let this man"-he indicated Jimson-"put you off on my account. Come right in. I should like a chat with you myself."

Jimson leaned back against the doorpost. Under his scrubby mustache his lips curled in a challenging sneer. Sir Melton stood rigid and erect, and his eyes wavered up and down the detective. He had earned his knighthood by supreme daring in Arctic explorations, and had the reputation of a man whose nerves were chilled steel. Yet now he seemed irresolute enough. His lips tightened.

"I believe I will," he said. "Mr.

Jimson will excuse me."

He stepped in.

IIMSON was still smiling when they entered the sitting-room. The nervousness which he had not troubled to conceal from Penny he now had fiercely under control. In his own line of business he was unexcelled, and there emotion had no part. He loved a pose. A casual study of cheap romances had grafted onto his ability as a blackmailer a wish to look the part of the nonchalant society villain. He had little fear that anything the detective might obtain from Tarson would develop to his prejudice, and he felt fairly secure.

All three were men of the world; yet as they entered Jimson's luxurious sitting-room, an awkwardness descended on them which Jimson was the first to break through. He produced cigarettes.

"S-sir Melton and I are old f-friends, Mr. Penny," he explained. His face challenged Tarson to deny it.

Tarson made a visible effort. A look in the detective's face seemed to brace him. "Not exactly friends," he protested, a dry, metallic quality in his voice. "No, I should certainly not go so far as to say that."

The repudiation took both hearers by surprise. Jimson opened his mouth, and his cigarette hung ludicrously from his

lower lip. His teeth showed venomously. "Iimson is not a nice person," said Penny quietly. "Confidentially, Sir Melton, I should describe him as the most

contemptible rogue in London. Perhaps your association is-shall we saya matter of business rather than friend-

ship?"

"T-this aint fair, Mr. Penny," whined Jimson. He had accepted the Scotland Yard man's contemptuous attitude toward him while they were alone together as a matter of course. But by his victims he was accustomed to be treated with either respect or fear after the first hot outburst. Penny's deliberate attempt to humiliate him had got under even his hardened skin. His painfully acquired grammar deserted him. "This aint fair," he repeated.

"You may call it business," said Sir

Melton in a level tone.

Jimson glowered menacingly in his direction. "You'd better be careful," he snarled. "You know what's likely to

happen if you get fresh."

Penny reached out an arm and gripped the little man's shoulder. He swung him to his feet and shook him fiercely. "Cut it out," he ordered sharply. "You hear me? Drop it." He pushed him back into his seat. "Now you sit here for a while. I'm going out with this gentleman. We'll be back in an hour."

"W-what's the g-game?" demanded

Timson.

"Never you mind. You'll know soon enough. Come along, Sir Melton."

NEVER a word did Penny say until they were down in the street. A baker's man was outside, sitting idly on his handcart. With an apology to Tarson, the Inspector passed swiftly over to Something passed from hand to hand.

"Find out who bought that and when," said Penny. "There's a manufacturer's name on it. It ought to help you."

He returned to his companion. "Shall we walk this way?" he said idly. "I shall be glad if I can be of any help, Sir Melton. I've seen enough this last half-hour to convince me that I might be useful."

Sir Melton twirled his cane. "Thank you. Had I thought the police could help in any degree, I should have called upon them. It is a matter which must be settled with Jimson in other ways."

"In plain English, you are afraid of the publicity if you were to prosecute

him for blackmail."

"Exactly." Sir Melton threw away his half-finished cigarette. "I don't see why

I should deny it."

"Listen to me," said Penny persuasively. "You know perfectly well what is to happen. You pay him once, and you'll have to pay him a dozen or a score of times. I don't ask you to commit yourself, if you would rather not. I'm not butting into this out of curiosity. If you have ever done anything illegal, keep your mouth shut. I don't want to know it. But if what he's holding over you is something of another kind—well, it might not be altogether necessary to prosecute him."

A weary, amused smile broke over his companion's face. "Isn't that a little unusual?" he remarked. "I thought a high police official would be compelled to let the law take its course. Do you mean that you would be a party to patch-

ing up a crime?"

"I mean nothing of the sort. I can't arrest a man for blackmail, unless you

agree to prosecute."

"I see." Tarson took two or three steps thoughtfully. "I don't see why I shouldn't trust you," he said suddenly. "Not the least reason in the world,"

agreed Penny cheerfully.

Sir Melton did not answer for a little. He seemed to be arranging his thoughts. "You know I have a son in France," he said at last, "a boy about twenty-three—as good a lad as they make 'em."

three—as good a lad as they make 'em."
"Ah!" Penny sucked in his lips
thoughtfully. A fresh light was begin-

ning to break on him.

"A year or two ago there was an incident with a music-hall 'artiste'—nothing in itself very serious, but he wrote her a few foolish letters. She kept those letters, and when she ran across him again just before he went to the front, she made the most of them. I was ill at the time, and he did a foolish—in-

deed a criminal thing. He was short of money, and rather than run a risk, he paid her by check for the return of the letters. That check was signed with my name."

"Forgery?" Penny's tone was serious. "Precisely—forgery. Don't misunderstand me. He knew that had I been well he could have had the money without question. He was perfectly innocent of all intention of robbing anyone. In fact, the moment that my health allowed, he came to me with a clean breast and went at once to the bank. The check had never been presented. The girl—or those behind her—had guessed."

"That sounds like Jimson. So I suppose they started to bleed you on the supposition that you would go to any risk rather than have the boy charged

with forgery."

"It would kill his mother—if she knew," said Tarson simply. "And it—

it has hit me pretty hard."

"Naturally! I'm glad I ran across you this morning, though I should have come to see you, anyway. I begin to believe I can straighten it out for you. Will you wait for me a minute or so? I want to telephone."

THE minute or so lengthened to twenty before Penny emerged. He was smiling, and he was even disrespectful enough to clap Sir Melton on the back.

"That's all right," he said. "Now pull yourself together. I'm going to prescribe a stiff brandy-and-soda, and then we'll get along and astonish Mr. Jimson"

He was in no particular hurry, however; and to Tarson, who, with tightened brows, was wondering what might be about to happen, he vouchsafed no further explanation. They sauntered back to Jimson's flat. Outside, in Jermyn Street, Penny again engaged in private conversation with a man in whom Sir Melton failed to recognize the baker's roundsman of a little while before. Something passed from hand to hand, and Penny rejoined Tarson, who headed for the steps of the entrance.

"Just a minute, before you go in,"



"Come, it's plain enough," said Penny impatiently. "You bought it three days ago in the Strand. I know you have it on you. I am doing what I can for you, but I am not going to run any risks. That's sensible. Thank you.

Now we can go in."

It was not Jimson who admitted them to the flat, but a square-faced man who nodded confidentially to the Inspector. "It's all right," he said. "They're all here."

"Good!" grunted Penny, and passed

In the sitting-room there were assembled, besides Jimson, half a dozen people. Some of them were obviously detectives. Sir Melton started as he met the gaze of Gabrielle Yatdown. She was swathed in furs, and her cheeks were a dead white. At a little distance was an unshaven, surly-eyed man whose presence also seemed to disturb Tarson. The only occupants of the room who did not seem restless were Penny and his subordinates.

"You boys can wait outside," said

Penny. "This is going to be a little confidential conference. I'll call you if I want you."

He closed and locked the door behind him. "Now we can talk," he said suavely. He nodded cheerfully to the sulky man. "How do you do, Fred? Haven't seen you for a donkey's years. Most of you know each other, I believe. The gentleman who looks as if he would like to eat me is Lightning Fred. I forget his other names, but he was well known in pugilistic circles some ten years ago-weren't you. Fred? He had a little misfortune-robbery with violence, if I remember rightly. It was just about the time that he came out that our friend Mr. Jimson felt the lack of a trustworthy manservant-a sort of combination of valet and chucker-out who could deal with any obstreperous clients who were beyond moral persuasion. As you see, Fred has more muscle than brain—a fact that perhaps weighed. when Jimson selected him. Sit still, Jimson-don't interrupt.

"Now, yesterday Jimson came to Scot-

land Yard. Some one had been threatening to murder him—more, they had, in his opinion, tried to carry out the threat. I hope, Sir Melton, you wont think it was because we considered his life worth saving that we agreed to go into the matter. It was our mere duty to prevent murder. We know that a great deal of misery would be averted if something did happen to him, and it was with a certain amount of sympathy for the opposition that I began the investigation."

Sir Melton shifted uneasily. Miss Yatdown had pulled off one glove and was absently tearing at it with her fingers. Jimson sat flushed and nervous, and the toe of his patent-leather shoe did a quick tattoo on the floor. Penny

continued:

"I want to deal with Fred first: Yesterday he arranged an accident which resulted in Jimson's cat meeting with a quick and merciful death. That shook Jimson up a bit, for he lit on the incident as an attempt at poisoning. You were paid for that little bit of play-actingeth, Fred?"

Fred scowled cannily at the detective. "O' course, it wasn't meant to murder him, if that's what you mean. I—"

"Never mind. I'm doing the talking for a moment. Those letters must have got on Jimson's mind, for he next fancied some one had tried to push him under a motor. I guess that was largely imagination. Anyway, it riveted in his mind the fact that some one had determined on his doom.

"He was so badly scared that he was taking no chances. He sent Fred away last night, taking his key from him. But for an astute man he made one error. He overlooked that Fred had had plenty of opportunities of having another key made. In fact, that was what happened. Fred could not resist a bribe. Am I right?"

Fred hesitated. "All right, guv'nor," he said at last. "You know what you are talking about. It was—"

"Shut up. I guess you'd better wait outside for a while with some of the boys." Penny unlocked the door and pushed the ex-pugilist out. Then he relocked it and smiled down at Jimson as he laid a dagger on the small Moorish table.

"The man to whom the duplicate key was passed brought this little toy. Can you guess who it was, Jimson? Or you, Miss Yatdown?"

The blackmailer pointed unsteadily to Tarson. "Y-you! Y-you'll be sorry for this." His face was yellow with passion. "I-I'll see that boy of yours within four walls for this. Yes, and you'll be in it too. Attempted murder m-means trouble, you bet. You're a police officer, Mr. Penny. Arrest that man."

"I don't think." retorted Penny

calmly. "Wait a bit."

THE detective menaced Jimson with a stumpy forefinger. "If you weren't angry, you wouldn't be such a fool," he continued. "If Sir Melton, here, goes to jail, what do you think's going to happen to the pair of you. Bite on that. You know something about law, Jimson. You'd be uncommonly lucky if you got less than seven years." He thrust his face fiercely towards the blackmailer. "Why, you little hound, I'm about inclined to let other people take their chance and send you down anyway. Where's that check? Out with it, quick, before I change my mind."

"I-I haven't g-got it," Jimson whined.
"It's lost." Then, as Penny advanced on him menacingly, he pulled some keys from his pocket. "All right, sir. Don't touch me. I'll let you have it." He moved toward a safe that was shielded by a green curtain, and unlocked it. From one of the inner drawers he produced a check and passed it to Penny, who handed it to Tarson. Sir Melton tore it into fragments and pressed them

down upon the fire.

As he was about to close the safe, Penny pulled him away. "One minute, my lad. I want to look in there."

"You g-got no right—" gulped Jimson—and found himself flung violently

to the end of the room.

"Not the faintest right," agreed Penny. "I'm not worrying about rights to-day. Give me a hand here, Sir Melton." One by one he went hastily through the packets of papers in the safe and passed them to Tarson, who dropped them on the fire. Penny at last swung the heavy door to and attended

to the blaze with the poker.
"That ought to do," he observed with satisfaction. "You can make a complaint to Headquarters if you like, Jimson. Meanwhile, I'll see that you get a society paragraph in the papers-you'll like that, wont you?-saying that by a fire accident Mr. Reginald Jimson has suffered the loss of many valuable docu-That'll relieve several people's minds. And Jimson, if I were you, I'd clear out of the country. The next time we come after you we'll get you-see? And if I were you, Miss Yatdown, I'd stick to the stage in the future. It's less risky than this kind of get-rich-quick Good-morning. Coming, Sir game. Melton?"

OUT in the street, Tarson stretched out a hand to Penny, "I can't say what I think," he said. "Believe me, I'm grateful. How you did it is beyond

"I'm no Sherlock Holmes," smiled Penny complacently, "but I'll own I did that rather neatly. Everything came my way of course, though"-he grinned -"I didn't do what I set out to do."

"What was that?"

"Land the man who was threatening Jimson in jail. It's a mighty serious thing to try to kill a man-even a crook. But all this is away from the point. There's been nothing very miraculous When Jimson came to me about it. vesterday, I hadn't the faintest idea how things were going to turn out. I put men onto one or two possible lines of inquiry and handled what seemed to be the most likely myself. It looked to me uncommonly as if a woman was at the bottom of it. I drew all the most obvious places without much luck. Then I learned that Gabrielle Yatdown had been seen with Jimson, and an idea entered my mind that you might be concerned. I knew you had been seen with Jimson, and it required no remarkable acuteness to judge what was happening when a man like yourself associated with a man like him. I tried to bluff Gabrielle, but she saw I was fishing and just laughed at me. So there I was up a

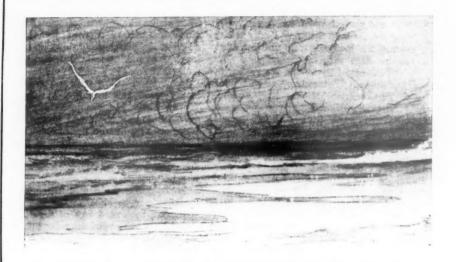
"You were still a reserve possibility in my mind this morning, but I saw Jimson first. He was in a blue funk over the dagger trick, and it was then I got my first line on the case. I must have been muggy not to think of it before. The whole thing was a frame-up from the inside—the mysterious letters put in his pocket, the spilling of the poisoned milk, the dagger through the desk-it was as clear as noon. More than that, the melodrama of the dagger showed that the whole murder business was a bluff. Some one wanted to frighten Jimson out of the countryquick. That meant somebody he'd got his hooks into, and just as I'd made up my mind, the answer came Pat. You called on Jimson-I don't know what pretext you made, but it was clear that you had come to see how he took it."

"I don't quite see--" interrupted Sir

"No. I'm coming to the other points. For one thing, all the time I was with you, although you knew I was a policeofficer, you never evinced any curiosity as to my business. You knew what I was on.

"I had a man on observation outside Jimson's flat, and when he went out I passed him the knife. With a manufacturer's name on it, it was perfectly simple to find out the retailers who handled it and then get descriptions of recent purchasers-and one fitted you. You bought an automatic at the same time. Incidentally I had passed word to find Jimson's servant-no very difficult matter.

"When you coughed up your story of blackmail, I 'phoned to the Yard to collect Gabrielle and Lightning Fred and bring them along to the flat. paused to light his pipe. "What happened there, you know. It wasn't perhaps my strict duty, but still-"



Miss Mountain and Miss Mohammed

By Marjorie Benton Cooke frank gray eyes, a wide, amiable mouth, and fine teeth revealed in a most winning smile. It was only the careful observer who noticed that the brow was not noticeably high, or the chin firmly modeled.

Hetty, indeed, produced the general effect of a powerful woman who would mold events. Here lay the humor of the situation: Hetty could not mold anything; she herself was the most plastic sport of events. She could ride a horse, golf and shoot, but she could not think—at least not in the finer sense of that art.

Her father, who had always called his only child "Son," thought her a wonder and left his money unreservedly in her hands when he died. Fortunately there was no one to be provided for except Hetty, and while

her patrimony lasted, she lived a full life. The ablest financiers might have stood uncovered before her; it takes a real genius to pick as many fatal investments as she did.

It was when her resources were almost invisible that she gave up the big apartment her father had always supported, sold the furniture and various treasures he had collected, and moved herself into the modest

н

VERYTHING about Hetty was heroic, except her mind. Nature, in sportive mood, had dipped back into the past, extracted Hetty and set her in the midst of the confusing complexity we call modern civilization. She stood five-feet-seven in her stockings and was broadshouldered and deep-chested, like Juno. Her face was what you might call the "capable" type; it was round, with



boarding-house of one Mrs. Carlisle. Now, on the topmost floor and in the rearmost room in Mrs. Carlisle's establishment lived a girl named Isabel Morton, the ingénue of a struggling moving-picture company. Isabel was tiny, and had an unlined baby face, punctuated with big, earnest blue eyes, an absurd red mouth and dimples. A fluff of curly flaxen hair completed the wax-doll effect. Only the aforementioned careful observer would have seen that the vellow thatch covered a broad brow, that the blue eyes were wide-set and the line of the jaw firm.

THE day of Hetty's arrival in the boarding-house, Isabel dragged up the stairs after a belated dinner of cold food. The hall was dark and redolent of old vegetables. Just as she came abreast of a door, it flew open, and Hetty stood on the threshold, silhouetted against the light behind her. Isabel stopped, and gazed, and spoke:

"Good gracious powers! You scared me!"

"Hello, kiddie, where do you belong?"
Hetty's big voice boomed. "Do you live here?"

"Yes, up on the roof, in a closet."

A double-barreled love-story by the author of

"Bambi"

ILLUSTRATED BYR F. JAMES

"Well, where do I ring for hot water?"

"You don't ring, and it's never hot," Isabel replied.

"Well, do you know how to work the radiator?"

"Sure, but I don't guarantee heat."

She walked into Hetty's room and turned on the heater. Hetty gazed at her, like a Newfoundland at a puppy.

"What's your name?" she demanded.

Isabel strutted up to her and struck an attitude. "I'm Jack the Giantkiller!" she boasted.

Hetty looked down at her and grinned. "You look more like a doll baby. Are you grown up, or are you a youngster?" she inquired seriously.

"I'm the grown-upest thing you ever met. I'm the mother of Eve," replied

"Oh, are you married?" exclaimed

Hetty.

"Yes, and no," laughed Isabel. "I get a new husband about every three days." "What?" gasped Hetty, horror flood-

ing her big face.

Isabel perched on the top of a trunk and inspected the surroundings.

"Yes, I lead a wild life. To-day I was in a train-wreck on a broken bridge; to-morrow I'm going to leap out of an aëroplane into the Bay."

Hetty's eyes never left her face; they reflected her conviction that her chance guest was hopelessly mad—a conviction tinged with the joy of a small boy who meets a pirate.

Whereupon Isabel encircled her with her arms and explained that her work as a moving-picture actress required these adventures. Then: "What's your line?" she demanded of Hetty.

And Hetty obediently told her story.

THE friendship which dated from this first encounter of Hetty and tiny Isabel was to furnish much amusement for the sad dwellers in Mrs. Carlisle's boarding-house. Eventually they came to be known as Miss Mountain and Miss Mohammed.

There was one person in the boarding-house who found nothing ridiculous in Hetty's adoration of Isabel. In fact, he shared the emotion with her. He was a gentle, rather shy young man named George Burchard, an architect with a love of poetry and a soul for romance. His ambition was to build noble public buildings; his job was to draw, to scale, interiors of Harlem flats. Isabel had figured as the central axis of his dream, ever since her advent in Mrs. Carlisle's home for refined people.

Some six weeks after the intimacy of Miss Mohammed and Miss Mountain had become established, they were idling away a Sunday morning in Hetty's room.

"I wish I could get me a new job; I'm sick of the movies," yawned Isabel. "There's only one Mary Pickford in this business, and she gets all the money and all the fame there is."

"I wish I had any kind of a job,"

sighed Hetty.

"We might go into partnership if we had any money, or anything to sell. You haven't anything we can sell, have you?"

"I guess not. The property is all gone now, except some old sandy lots out in New Jersey."

"Sandy lots—New Jersey—what is this?" demanded Miss Mohammed, sitting up, all attention.

"Somebody sold my father a whole section out in New Jersey. He intended to build a workmen's village, but he never did."

Isabel rose and wrapped her kimono about her.

"How long will it take you to dress?" she asked.

"Dress? What for?"

"One hour from now, we'll be on our way to look at those lots."

"But what do you want to look at them for? They're no good."

"Have you seen them?"
"Yes, I saw them once."

"She owns a bunch of lots, and she's never crossed the ferry to look at them but once!" Isabel cried. "Hop into your clothes. I will be back here in fifteen minutes."

"But I don't see-"

"Of course not. You wont, for a month or two. But *I* see. You leave it to me, and get dressed quick."

AN hour later they were on the ferry. Isabel extracted from Hetty all she knew on the subject of these lots. Hetty did not know whether the taxes were paid up, whether the title was clear or how long her father had owned them. Six months after her father's death, the lawyer who had served him for twenty years had died, and the new head of the firm frightened her, she said, and so she didn't ask him about the New Jersey property. It was only luck that she remembered the station where they got off.



Just as she came abreast of a door, it flew open, and Hetty stood on the threshold, silhouetted against the light behind her. Isabel stopped, and gazed, and spoke: "Good gracious powers! You scared me!"

The station-agent directed them to "old man Hess' subdivision." and they set forth to find it. It certainly was not a sight to thrill, that sandy stretch of beach, with a few scraggly trees.

"Nobody would ever buy this sand,"

said Hetty.

"Somebody will always buy everything, if you can make it sound attractive," replied Isabel, "but this is the extreme limit, all right."

They walked over it, considered it from all points of view-its sea view and its nearness to the railroad were its main

"It's lucky for us that the Lord put the sea right there," remarked Isabel.

The town proper lay on the other side of the railroad, except for a few scattered architectural excrescences on the high lands flanking the Hess property on either side. Isabel inspected them attentively.

"Those awful things cost money," she

commented

While they waited for the train, Isabel interrogated the station-agent and learned that the two big men of the town had built "shore places" flanking the low Hess stretch.

"Well, you see it's no good," said Hetty when they were in the train again.

"Will you give me half the profits if I make that sand-dump pay?"

"Yes, but nobody will buy it-"

"We don't want anybody to buy it. Don't interrupt me now; I want to think."

Hetty obediently lapsed into silence; Isabel's gaze into space grew more in-

"We might start a summer resort there -if we had a catchy name for it, and some money to begin with, and an architect," Isabel murmured.

"Mr. Burchard might do," said Hetty.

"Hetty, you've stumbled onto an idea." "Would it take a lot of money?"

"Depends on whether the taxes are paid, whether the place is mortgaged. If we could get a start, we could sell lots and build as the money comes in," said Isabel, her voice trailing off into another

"I've got it!" she cried suddenly.

"Mercy, don't shout like that."

"I've got it, I tell you. We will tell those two village magnates, with their money tied up in palatial residences on either side of us, that we are going to build an amusement park on our land."

"But we aren't."

"Maybe we aren't, but they can pay us enough to start our scheme, just to help make up our minds."

"I never would have thought of that."

"I should say you wouldn't. Now we'll dash home, capture Burchard and get the whole thing planned to-night. You can look up our title to-morrow, and I'll find out the resources of those New Jersey citizens. Life will be full and free for H. Hess and Company. That's what we'll have on our office door-'H. Hess and Company."

"Are we going to have an office?"

gasped Hetty.

'Hetty, my dear, we'll have an office, a telephone, an office-boy, and mahogany-lined private dens for 'H. Hess and Company.' What more could we need?"

"Customers!" said Hetty, making the

one joke of her life.

STRANGE to relate, the gentle Burchard proved the first stumblingblock. Here was a man called upon to do the thing he loved best to do, for the woman he adored-the gates of Paradise had opened, and yet, like the weary pilgrim, Burchard sat outside.

"Do you get the idea?" Isabel asked him when she had finished a recital of

the plan. "Yes."

"Do you want to come in on it?"

He shook his head.

"What!" she challenged.

"We thought you would love to build those houses," said Hetty.
"I would!"

"What's the matter, then?"

"I don't like the way you're going to get the money. It's-well, it's false pretenses," he blurted out.

"Lord, it's his morals!" exclaimed

"If you are smart enough to think out that scheme, you're smart enough to get the money honestly. You're smart enough to do anything!" he added fervently.

Isabel looked at him, literally for the first time. His eyes were shining.

"I'd rather plan that village for you, with its houses and gardens, than have a million dollars."

"I think Mr. Burchard's right, Isabel," said Hetty.

"Upon my word—you two! If you'd had to turn as many sharp corners as I have, you'd not stop holding up two old coupon-cutters, who might as well spend it this way as any way."

But Isabel bore no malice, and the next day she and Hetty journeyed to the office of Hetty's lawyer and asked the clerk about the property

clerk about the property.

"That New Jersey property was sold for taxes on Saturday, Miss Hess. We wrote you about the taxes,—you remember? We had no funds to meet them with for you."

Isabel laughed.

"We missed the train by one minute, didn't we? Who bought it in?"

"Man named Flint—Arthur Flint."
"What's his address?"

The clerk gave it.

"We can buy it back, can't we?"

"Yes, if you pay his premium."
"Come on, Hetty; this picture may film yet," said the blonde one.

"What are you going to do?" begged Hetty.

"Watch me."

She led the way to a Dun's report and looked up Flint.

"He's all right," said she. "Look here
"Bronxville, New Jersey, Seaview.'
My dear, he's one of the old boys with
the property adjoining ours."

"No!"

"Come home, Hetty, and let me think this out. We'll go see him this afternoon."

"We can't buy it back this afternoon, can we?"

"We can buy it, but we can't pay for it. Have you got any collateral at all?"

"No. I've got a few thousands in a savings bank."

"I've got two hundred myself."

"You mustn't take yours, Isabel," protested the heiress.

"I can still work, while me health is good," laughed Isabel. "It's sink or swim, Hetty, and we'll both go in. Find

out exactly what you've got in your bank."

Later that day Isabel superintended Hetty's costume. A severely tailored effect, with a close hat, was her order. She arrayed herself in the most girlish of frocks and a floppy hat.

"There's a lot in dressing the part." she explained to Hetty. "You look like an able business woman, and I look like Dotty Dimples. You look fine; but don't talk, or you'll give us away. Let me babble along."

"Can't I say 'Yes,' or 'No'?"

"Those are the two words you must not say. You can block the whole thing with either one of those words, in the wrong place."

"Better tell him I'm dumb."

When they were getting out of the elevator, Hetty looked at Isabel anxiously.

"What are you going to say to him?"
"I don't know, until I see him."

MR. ARTHUR FLINT looked upon his visitors with surprise. The fine, big, splendid-looking girl just bowed, but the little one showed two dimples in a confiding smile and held out a small hand, which he took from sheer astonishment.

"How do you do, Mr. Flint?" chirped Isabel. "I am Isabel Morton, and this is Hetty Hess."

She turned to Hetty as if she had said: "This is the Empress of Russia."

Mr. Flint bowed again to Hetty, and indicated chairs. Hetty collapsed on one, but Isabel perched on the edge of hers, her small feet tucked on the rung, and lifted blue and shining eyes to Mr. Flint.

"You don't look a bit like flint!" she remarked.

Mr. Flint checked a smile.

"May I ask—" he began formally.

"Oh, please don't use that my-time-islimited sort of manner on us, or we'll be too frightened to tell you what we want."

He finished the smile that time.

"I'm at your service."

"Well, I just dragged Hetty here. She didn't want to come at all, and so I have to do the talking. You know that old Hess property out on the Jersey



"Our improvements would help your property. Why don't you go into partnership with us?" said Hetty unexpectedly.

Isabel was as startled as Flint.

shore that you bought in on Saturday?"
"Hess? Oh!" said Mr. Flint, light be-

ginning to dawn.

"That was Hetty's last possession. She was trying to hold on to it, so she could put up a little cottage there and spend her old age—it was pitiful how Hetty cherished that property."

She flicked a tear from the corner of a blue eye, and Flint looked miserable. "I'm sorry to—ah—" he muttered.

"The way she fought and struggled to pay those taxes—"

"But Miss—ah—Morton, those taxes

hadn't been paid for years."

"Don't I know? What it's meant to that poor girl! She's been the victim of stupid investments, Mr. Flint—but I didn't come to tell you a hard-luck story. I've come to ask you to let us buy it back."

"You mean Miss Hess has the money now? To pay the taxes and my pre-

mium?"

"We have three thousand, two hundred dollars, between us, Mr. Flint. We could pay that now, and the rest later. If you could give us a little time."

"You say 'between' you?"

"She is my best friend. I am only giving her my poor little savings to help her out."

"Is it your idea to build there now, Miss Hess?"

"No—yes—is it?" Hetty asked Isabel. Isabel considered a second, her eyes apparently seeking the secrets of Flint's soul.

"Let's tell him our dream, Hetty; shall we?"

Hetty nodded, in a daze.

"We want to plan and build a wonderful toy village there for summer people."

She went to his desk and took up his

pencil.

"This is the way we see it: A long drive, like this, from the entrance gates, that shut us from the State road. Uneven, winding drive, like that. Then squat, rambly gray-and-brown houses here and there like that—see?"

He nodded slowly.

"The best houses on the water—so; less expensive ones all around here. Big central clubhouse, here, with huge ver-

andas and flowers. All grays and browns and yellows like the sands. Can't you see it?" she appealed to him.

"Yes, but-

"We've got the man to build it. He's young, ardent, ambitious. You must see his plans—you'll love them!"

"Well, but-"

"Of course, these are all Hetty's ideas. She's a wonderful head for business, but she's so modest she'd never tell you."

"You mean to live in one of the houses,

Miss Hess?"

Hetty looked at Isabel.

"Yes, that's the reason for all the rest. Hetty wants to make her home there—"

"But how were you going to finance the scheme, Miss Hess? You say your joint resources are thirty-two hundred dollars."

"Hetty thought we could do it this way: we could get a contractor to build the roads—"

"Do you know how much such roads as you indicate here would cost you?"

"I—we haven't looked that up yet."
Mr. Flint figured a minute on the edge of her plan.

"About twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Mercy! Well, we could pay half of it with lots."

He smiled.

"The contractor might not want lots"
"We must get one who does," replied the doll baby.

"And if I should not care to sell my "

lien on the property?"
"Then Hetty wouldn't have a home!"

"Our improvements would help your property. Why don't you go into partnership with us?" said Hetty unexpectedly.

Isabel was as startled as Flint,

"Partnership?"

"You throw in the sand-lots as your investment, so we can give the contractor the thirty-two hundred dollars as a starter."

"And you two would—what would be your share in the partnership?"

"We would organize the thing, get the architect, build the roads and sell the lots. We would pay you for your lien in a specified time," said Isabel, grabbing the idea.

"Wallingford had nothing on you," said Mr. Flint.

"It would be sweet of you to do it. I would never have dared suggest it myself, but Hetty is so brave, and it means so much to her," murmured Isabel.

"It is perfectly ridiculous!" said Flint. He turned to Hetty, so calm and composed. "Don't you think it is ridiculous?" he demanded directly.

"Yes," said Hetty.

Flint's laugh was spontaneous enough to startle the outside office. glanced apprehensively at Isabel, but she was laughing with Flint.

"I would like to think this proposition over, ladies. It is a trifle unusual, you know. May I ask your lawyer and your bank, Miss Hess?"

She gave them.

"My two hundred is in the People's Savings Bank," boasted Isabel.

He gravely noted the fact, as the girls

"We might talk it over to-morrow, at the same hour?"

"We'll be here. You couldn't suggest a contractor who would like lots. could you?" said Isabel.

He looked at her sharply, but met only the baby stare.

"I'll let you know to-morrow."

"You're the nicest man! Do be our partner!" Isabel exclaimed.

"Shall I bring Watkins with us tomorrow?" asked Hetty.

"As you like, but I should think that

a lawyer would be a handicap to you, Miss Hess."

He ushered them out ceremoniously. "What did he mean by that?" demanded Hetty.

"What's the difference what he meant? The point is, he's going to do it. It amuses him. That partnership idea was a stroke!" She gazed at Hetty closely. "I can never make out, Hetty, whether you're a genius or a nut!"

THIS is where the miracle happened: Mr. Arthur Flint accepted Hetty's proposition. More, he gave them a letter to a contractor "who liked lots," and he, in turn, signed an agreement with them for a minimum price on the roads, with ten lots in part payment. The only requirement Mr. Flint insisted upon was that the property should be redeemed on a certain day, nine months hence; and the contractor's payment fell due the same date.

"Do you think we can do it, Isabel?" "In nine months! Why, the Lord made heaven and earth in seven days!"

"Yes, but he didn't put down pave-

A week from the time they signed the agreement they opened an office in the Woolsey Building, with HESS AND COM-PANY, REAL ESTATE, on the door. A large water color of Mr. Burchard's dream hung on the walls. Anybody who could look upon those dwellings without covetousness was more than human.

Isabel finally named the new resort "Sandy Shore," although Hetty held

out for "Arden Wood."

"But there isn't a tree on the place; they wont grow there," Isabel protested. "It's a good selling name."

"We've got to make a virtue of necessity: we must brag about the view. We must refuse to plant trees or allow the seascape shut off. 'Sandy Shore' is the name, Hetty.'

So it was settled, although Flint supported Hetty. It was becoming a habit with Flint to support Hetty—also to drop into the office daily to see "how things were coming along." He gave a grave consideration to every word Hetty uttered, as if listening to an oracle. It was a very new sort of attention to-Hetty, and it pleased her intensely.

Isabel planned to dispose of five lots at once. She figured that the cash payments made on these prospective homes would start work on the sand-pile, as well as cover the office expenses.

She decided that Hetty would make a good saleswoman, if only there could be instilled in her mind the essential thing to say to prospective buyers. She finally worked out a scheme, based on the obvious types of men and women whom Hetty would be called upon to approach. The list read like this:

Shrewd clerk. Type A

Middle aged investor (male). Type B

Widow with children. Type C Aged couple.

Type D Type E Old maid (female).



There were many more types; and for each she wrote a brief speech, reciting the special attractions for each individual at Sandy Shore. Then she rehearsed Hetty in these various gems of oratory, and one day Hetty set forth.

Isabel began the thousand and one things her day demanded. It was not until noon that she thought of Hetty. Then she went to lunch with Burchard and forgot her, and it was not until five o'clock, when the door was flung open and Hetty plungedin, face red.

necktie askew, hat crooked, that Isabel turned her full attention upon the heiress.

"What's up? You look like a drunken sailor on shore leave," she laughed.

"Well, I've had one day!" gasped Hetty, removing her hat and sinking into a chair.

"I thought you were coming back to lunch," Isabel began,

"I didn't stop for lunch. Here's the list of men I saw to-day."

"But—thirty names?"
"Is that all? Well, any-how, I've seen them all, every man Jack of 'em."

"How did you pick them out?"

"I didn't pick; I took them in order.
I got one whole hall done."

Isabel's face was

blank.

"Those speeches are no good," continued Hetty.

"Why?"

"Because I haven't got

sense enough to tell which one to use. You told me to use 'Type A' on that fellow from the boarding-house—"

Isabel nodded.

"Well, he didn't belong to that at all; he was Type B. I know he doesn't look it, but he is!" she added. "He had a lot of fun with me, and I got so mad I couldn't think of any of the answers, so I just got up and walked out. By the time I got to the hall I could hardly breathe, I was so mad. I wasn't coming back here and tell you that I couldn't do this thing, and so I dashed into the next office before I thought what I was going to say. When I got to the main man in there, I was so rattled that I began the speech to a widow with children."

Isabel began to laugh, but as Hetty grew more and more serious, she tried to stifle her mirth and hear the rest

of the story.

"First he was hot at my getting in, and then he thought I was crazy, and just at that moment I realized what a fool I was making of myself, so I burst out laughing and said: 'Now that I have got your attention, I'll state my business. I'm trying to sell summer cottages in a new summer resort called Sandy Shore; here are the plans'—and I slid them under his nose.

"'Summer resort with no trees?" he said

"'We don't believe in trees,' I said.

"'Because they wont grow there.'

"He began to laugh.

"'It'll be hotter than Africa there, in summer,' he said.

"'Sure, it will. That's what you go to a summer resort for—so you can be uninterruptedly hot, and have nothing to do but think how hot you are. If you wanted to be comfortable, you'd stay in town.'

"'Say, you're some salesman,' he said. 'Come and talk to my wife, will you?'"

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty, nothing short of inspiration!" cried Isabel, tears of laughter running down her face.

"He asked me a lot of questions—none of those on the list; and I told him the truth, or said I didn't know."

"Then what happened?"

"He said he'd like to go out and look at the place, so I told him I'd take him on Sunday. He said if I ever wanted a job as salesman in his line, to come and see him, because I was a crackerjack. Now what do you suppose he meant by that?" she added earnestly.

Isabel rushed over and hugged her, and slapped her on the back and cried:

"Go on, Hetty-what did you do then?"

"I went in every door and demanded the boss, and said any old thing. They were all fine. Eighteen are coming out with me on Sunday. I'm going to lead those boys around that old sand-dump and tell them how it's going to be."

"Good and gracious powers, did I ever try to manage you? You're a genius!"

said Isabel with awe.

N spite of Hetty's inspirational career as a saleswoman, the lots at Sandy Shore could not be said to go like cara-Men and women aplenty mel candy. went out to the spot where the summer resort was to bloom, admired the view and the plans, but when it came to the first payment, they turned shy. Meantime the day was fast approaching when a reckoning must be made. Between them, Hess and Company had sold ten lots. The contractor complained that his lots were a drug on the market. Isabel began to lie awake at night to plan how to speed up the advance sale. She sounded Flint on the subject of postponement of his payment, but found him apathetic to opportunities.

How that old sand-pit could soak up money! A thousand more here than they had planned for, a couple of thousand there. The grading was done, the streets laid out; and a central garden had been made with much top soil, at a fearful expense. Isabel had planted everywhere such things as would grow in sandy soil. The two first houses were completed,

and there were thirty days of grace.

As affairs neared a climax, every one of the three felt the screws tighten: Hetty peddled lots early and late; Isabel managed the office, planned the campaign and sold lots at off hours; Burchard got along on about four hours' sleep a night. He came into the office

one morning and found Isabel with her head in her hands, and bowed limply over her desk. He knelt beside her, his arms about her.

"Isabel-Isabel!" he murmured.

She stirred and lifted her face to stare

"George-Mr. Burchard!" she said. "I thought you were dead!" he said brokenly, kissing her hands.

"I'm just dead tired," she explained. "You must not work like this; it is killing you."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"You are not all right. I can't have you so pale. Oh Isabel, I want to take care of you," he finished.

"You dear blessed baby, you can't!" she answered him; but at his hurt look she laid her hands on his shoulders. and added softly: "But I adore you for wanting to."

Hetty came in then, flushed from the chase, and that conversation was ended.

"Mr. Skinflint," said Isabel later in the day to the silent partner, "what is the last minute we get on the twentythird to pay that money to you?"

"Oh, five o'clock will do. you'll make it?"

"Of course we'll make it. If you weren't such a tight-wad, you would give Hetty thirty days more on it."

"You girls didn't ask my advice on this proposition, so my part is merely interested bystander. Maybe you would be interested to know that I offered Miss Hess sixty days' grace. She refused it."

"She refused it! Well, look here: I'm the Co. in this company. I've got a vote here. You offer it to me and see what happens."

"Miss Hess was very final," he said as he departed.

When Hetty came in, Isabel descended upon her.

"Hetty Hess, did you refuse sixty days' grace from Flint?"

"Yes."

"But why, why, why?"

"I don't want to be under obligations to him."

"But we may fail." "Then we fail."

"What's your reason?"

"Mr. Flint is the only person on earth

who ever thought I had any sense. You started him to thinking it; now he believes it on his own hook."

"Well, but-"

"If he comes to my rescue in this crisis, he'll think I'm just like every other woman-started something I can't finish. I'd rather rob a bank to get the

"Well, if you aren't a guaranteed sur-

prise party these days."

FLINT, on his part, began to be concerned for Hetty's health.

"Look here, you can't afford to wear yourself out on this thing; it isn't business sense."

"I must succeed."

"I'd beg you to give it up now, if I didn't realize that the little blonde could never swing it without you."

Hetty laughed, wearily, almost hysterically.

"I've got a proposition of my own to put up to you, Hetty," he began

"I can't listen to anything now until we get this money paid," she said, with sudden stage-fright.

"Well, what can I do to help?"

"Pitch in and help sell lots. Then we can pay the contractor."

This seemed to amuse Mr. Flint enormously. But Hetty was quite seri-

"All right. Give me the plat, and I'll sell lots to pay the piper—in this case, the contractor.'

THE morning of the last day found Hess and Company ten thousand dollars short of the sum needed to pay their indebtedness.

"Hetty, for goodness' sake, be reasonable, and ask Flint for that sixty days," pleaded Isabel.

"No," said Hetty firmly.

They spent the day trying to raise the money, and at three o'clock they met in their office, dead tired, with failure in sight. Without a word they sat down at their respective desks. A boy came in with a letter for Hetty. It contained an inclosure. She read it.
"Humph!" said she, and passed it

to her partner.

Dear Miss Hess:

Please find enclosed the advance payments on Sandy Shore lots 2, 6 and 8. This money was to pay the contractor, I believe.

Yours, ARTHUR FLINT.

Isabel gave a wild whoop.

"Why do you sit there like that? We're saved!" she cried. "Come on to that contractor's office."

She seized her hat, and led the way to a taxicab. They arrived at the contractor's office and demanded Schwartz, the man with whom they had done all their business.

"We've come to pay for the work on Sandy Shore, Mr. Schwartz," said Isabel.

"Dot's goot."

"I'd like a receipt, please."

"Sure-but de boss vill sign it." "Aren't you the boss?" demanded

"Me? No, I'm joost de manacher. I tell de boss you are here."

He tiptoed out mysteriously. laughed, to Isabel's annoyance. door opened, and Mr. Flint came briskly to the desk.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Isabel.

"I'm signing a receipt, I believe."

"You mean-?" Isabel cried stupidly. "I am 'Schwartz & Company, Contractors.'"

The smile he had been saving all these months spread over his face.

"Good and gracious powers!" cried Isabel. "Hetty made you sell lots to pay your own bill!"

Flint began to laugh.

"It was the smartest thing I ever saw put over in my life! 'You sell some lots and pay the contractor,' she said. I thought I would die, it was so funny!"

Isabel joined his laugh, but Hetty rose and went to look out the window, stifling a strange sound not at all like a laugh.

Flint wiped his eyes and signed the Then Hetty was upon them. receipt. She seized the paper and tore it in two, and before either of them recovered she

"Hetty-oh, my Lord!" cried Isabel. "What made her do that?" demanded Flint, sobered.

"How do I know? Maybe the strain has sent her off her head. You sign that receipt again, and we'll go find out."

Flint laughed.

"Hetty will make a business woman out of you yet."

He signed it, and they rushed off in search of Hetty. They found her, sunk in her chair before her desk. their entrance she rose.

"Hetty, dear, Mr. Flint wants to explain."

"Yes?"-coldly.

"Could I-may I see you alone?" he

"I have no secrets from my partner." "Hetty, I only did what I did, because I care about you-" he began.

"You thought you could win my trust by tricking me? You knew how much this meant to Isabel and me, how hard we were working on it, and all the time you were making a joke of us."

"I was the joke, Hetty! How could I make a joke of a woman with your brains? I thought every day you'd find me out."

"I knew it all along."

"What?" Isabel and Flint exploded in

"I got it out of Schwartz months ago. I made you sell the lots to get even with you.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded Isabel.

"Because I didn't want it to be true," cried Hetty.

"Why?"-from Flint.

"I didn't want to think you were the kind of man who would fool helpless women."

"Helpless? You darling! Did you care what kind of man I was?"

"I-I-" Hetty protested, blushing hotly.

Flint opened the office door.

"Isabel Morton, I am not proposing to Hess and Company!"

Isabel nodded, stepped quickly out and closed the door. She was weak from excitement and worn out with the nervous strain of the last few months. In the anteroom stood Mr. George Burchard, and to his amazement and delight she walked directly into his arms and began to cry!





CAPTAIN RUPERT HUGHES

answered his country's call-

WE expected to begin publica-tion of Rupert Hughes' new novel of New York life, "We Can't Have Everything," in the next issue of The Red Book Magazine. (In fact, we were so confident that on the last page of his short story, "Pain," in this issue, you will find an announcement to that effect.) Mr. Hughes was half through the novel, and writing as he had never written before.

Then came President Wilson's call to the National Guard. Mr. Hughes is Captain of Company H in the Sixty-ninth New York, the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." Within an hour Mr. Hughes was on his way to the armory, and within forty-eight hours he marched to camp at the head of his company.



Captain Hughes at Camp Whitman

Therefore it will not be possible to begin "We Can't Have Everything" in our next issue. Mr. Hughes is proceeding with the story whenever his military duties permit. Just as soon as he has it completed, publication will begin.

"We Can't Have Everything" is Mr. Hughes' most remarkable story. It searches life as even he has not done before. It's a story to look forward to.

And in the Meantime-Read the announcement on next page.

We Were Saving This For The Magazine Surprise Of the Year

HE HEART OF A MAN," a new novel by Hallie Erminie Rives, will begin as a serial in the next—the September—issue of The Red Book Magazine. This is the first novel by the author of "Satan Sanderson" and "Hearts Courageous" to be serialized before its appearance in book form, despite the fact that the author has received some of the largest offers for serial rights ever submitted to an American.

For some months it has been known in magazine circles that Hallie Erminie Rives was finishing a new novel; and we knew that readers all over the land would want to read the story. For we, like many of them, consider her the greatest woman writer of her time. We determined to add her name to the list of famous writers who are enabling The Red Book to set the pace among magazines. Her novels are so absorbing, so unconventional, so beautifully written, that they BELONG in our pages. Hallie Erminie Rives agreed with us in this

belief, and we got the story.

We expected to begin "The Heart of a Man" in mid-winter, because the new novel by Rupert Hughes was scheduled to begin in September. We were chuckling to ourselves over the sensation the announcement would create, and congratulating our readers on adding to the novels by Rupert Hughes, Peter B. Kyne and Cosmo Hamilton—the three best of the men writers—this story by the best of the women writers. We were chafing because our plans made it impossible to start the story at once. Then came the necessity for postponing the novel by Mr. Hughes, and, PRESTO! everything was ready for giving you the opening chapters of "The Heart of a Man" at least three full months earlier than had seemed possible.

"The Heart of a Man" is laid in the South of to-day, and behind the story of the love and peril and awakening of a charming Southern girl you find a most important theme: the subject of drinking; not of drunkenness, as we generally use that word, but of the sort of drinking a dozen men and women every one of us knows are doing.

The story is so true that it is impossible to read it without seeing in our everyday associates the counterparts of the characters moving through the story.

"The Heart of a Man" by Hallie Erminie Rives will absorb you, thrill you, grip you from first paragraph to last. It is a great novel

Begin it with the first installment, in the next—the September—issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



Other Features in Preparation for THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"A Son of Kazan"

A new novel of the dogs of the Great North-a sequel to his famous "Kazan"

by James Oliver Curwood

Characteristic Short Stories by

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Humorous Stories by

Joseph C. Lincoln

A Beautiful Christmas Story by

The late Harris Merton Lyon

Frequent Short Stories by

Harold MacGrath
Larry Evans
Holworthy Hall
Meredith Nicholson
Norman Duncan
Maria Thompson Daviess
Will Levington Comfort
Ring W. Lardner
Berthe Knatvold Mellett

Melville Davisson Post
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse
Edwin Balmer
Marjorie Benton Cooke
Ida M. Evans
Walter Jones
Ellis Parker Butler
James Francis Dwyer
Alexander Hull

And further chapters in those two absorbing novels
"A Man's Man," by Peter B. Kyne
"The Sins of the Children," by Cosmo Hamilton

THE RED BOOK IS SETTING
THE PACE AMONG MAGAZINES





A Friend in Need

A Romantic Tale of the Eighteenth Century

By Justin Huntly McCarthy

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

R. HILARY
SLEEP, astride
Black Dancer,
accepted the encroaching daylight with
qualified kindness and unqualified composure. He
was, as ever, all in trim.

Though his outward aspect showed only a comely gentleman voyaging a-horse-back, his vizard nestled snug in his breast pocket, badge of all his tribe. His pistols—he never deigned to call them "barkers," for he moved apart from the "Brotherhood of the Road" and scorned their slang—lodged, loaded, primed and apt, in his holsters. In a word, Mr. Sleep was ready for the Bishop of Bridgstow, and asked destiny why the Bishop of Bridgstow was not ready for Mr. Sleep.

The road that had but glimmered in the starlight lay white as white in the filling dawn. The episcopal coach should prove as black a patch on its pallor as any mouche on a lady's cheek.

Mr. Sleep was very confident that the Bishop would come that way, sooner or later, because Mr. Sleep, in his original character as a man of fashion, had learned overnight in the card-room at Pond's Club the Bishop's itinerary. He had learned it from the Bishop's own nephew, Mr. Gideon Levitt, whom Mr. Sleep had lightened of some fifty pounds at hazard. Mr. Sleep had never liked Mr. Levitt, and he liked him less than ever that evening, for all that he had won his money.

For Mr. Levitt was pleased to be talkative, and on the worst theme in the



world, namely himself. It seemed that the Bishop had a ward who was something of an heiress, and whose name was Marigold Camden. The Bishop's wish was that his nephew should marry his ward, and Mr.

Levitt's wish jumped skip for skip with his uncle's, for Mr. Levitt was avaricious and made a mean gambler. So the Bishop, then on his way to town, was to make a detour by Clapham Common, where poor Miss Marigold was at school, and whence poor Miss Marigold was to be carried in state to London and unlovely matrimony.

Mr. Sleep, profiting by Mr. Levitt's volubility, was alert to anticipate the Bishop's visit to Clapham House and to ease His Grace of many worldly possessions. But where was the blessed Bishop? Why did not his carriage blacken the King's Highway? The white highroad was stainless, and Mr. Hilary yawned. The High Toby was not always lively, he admitted. He thought that to ease the time he might as well go and have a look at Clapham House, where Marigold Camden, like himself, was waiting for my lord Bishop. He turned Black Dancer and trotted along the common towards the nearest fringe of houses.

He came to a halt before a high wall with a gate that bore the words:

CLAPHAM HOUSE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG GEN-TLEWOMEN He smiled. From a thicket of shrubbery Clapham House rose solid and solemn, all its windows lidded with curtains as white as the complexions and the consciences of the sleeping sisterhood. Hilary, letting Black Dancer pace slowly round the house, wondered vaguely which white window lidded the Bishop's ward. Even as he wondered he learned that all the windows were not equally demure. One, at the side of the sleeping house, was unblinded and open, and through the space a girl thrust head and shoulders into the dawn.

The girl was young and pretty; her hair was in a fine disorder; her cheeks were streaked with tears. Her eyes were staring widely at him. Mr. Hilary, scenting adventure, pulled off his hat, and bent his head well-nigh to his saddle; but he spoke no word, because he saw that the young lady had placed a cautionary finger across her lips.

Mr. Sleep is not to be misconceived. His blood was no cool fluid; his lustihood was unimpeachable; but he was incurably a romantic, and pledged body and soul to an adored one out of his star, who has therefore nothing to do, save indirectly, with this adventure. So it was in no spirit of philandery that he

homaged the maid.

The girl with a look which Mr. Sleep interpreted as entreaty, disappeared from the window, and quickly returned with something in her hand. She threw this something dexterously enough towards Mr. Sleep, and as the distance here between the house and wall was short, Mr. Sleep easily caught the object in the hollow of his extended hat. A piece of paper was wrapped round a soft pad of pound cake, evidently intended to weight the missive and not to propitiate. On the paper was written in pencil in a pleasant, sprawly hand:

Are you a gentleman?

Mr. Hilary judged that it was no time to quibble, and so he nodded assent.

Again the girl disappeared. Mr. Sleep took a bite from the cake, and finding it too sweet for his taste leaned forward and fed it to Black Dancer, who consumed it daintily. When Hilary looked up, the girl had returned to her eyrie. She launched another missile through space. Mr. Sleep, catching, unrolled the paper from a small smooth cake of soap and read the question:

Are you a man of honor?

Hilary laid his hat to his heart and bowed.

A third time the girl went and came and fired a paper bullet. This time the paper, enveloping a well-worn and rather grimy powder-puff, asked:

Do you know the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet?

Happily Mr. Hilary was able to assent. The system was then a novelty which many used for their own amusement. But Mr. Sleep had learned it for service, as one of the best "fences" in London was stone-deaf and Mr. Sleep did much business with him. Instantly the girl's face brightened and she began to signal to him with nimble fingers.

She had a sad tale to tell. She was indeed that very ward of the Bishop of Bridgstow whom Hilary had in his mind when he turned Black Dancer in the direction of Clapham House. She had no liking for the nephew offered as husband, — here Hilary grinned approval, —and she had given her young heart to some one else and had arranged to elope with him that very night. She was to have joined him at the Horns Inn at Kennington when opportunity offered to slip away, as it was but a walk along a country road from the Seminary to the tavern.

Unhappily Miss Gulpin, high priestess of Clapham House, got hold of a letter of the swain's, sniffed suspicion and made Missie a prisoner till her guardian should arrive. Meanwhile her lover was waiting at the trysting-place and wondering no doubt what had become of his lady-love. The gist of the business was, would the good gentleman a-horse-back carry a forlorn maid to her swain?

Much it would have shocked the mind of Miss Gulpin, martinet of Clapham House, if she had woke to behold from her bower a male stranger shamelessly



Down this ladder Miss Marigold descended as briskly as was compatible with the decorum of her skirts.

obeying the shameless requests that were fingered to him by the naughtiest of her pupils. But Miss Gulpin slept unvexed while Mr. Sleep scaled the wall from the saddle of Black Dancer, made his way to the gardener's shed and carried thence a ladder to Miss Marigold's window. Down this ladder Miss Marigold descended as briskly as was compatible with the decorum of her skirts. Before Mr. Sleep had time to make a study of the young lady at close quarters, he was hurried to a garden gate, and a few seconds later Black Dancer, justifying her name, was loping gayly along the highway indifferent to her double load,

Hilary was not a little touched by the simplicity with which Miss Innocence committed herself to his care. Mentally he congratulated her—and himself—on the good luck which entrusted her to one who had the grace to be a good fellow. And while he rode and thought, the girl behind, with her arms hitched about him, kept chattering pauselessly, telling him all about herself and all

about her lover.

His name, it seems, was Everard Fletcher; she had met him at a ball at the Assembly Rooms; attraction had been mutual; romance flew its flag; then came tragedy in the tidings that her guardian destined her for his ill-favored nephew. Though Miss Camden was legally of age, she went in such fear of the powers of her guardian and the authority of Miss Gulpin that she had not the courage to assert her rights.

When the young gentleman proposed elopement, the young lady agreed. The young gentleman was to obtain a license and to wait for her at the Horns. Then, unhappily, things had gone wrong, and the powers of darkness would have prevailed against the unfortunate lovers if

Mr. Hilary had not appeared.

Such chattering beguiled the time so lightly that Mr. Hilary sighted the inn ere he could have believed he was half way thither. The hour was so early that they encountered no one on the road to gape and marvel. Almost, Mr. Sleep felt a sinking at the thought of instant parting with pretty garrulity, and as he reached the inn, he wished it another brace of miles away.

Though the inn had not lifted its sleepy eyelids, the door showed wide open and before it stood a young gentleman whose natural appearance was sufficiently pleasing, but whose crumpled garments, unkempt hair and haggard countenance showed plainly that he had passed a white and anxious night. As Mr. Hilary halted Black Dancer, the young man's face darkened, and when Marigold, slipping from her seat, made towards him with a cry of joy and was for nesting in his arms, the young man accorded her a greeting that was little less than hostile.

"In heaven's name," he cried, "what ever has befallen, that you come so belated and in such company? Who, pray, is this gentleman?" As he questioned he turned a dark look on the horseman.

If Mr. Hilary had not already been made aware by Marigold's prattle that her swain nursed a jealous disposition, he would have read it plainly in the twist of the young man's features. He held down his desire for laughter to an engaging smile as he swung from the saddle.

"It were ill," he suggested affably, "that we should continue our conversation here in the inn-yard where we attract attention." This was indeed true, for heads of grooms and maids were popping out in all directions. "If you have a private room pray lead us thither, or if you have not I will command one."

Mr. Fletcher grunted his command of an apartment and turned on his heel to conduct them. Mr. Sleep, after bestowing his horse, followed with a Marigold greatly abashed by the conduct of her lover. In silence the three mounted a pair of stairs and entered a room comfortably furnished and garnished with a fire, which from the extravagance of its ash proved that it had been kept going all night. There were empty wine bottles and cloudy glasses on the table, which showed to Mr. Sleep's experienced eye that the amorous youth had been trying to cheer his vigil and had been unwise enough to mix his liquors.

Marigold dropped into a chair and began to cry. Everard made a move as if to comfort her, but after a glance at Hilary seemed to think better of it and took up his position at the chimney with his back to the fire, his legs very wide apart, his arms sternly folded and his forehead corrugated with sullen frowns.

"This is not the coming I expected,"

Marigold whimpered.

"This is not the coming I expected," Everard retorted. "Here have I been waiting for you all the night eating my heart, and when you do come you make your appearance in the arms of another."

"It would be more strictly accurate," Hilary interpolated gently, "if you were to say that I came in the young lady's arms, as she was obliged to circle my waist to keep her place in the saddle."

"And who," continued Mr. Fletcher with gloomier ferocity, "who is that

other?"

"I'm sure I don't know," sobbed Marigold, "but he's been my rescuer and you ought to feel very much obliged to him."

Mr. Fletcher only said "Ha!" but the way he said it implied a whole vocabu-

lary of scorn.

"Take my name," said Mr. Hilary blandly, "for what it is worth— Habakkuk Spoonbill, at your service." And he made the irate young gentleman a polite bow.

"Well, Mr. Spoonbill," bawled the youth, "by what right do you gallop over the country with my sweetheart?"

Before Mr. Sleep could reply, Marigold jumped to her feet with a flaming face.

"Don't answer him," she cried hotly.
"If he dare to ask such a question I will have nothing to do with him."

The righteous anger of the girl only fanned the unrighteous anger of the

youth.

"Nothing to do with me!" he screamed. "The question is will I have anything to do with you? Your conduct will take a good deal of explaining, it seems to me."

"You will get no explanation from me until you have begged my pardon," the

girl said proudly.

"Beg your pardon!" cackled the youth. "You will have to wait a long day for that. If you must still be marrying, marry this new lover of yours. There is the license." He flung the paper on the table and turned upon

Hilary. "I am going to the coffeeroom," he said, "and shall be glad of a word with you there."

With that he rushed out of the room and banged the door behind him.

Hilary smiled.

"The spark is for a challenge. I shall have to disappoint him, though he de-

serves to be horsewhipped."

"Oh, dear sir," cried Marigold with clasped hands, "I would not have you risk your life and I would not have him beaten, for all that he has acted so ill; and I would not have you think of his wild words about us,"—she flushed confusion,—"unless of course you wished—though heaven knows what I shall do now that I am alone in the world."

She faltered and was silent. Hilary, rising, took the place that Mr. Fletcher had vacated and looked thoughtfully at the girl, who looked thoughtfully at the carpet. A troubled mind worked behind his untroubled face. Here was a situation whimsical, even ticklish. Plainly Miss Marigold had taken a fancy to him which her rage strengthened to a flame. He was not a rogue and the maid was as safe with him as with her guardian, but Everard's angry suggestion and the girl's hinted inclination set his wits a-skipping. Never had he thought of marriage, but - why not? His lovedream was hopeless; might he not ask a new deal of the cards from Fortune, find life sufficiently delightful with so fair a wife as this? The thing tempted,

impudence and timidity.

"Tell me what to do," she pleaded.
"I dare not go back to Miss Gulpin; I dare not face the Bishop. Help me still,

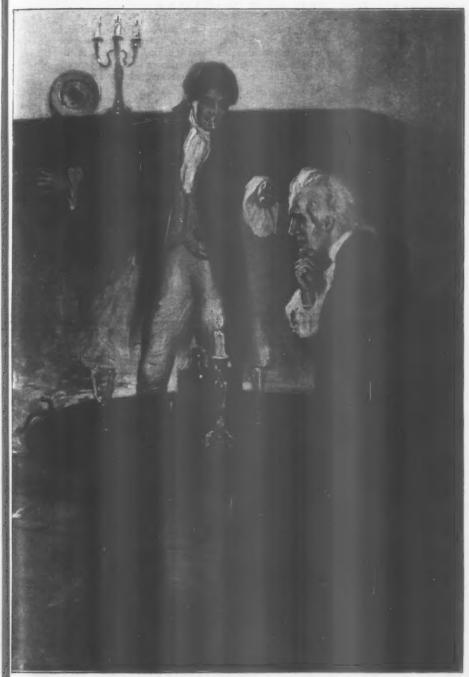
for I am helpless."

In that instant Hilary had a hot mind to take her in his arms and woo her for his wife, sure that if he wooed he would win. Only for that instant. Then he remembered his double life and the trade he lived by. To confess was to declare himself impossible. To conceal was to put a sorry trick upon a trusting child. He could not do it unless there were no other way. He made her a grave bow.

"My dear," he said, "I must have a talk with our sorehead yonder."



"You will get no explanation from me until you have begged my pardon," the girl said proudly. "Beg your pardon!" cackled
710



the youth. "You will have to wait a long day for that. If you must still be marrying, marry this new lover of yours."

"You carry no message from me,"

Marigold cried, defiant.

Mr. Sleep nodded. His mind was made up. He would do his best to give the ass another chance; if that failed, well then, he would take what Fortune thrust on him. But it was due to the girl to give the ass another chance.

"I quite understand," he said.

shall not be long."

He quitted the room, leaving the girl huddled on the settee sobbing as if her heart were breaking, which indeed it very nearly was, and made his way to the coffee-room. Everard with an unsteady hand was lifting a tumbler to his scowling face when Hilary knocked the vessel from his hold to the hearth, where it crashed and oozed. In one second Everard had sprung at Hilary; in another he was pinioned in a chair by the mighty grip of Mr. Sleep. Mr. Sleep in gravity and good-humor looked down upon his prisoner.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he asked genially. Everard's face weakened as for tears, but he wagged his head and grunted a rough "No" which made Mr. Sleep long to shake him.

"Listen to me," bade Hilary. "I never saw Miss Camden before this morning. I never expect to see her again. I was crossing Clapham Common on private business when I saw her at a window. She was a prisoner. She asked me to set her free. I did as you and any man of honor would have done in a like case. I obeyed her and bore her to you, who received her very owlishly. You may take my word that your mistress has no call for aught but praise for her dash and resource. I have been her good friend and yours. Another might take offense at your demeanor, but as I am pretty good at sword and pistol I can afford to air an olive-branch humor. So for heaven's sake banish this willful peevishness and thank your happy stars that have given you the chance of so sweet a mate."

Here Mr. Hilary relaxed his grasp and Mr. Everard rose to his feet. The working of his face showed how emotions wrestled within him. Then his countenance cleared and he held out his hand.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Spoonbill." he said frankly. "I should never have done as I did if it had not been for the Dutch courage I swallowed to hearten me during the racking night. Pray for-

"Never mind about my forgiveness." said Mr. Sleep. "There is one upstairs whose forgiveness you have to woo and may find it hard to win, but women are such good creatures that I hope for the best. So come with me and seek to make

your peace."

Marigold, dabbing her eyes with a ridiculously ineffectual kerchief, heard the door open. She opened her tearful eyes upon a no less tearful Everard kneeling at her feet.

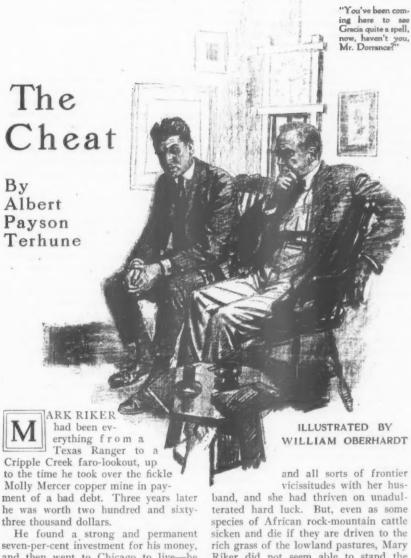
MR. SLEEP saw the pair wedded at a near church, witnessing the ceremony with much gravity in the register as Habakkuk Spoonbill, and thereafter parted from them in the best of spirits.

Curiosity prompted him to retrace the road of that morning's adventure. The day was still young, and as he rode and mused he was suddenly aware on the Kennington Road of a carriage bowling towards him at a furious rate. Mr. Hilary guessed that this was the Bishop, arriving belated at Miss Gulpin's and now urging to London in pursuit. Mr. Sleep glanced around. The road and fields were deserted. He slipped on his vizard, pulled out his pistols, dropped the reins on Black Dancer's neck and guided her with his knees to the coach, which came to a respectful halt at his summons. Mr. Sleep quietly depleted an indignant bishop of much bullion and jewelry. When he had stripped his victim, his hands, thrusting his spoil into his pockets, encountered two small objects.

"My lord Bishop," he said gravely, "you have given me much and I am duly grateful. I give you in return what, if you had a heart in your body, you would

value far above rubies."

As he spoke he pressed into the astonished Bishop's hands a small cake of soap and a well-worn powder-puff. Then he raised his hat and rode off, whistling a lively tune.



and then went to Chicago to live-he and his wife. The wife was a Chicago girl who had taught district school for two terms near Cripple Creek, before Mark Riker-then working for the local Bottom Dollar temple of chance-mar-

ried her.

Little Mrs. Riker had shared poverty

Riker did not seem able to stand the placid ease of her new life. Perhaps that was why she grew weak and languid and fleshless within six months after her pretty Michigan Boulevard home was furnished and ready for privation; and she had had her full lifequota of it out there among the plains and hills in the days when food was scarce and danger was not. In any case, her thread of life raveled more and more,

day by day.

Very gently, very steadily, very uncomplainingly, she drifted toward the Open Sea. Then one evening her husband started up guiltily from a doze of exhaustion in his chair beside her bed to find that, though her wasted hand still clasped his in that timidly trustful pressure he loved, she had drifted forever beyond his call.

THROUGH the hell of his first anguish, one thing and one alone remorselessly knouted him back from trying to follow by force the trail of the woman who had been his whole little world. This sole obstacle to the suicide-idea which so starkly lured him was his twelve-year-old daughter Gracia.

She was a spindling child with a snub nose and freckles and fiery red hair. She had a temper that sometimes made her pigtailed tresses seem pallid in contrast.

Gracia Riker at twelve was as unpromising a brat, both in looks and disposition, as a day's search through Chicago could have unearthed. If she inherited any of her mother's patient sweetness or any of her father's gentle strength, assuredly neither trait had yet peeped into sight above her bristling

hedge of faults.

Yet Mark clung to her with pathetic tenderness. She was all of Mary that remained to him. And because the child needed him, he took up again for her sake the sickening burden of life—took it up calmly, without whimper—as, in earlier years, he had at various times taken a faro-table knife-thrust; as he had once taken a death-sentence for a man killed by him in self-defense; as he had taken the news that his herd of beef cattle, which represented the savings of ten years, had been rustled across into Mexico.

He hunted up Mary's aunt, a decayed and recently impoverished gentlewoman of fairly good family and tolerable social connections. He persuaded her, by means of a heavy salary, to make her home in the Michigan Avenue house, there to bully him and misapply the household expense-fund and, incidentally, to bring up Gracia.

It was a wise move, for the old lady had really excellent ideas as to the up-

bringing of children.

And at the age when hair goes up and skirts go down, the motherless girl was the object of one of Nature's most uncanny and most blessed miracles: she bourgeoned into a startlingly beautiful woman.

When Gracia was twenty, her greataunt died. And the girl then became her father's housekeeper and close companion.

Mark Riker was more nearly happy than ever he had dreamed he could be again. He was idiotically proud of his lovely daughter, and he lavished on her all that was left of his smashed heart, centering about her his entire interest in life. And Gracia loved him—loved him dearly. Oddly enough, too, they had a thousand interests in common; that all of these thousand interests were Gracia's, and not Mark's, did not lessen the bond.

Mark did not expect enough from happiness to fool himself with the hope that it could continue to be his. He knew well that a girl of Gracia's beauty and queer, elusive charm would not be allowed overlong to remain single. Dozens of youths were forever calling on her; and Mark tried to teach himself to look forward with a certain pitiful cheerfulness to the day when he should have to face loneliness once more. For he was too wise to plan the hideous farce of living on as supercargo in a married daughter's home.

Self-sacrifice was perhaps not a monopoly with Riker, but it had long ago become a fixed habit. With no complaint, spoken or mental, he awaited the day that should give him second place in his daughter's heart and life.

When Phil Garrett began to call three times a week instead of once a month, and when Gracia took to scolding the youth for extravagance if he brought her flowers or candy in wholesale quantities, Mark saw the inevitable day was at hand. And he wondered that its prospect brought him so little foreboding.

Phil Garrett was the son of Mark's one intimate friend, a chum of the old rough-and-tumble days who, like Riker himself, had struck moderate wealth out in the Rockies and had followed his comrade to Chicago.

The families had been near neighbors in the word's true sense for a decade or more. Phil and Gracia had grown up together. Mark knew the boy's every shade of character, and he would have been well content to have so clean and strong a son of his very own. So,

looking on the eventlessly pretty love-affair from afar, he was gladquietly, whole - souledly

glad.

THE one bit of acting in all Mark Riker's career-a poor but conscientious bit of acting at that-was the dramatic amazement wherewith he hailed Gracia's rapturous confession that she and Phil were engaged.

Three months later Mark was punished right sharply for this one deception by learning from Gracia that she had broken her engagement.

He was a ware of a thrill of disloyal joy that his little girl was to remain his little girl awhile longer. But the thrill was quickly sub-

merged under the knowledge that Phil must be horribly unhappy, and that Gracia herself was wrapped in a sort

of melancholy daze.

"No," she told Mark wearily, "we didn't quarrel. We didn't quarrel at all. We've never quarreled, even when we were little. I just found out lately that I had been all wrong when I thought I loved him well enough to spend my whole life with him. I know it's a horrible way to treat him, but it would be a great deal horribler to marry him when I don't care enough for him, any more."

That was all she would say. Mark did · not ask questions. Yet he saw that while

she was unhappy, she appeared more perplexed than miserable. It was as though she were passing through a land-or phase—new to her, altogether at variance with anything she had known or been taught to expect. So Mark finally sought out Phil Garrett to offer awkward and almost mute sympathy, and to glean, if he might, some real information. Phil was not at all reticent to this man he had known and revered from babyhood.

"She's not to blame, sir," he said at once. "It isn't her fault. All girls of

her age are easy to dazzle. I felt, from the time he started in, that I hadn't a show against him. It's the same old story of the amateur having no chance against the professional."

"What-what are you driving at. son?" asked Mark Riker, to whom most of the young man's blurted explanation was pure Doric Greek. "I don't get you. Who's

'he'?"

"Didn't she say?" exclaimed Phil in genuine surprise.

Mark shook his head,

bewildered.

"I didn't ask her," he said. "Is it some one else who's courtin' her, or-?"

"She didn't make any secret of it to me," replied Phil, "and I don't

see why I should to you. If she hasn't told you, she will, of course. But I supposed you'd have noticed before now, for Dorrance is there nearly every day, and it's funny vou haven't-

"Dorrance? Who's Dorrance?"

"You must have met him often enough at your own home. I-"

"Maybe I did. Gracia's always havin' me into the settin'-room to meet her fellows. But they all look alike to me. I never notice much about 'em. I steer clear when I can. Who's Dorrance?"

"He's the son of Hamilton Dorrance of the Twelfth National," said Garrett.
"I'm sure you must have—"



Mrs. Riker had shared poverty and all sorts of frontier vicissitudes with her husband, and she had thriven on unadulterated hard luck.

"Son of old Ham Dorrance, hey? Then he must be a younger brother of the Cuyler Dorrance there was all that fuss about in the papers last year—the sweet-scented cuss who gave the monkey dinner that ended up in a police court, the fellow whose wife divorced him because he—"

"No," said Garrett, uncomfortably, "Cuyler Dorrance hasn't any brothers. But the newspaper reports probably made things out a good deal worse

than they were."

"Well, the divorce-court records didn't," drawled Mark. "An' the papers printed the records pretty near straight, I guess, as much of 'em as could be printed. But if Cuyler Dorrance aint got any brothers, then how—? Phil," he broke off, with as near an approach to excitement as any living soul had ever seen him show, "—Phil Garrett, you don't mean it's that Dorrance who's been comin' to my house? Speak up."

"I supposed you knew," stammered

Phil.

"S'posed I knew, hey? S'posed I'd 'a' stood by an' let my little girl—? Phil, why in hell did you let him come round? Why didn't you tell her? Why didn't

you tell me?"

"I thought you knew," repeated Garrett miserably. "And as for telling her-why, Mr. Riker, a man can't do that. He can't knock another fellow who's interested in the same girl as himself. At least, a white man can't. All I could do was to try to hold my own with her against him. I had about as much chance, after he settled down to work," Phil went on, still more bitterly, "as a featherweight drug-clerk would have against Jess Willard. Love-making's been an exact science with Dorrance since the days when I was a kid in rompers. It isn't a science with me. I never cared for any other girl but Gracia, and I don't know the moves a man must make to keep from being cut out."

"And Gracia was ninny enough to-?"

"It's not her fault!" declared Phil.
"I told you that before, sir. He's good looking; he's clever; he's got plenty of money; he's got a way with women.

They say no woman he really wants can resist him. And Gracia's so young, sir, and—and I'm a dub. I don't blame her. I didn't cut much of a figure alongside of him. She did her best, her very level best. I could see how hard she fought to keep on caring for me and not to get interested in him. She—she was fine about it. It wasn't till she found she couldn't help liking him better—"

"I see," mused Mark, "I see. An' I see now why she shied at tellin' me 'bout Dorrance. She knows plenty well what I think of men whose wives divorce 'em on the grounds that got Mrs. Dorrance her divorce. She's probably waitin' till she gets reg'larly engaged to him before she springs it on me. She'd rather we'd have a quick, hot scrap about it than a long battle. Yet," he sighed, helplessly, "if she's made up her mind to marry him, she'll do it whether I say yes or no. That's Gracia's style. Lord!"

"Perhaps," suggested Phil, with a wretched attempt at optimism, "—perhaps he'll make her happier than I could. She loves him, you see; and many a man's been put on his feet by a woman's love. A reformed rake, they say, makes

the best husband-"

"Not for my daughter he don't," gravely corrected Mark; "nor yet any other kind of a rake don't. I—I s'pose," he added, apologetically, his leathery face coloring, "—I s'pose it's dead certain he is aimin' to marry her."

"If I thought he wasn't," growled Phil in sudden fury, "—if I thought for one second that he wasn't, I'd—"

"No, you wouldn't, son," drawled Mark, rising to go. "That's my job."

FROM Phil Garrett's home, Mark slouched across-town to a private detective bureau run by a former Cripple Creek marshal who was under heavy old-time obligations to him.

In two days he called again on his friend the detective and was handed a typewritten report several pages long.

"There's all we've been able to dig up so far," explained the detective. "Most of it's old stuff we got out of the records and the newspaper files, mostly from the files. If there had been anything very libelous in it, there would have been rec-

ord of a damage suit; and there isn't.. a lot in the papers about him, one time You'll see that about all the up-to-date information, since his divorce, is that an actress is making common-law claims on him, and that he's supposed to be engaged to a New York widow who has nearly four million dollars in her own right. The cash will come in handy. He's blown most of the fortune his father left him."

"Can you verify that thing about the rich widow?" asked Mark with no great show of interest in his perpetual drawl. "If you can, I'd like you to, in a rush. I'll pay for extra speed. If your bureau's got an agent in New York, wire him to whirl in on it and to report by tel'graph. Let me know as soon as you hear, wont you? It's kind of important.'

ONE evening three days later Mark Riker let himself into his own house at about ten o'clock, and walked slowly down the hall to the little library at the

rear where his daughter usually entertained the more intimate of her callers. Gracia heard him coming and ad-

vanced to the library door to meet him. He stooped as usual to kiss her; then, instead of passing to his own room, he followed her back into the library. She glanced at him in some astonishment and in no great pleasure, as he slouched uninvited into the room. It was not his

But Mark did not notice her look. His washed-out light-blue eyes were staring past her.

Near the fireplace, in front of a chair from which he had just risen, stood a well-dressed man. He was perhaps thirty-eight years old, heavy of build and something above middle height. In a certain way, he was decidedly good looking, though a physiognomist would have looked twice-as now did Mark Riker-at the dark skin under the eyes and at certain lines around the fulllipped mouth.

'Dad," said Gracia, none too much at ease, "you remember Mr. Dorrance?"

"Yes," said Mark awkwardly, in his embarrassment failing to see the shapely hand the guest extended toward him or to listen to his word of pleasant greeting. "Yes, I remember him. I've read quite

and another. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dorrance. Sit down. I thought I'd drop in for a little chat. I'll smoke, I guess. Gracia don't mind."

AFTER this speech—quite the longest his daughter had ever heard him make to any caller of hers-Mark carefully drew a cigar from the worn leather case he carried in his side pocket, and proceeded with great deliberation to light it; then he dropped the case back into his pocket.

"Perhaps Mr. Dorrance will have a cigar, Dad," suggested Gracia.

But Mark did not hear. He was singularly absent-minded to-night. Dropping clumsily into an easy rocking chair, he leaned back thoughtfully.

"You've been comin' here to see Gracia quite a spell, now, haven't you, Mr. Dorrance?" he asked conversationally, adding, before the visitor could reply: "I'm sorry I didn't have the good manners to get acquainted sooner. But maybe you'll let me make up for lost time by visitin' a bit with you and my daughter here this evenin'."

He blew a second smoke-cloud and beamed from Gracia to Dorrance. Both had seated themselves. Gracia's momentary displeasure at the interruption was gone. With not the slightest feeling of shame at her father's uncouthness, she was glad that he should show so much interest in this particular guest of hers.

"Yes," pursued Mark hospitably, "let's get acquainted, you an' me, Mr. Dorrance. I know some few things about you, from the newspapers, but-

"I hope, Mr. Riker, you wont let the vellow journals be my judge with you," said Dorrance in kindly patronage.

"But," continued Mark, so unresponsively that Dorrance began to wonder if his host was deaf, "-but I guess you haven't heard as much about me. You see, I aint what you'd call a celebrity. I'm just an ex-flannel-shirter. Why,"—in garrulous reminiscence,—"once I wasn't even as big a toad in the puddle as I am now. I used to help run a farolayout in Cripple Creek in the boom days."

"Really?" ejaculated Dorrance, trying

to pump up a show of courteous interest. "That must have been-"

"It was. Mighty interestin'. Yes, I helped run a faro game. I aint ashamed of it. It was a square game-as square a game as any in camp. Cheatin' was always the one thing I couldn't an' wouldn't stand for, then or now."

Dorrance suppressed a yawn, vexedly wondering how long this windy old vulgarian would continue to interrupt

his tête-à-tête with Gracia.

"Never could stand for cheatin' or for a cheat," rambled on Mark. "I remember, once, out there at the Creek, a feller tried to palm a phony double-eagle on our game to pay for his chips."

I told him our game didn't want him. Then he called me a liar an' he pulled a gun on me."

Mark paused again. His evil-smelling cigar had gone out. He groped in his vest for a match, found one, struck it on the broad sole of his boot and relighted the cigar.

"And what did you do?" asked Dor-

rance, with weary politeness.

"Who? Me?" queried Mark, as if puzzled at so needless a question. "Why, I'm still on deck, aint I? I drilled him, of course-drilled him clean.'

"Drilled?" repeated Dorrance. "Dad means he had to shoot him, in self-defense, you know," Gracia interposed, not a little nervous as to Dorrance's reception of such a

gun outer his hand, or I could 'a' chipped

"Did he succeed?" asked Dorrance in acute boretale, but still pleased that her dom, as Mark paused. "Succeed?" echoed father should have Riker. "Not him. I told taken so unwonted an him he was a cheat, an' interest in her guest. "You see, he had no "The stakes are understood, aint they? If I win, choice. The man had you git out an you stay out. If you win, you marry Gracia. drawn a gun against him. He had "No, girl," gently contradicted Mark, "I didn't have to. I could 'a' shot the

the point of his elbow to put him out of business. I'd done that before. I used to be able to plant my shots pretty much where I liked. I still can, I guess, for all I'm fifty-three next week. But this feller was a cheat. He had it comin' to him. So I drilled him, through the lung. If he hadn't 'a' pulled through after a couple of months in bed, it's likely I'd 'a' had a lawsuit on my hands for downin' him. You see, the law was beginnin' to find its way around at the Creek even then."

Dorrance made no comment. He looked in new interest at the odd little man, as at some strange specimen. Gracia wondered at Riker's unheard-of garrulity. Already, this evening; he had wasted what was to him an ordinary month's supply of talk.

"So I was lucky," rambled on Mark,



mayor of the town was Baldy Arden. He ran the only gambling-joint in town, and he ran it so crooked it could 'a' hid behind a corkscrew. Why, a cow-man blew in there one day an' lost all his dough. As he was comin' out, dead broke, I says to him, 'That joint's crooked.' 'I knew it was,' says he, grinnin' sheepish-like, 'but I had to play there 'cause it's the only gamblin'-house in town.' Baldy Arden heard I'd called his place crooked; so he came gunnin' for me. An'—like the cheat at Cripple

Creek, I told you about—I downed him. Not because he was after me, but because he was a cheat. An' he never happened to cheat again."

"It reformed him, ch?" suggested Dorrance. "It taught him a lesson?"

"It reformed him," said Mark solemnly, "the only way a cheat can ever be reformed—by killin' him."

"Dad!" exclaimed Gracia, to whom the story was new.

Horrified, she glanced covertly at Dorrance to study the effect of the story on him. Dorrance missed the look. His big, luminous eyes that women found so hypnotic were fixed in questioning scrutiny on Mark. He was disposed, offhand, to regard the older man as a braggart liar. But there was something in the lined face and the steady drawling voice that spoke neither of falsehood nor of braggadocio. A terrible sincerity seemed to pulse through Riker's quaint words. "That was the time," added Mark,

"That was the time," added Mark, "that they sentenced me to swing—Baldy bein' the big man of the town, an' me a rank outsider. But it was worth it for the priv'lege of sendin' a cheat where he belonged. Some of the boys caved in one side of the 'dobe calaboose just before sunrise an' turned me loose."

Again the smelly cigar had gone out. Again he slowly and laboriously lighted it.

"Those must have been stirring times in the West," commented Dorrance. "I almost envy you your experiences there."

"You needn't," Mark gravely assured him. "You needn't envy me, 'cause the same experiences are on foot right here in Chicago this very day, just as much as ever they was

in the West. Cheats are cheats, the same here as out there. An',"—with a glint of cold steel in the softly drawling voice—"they're due for exac'ly the same line of punishment if any of 'em tries to double-cross me—or mine."

"Luckily, the gambling-houses are pretty well closed during this administration," laughed Dorrance. "All except the few that—"

"Yes," chimed in Gracia lightly, trying to mask her repulsion at what she had just heard and to gloss over her father's admissions. "Isn't it lucky, though? Otherwise, dear old Dad might feel it his duty to draw that huge six-shooter he always insists on carrying for old times' sake, and wander forth to cleanse Chicago of dishonest gamblers."

"There aint much danger," drawled Mark, "-not much danger of my meetin' up with any p'fessional gamblers nowadays. I don't care for such folks, and I never go where they're li'ble to be found. If I did, though, I bet I could spot the first crooked move of their cards. I've had enough experience as lookout to get onto all the phony card deals there is. I know 'em all. I can work 'em all, just from seein' 'em so often. When Gracia was gettin' over that appendix-operation of hers, I used to amuse her by teachin' her such tricks. Some day you must get Gracia to show you what she can do with the cards, Mr. Dorrance. She's even better at it than I am, when it comes to makin' the pasteboards do queer stunts. Only, I don't need to tell you neither of us would soil our hands by usin' the things we know, in any reg'lar game."

"And you really go armed?" asked Dorrance, harking back to what Gracia had said, "—even here in Chicago?"

For answer Mark raised one of the bottom flaps of his loose black vest, revealing the scarred butt of a service revolver that showed above the waistband of his trousers.

"Just for old times' sake," he said deprecatingly.

"But-"

"Speakin' of cheats," Riker meandered on, aimlessly, "it's just like I was tellin' you. There's as many here as there was there. Only here they mostly cheat for worse things than card-money. An' they deserve a heap less mercy. F'r instance, here's a case I heard about not so long ago."

He flipped his cigar-butt into the grate fire, cleared his dry voice and pro-

ceeded.

"There's a young lady livin' here in Chicago. She was keepin' steady company with a feller she'd known since they was kids. She loved him. He just worshiped the floor her cunnin' little foot trod on. He was a good white feller, too. Didn't have none of the bag o' tricks

that a man has who's makin' a business of gettin' women to fall in love with him. They was terrible happy, those two; an' everything was framed for a happy life together all the way to the finish. Just then along comes a chap that I'm flatterin' a whole lot when I call him a skunk. He thought it would be kind of amusin' to get this pretty little girl stuck on him. An' he starts in to do it. It was a cinch—thanks to his experience an' the way he had with women. He stole the girl from the feller who loved her, an' he cheated that feller out of the love he had won fair an' square. That's what I call a pretty filthy sort of cheat-don't you, Mr. Dorrance?"

"Oh," said Dorrance, uneasily, "all's fair in love and war, they say, And—"

"An' they lie when they say it," interrupted Mark sternly. "That's a maxim for blacklegs, not for white men. Now, if that kind of cheat was to come my way—f'r instance, if I happened to be the father, say, of the young lady who—"

"Dad!" broke in Gracia again in sudden terror, as Mark very deliberately got to his feet and walked up to Dorrance.

Her father's face had not changed from its wonted slack gentleness, except that something lurid seemed to smolder far behind the tired, washed-out eyes. Dorrance saw the smolder, and involuntarily his own gaze darted to the protuberance under Mark's right vest-flap.

"Mr. Dorrance," said Mark quietly, "you stole my girl from the man she was going to marry—stole her as crooked as a bum steals money from a blind man's cup. You're the rottenest breed of cheat I've met up with yet. And I've met up with a whole passel of 'em, soon or late."

"Dad!" cried Gracia, aghast. "How can you—how dare you—say such things? Cuyler,"—turning to Dorrance,—"I'm so sorry! So sorry! I—"

"Please don't be distressed on my account," said Dorrance tenderly. "I will say good night to you now, if I may. I don't want to cause a scene that will make you unhappy. So I'd rather overlook the whole thing, because he is your father—because—"

"Because I carry a forty-five gun in my waistband," supplemented Mark with no emotion whatever, "an' because you know if I shot you dead, here an' now, I could tell a story that would make any jury in Cook County acquit me without so much as leavin' the box; because I hold your life just where I want it; an' because if you stir six inches without my leave, you're as good as dead."

"Oh!" gasped the girl, half choked with dismay. Then, recovering herself,

she flared:

"You are drunk! Or else you have gone stark crazy. Whichever it is, you have insulted me vilely, by insulting my guest. I'll never forgive you. I want you to leave this room. Do you hear me?"

"Gracia," said Mark softly, turning his smoldering eyes full on hers with a look no woman had ever before seen in them, a look that made the brave girl, of a sudden, sick with nameless terror, "Gracia, be quiet. An' sit down."

Marveling at her own undreamed-of

cowardice, she dazedly obeyed.

"Mr. Dorrance," went on the drawling voice, "you are just where I want you. Your life, accordin' to my ol'-fashioned idees, b'longs more or less to me. Well, I'm goin' to dispose of it for you."

Dorrance's career for two decades had not been of the kind to strengthen his

nerve for dire emergencies.

"I warn you," he blustered, a crack in his deep, musical voice, his eyes ever straying in helpless fascination toward the bulge made by the pistol-butt, "-I warn you that 'any violence toward me will cost you dearly. My family is influential in Chicago, and-

"I know it is," politely agreed Mark. "Your family's all right, except, like a potato plant, the best part of it is underground. Still, it's a good fam'ly as fam'lies go. That's why I'm thinkin' of

lettin' my girl join it."

"You mean," stuttered Dorrance, whitening a little, "-you mean 'that

you-?"

"I mean this: Out in my own neck of the woods, I'd 'a' done one of two things to a swine like you, Mr. Cuyler Dorrance: either I'd 'a' plugged you at sight or else I'd 'a' made you fight me. Well, that last is what I'm goin' to do now.

"Dad!" cried Gracia.

And in the same breath Dorrance essaved to regain a fragment of his selfpossession by saying scoffingly:

"This is Chicago, not a mining-camp. Decent men don't fight pistol duels

here."

"Who said anything about pistol duels?" retorted Mark. "Mr. Dorrance, you an' I are goin' to fight in a diff'rent way-a way that wont make me dirty my hands with a cur's blood. Here's my proposition: If I win this fight, you're to git out o' Chicago by the first train tomorrow mornin'. Where you go to, I don't care. If all I've heard is true, vou'll likely head for New York. But-I'm goin' to pay out good money to have vou follered an' watched. An' if ever you set foot within five hundred miles of Chicago again, I'll shoot you. An' when I tell why, no jury'll punish me; an' you know they wont. That's what happens to you if I win this fight of ours."

Mark's right hand, from old custom, rested lightly above the pistol-butt as he

"If you win the fight, you're to marry Gracia. An' you're to treat her rightunder the same penalty. There are my terms, Mr. Dorrance. They aren't yours to take or leave as you choose. They're yours to accept whether you want to or not. If I win, you leave Chicago for good. If you win, you marry Gracia. Is that clear?"

Dorrance's gaze was shifting like a cornered rat's. He tried to speak, but his

lips were kiln-dry.

Mark put his left hand behind him, his half-shut eyes never leaving Dorrance's face, and took something from a little table that stood near the fireplace.

"Here are the weapons we're goin' to fight with," he announced, tossing on the table a morocco case that held a pack of cards.

"I-I don't understand," mumbled

Dorrance.

"Gracia and I play euchre in here, sometimes, of a rainy afternoon," replied Mark. "The deck's a square one. Examine it for yourself if you like. Gracia, get up an' take these cards. Mr. Dorrance, draw up that chair and sit across the table from me. So! Gracia, deal us each a poker hand. Prefer a cold hand or a draw, Mr. Dorrance?"

Dorrance did not answer. He was staring at the cards in Gracia's shaking

hand.

"No choice, hey?" went on Mark. "We'll make it a draw, Gracia. Gives us more run for our money. The stakes are understood, aint they? If I win, you git out an' you stay out. If you win, you marry Gracia. All ready, dealer."

He pulled out the shiny old cigar-case and peered into it for another cigar. Had his eyes not left Dorrance and his daughter, he could scarce have failed to notice the sudden change that had come

over each.

Without so much as a mutual glance, they both seemed possessed by the same exhilarating thought. Dorrance's lost self-possession returned to him as by magic. Gracia's hand no longer shook as she held the cards. Her eyes were glowing, and a faint flush throbbed across her pale face. With dextrous motions she ran the cards lightly through her fingers as she riffled the deck.

"It is agreed," said Dorrance, his voice once more resonant and musical, "that in case I lose, I will leave town and not come back. If I win, I am to be permitted to marry Gracia. I suppose I can trust you to keep your word, sir?"

"You sure can," Mark assented cheerfully; "an' I can trust myself to see that you keep your share of either bargain.

Deal 'em out, daughter."

Again he busied himself with the slow process of finding a match and lighting his new cigar. While his eyes were upon the engrossing task, Gracia dealt. Her white fingers manipulated the cards with unbelievable speed. By the time the cigar was at last alight, five cards lay on the table before each of the two men.

Mark gathered up his, looked them over, puckered his thin lips thoughtfully

and said:

"Three, here."

He discarded three of his cards and took the trio Gracia dealt in their place. She glanced inquiringly at Dorrance. His handsome face set in a perfect poker mask, the man answered the look by saying: "One card, please. And—oh, wish me luck, Gracia!"

"Aimin' to jack up a flush or a straight?" queried Mark, jocularly, as his opponent threw a pasteboard into the discard, and took up the card Gracia dealt him. "Or holdin' up a maverick for a kicker?"

Then, leisurely, the speaker read his

own hand.

"If you've anything better'n a measly pair of treys, you win!" sighed Mark, laying down his cards, face up. "I didn't better myself none on the draw. This sure isn't my lucky night. I remember once at Leadville, I—"

"It is the unluckiest night of all my life," interrupted Dorrance, his rich voice quivering with suppressed grief.

"I haven't even a pair."

He flung his cards face downward on the table and rose to his feet. His face infinitely mournful and hopeless, he looked down at Mark's sprawling figure, across the table from him.

"I suppose, sir," he said hesitatingly and yet with a world of appeal, "I suppose there is no chance that you will

relent?"

"You lose!" answered Mark tersely. "Git!"

Cuyler Dorrance turned toward Gracia, his dark eyes anguished and brimming. The girl was standing, statuestill, staring straight ahead of her. Her face was dead white; her hands were clasped tight together above her breast.

"Good-by—oh, good-by!" murmured Dorrance, a sob in his beautiful voice.

He wheeled and strode from the room. Presently the front door closed behind him

Then for the first time Mark Riker spoke. Looking quizzically up at Gracia, who still stood moveless and ghastly as though petrified with horror, he asked:

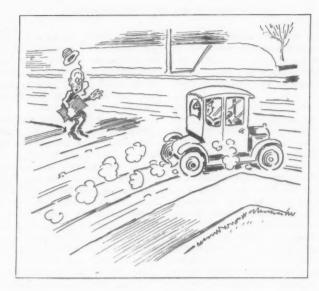
"What did you deal him, little girl?" And, speaking against her will, she

made halting answer:

"F-four aces."

"I figured it'd be suthin' like that," he commented, nodding approval. "An' I knew I could count on his losin'. A cheat'll pretty near always run true to form."

There will be another of Mr. Terhune's short stories in an early issue.



TRATED BY F. FOX

The Stolen Automobile

A preliminary record of remarkable psychological data—and an effort to square Prof. Stitt with everyone except his wife.

By Wilbur Hall

HAT with the untoward end of my efforts at thief-taking, and with the awkward predicament in which I found myself as a result, and what with that flour on my coat, I have gone through a most extraordinarily embarrassing experience, -with a young lady who is a total stranger to myself,-which has been absurdly misinterpreted by my wife. I desire to set it forth at this time, first to record the remarkable psychological data which I accumulated on the occasion, and second to place myself in a better light. Not with my wife, however; I fear that cannot be achieved; when a woman so subverts her own wellgrounded knowledge of logic as to accept circumstantial evidence, then one can accomplish little with her, especially

if one chances to be her husband. That is a sad state of affairs, but it is true.

No, I hope only to set myself right with the public, so far as the public may have become conversant with the matter, and at the same time, as I have said, to indicate the trend of my psychological discoveries as they have, in this experience, come into my field of observation. I leave to a later work, probably a monograph, the scientific conclusions reached, and will give herewith only the story of the incident. But those interested will observe that the data might be classified under headings—viz:

(a) Psychology of sensations of motoring with strange lady.

(b) Phenomena of preconceived notions—e. g.: of thieves and thievery—and the reactions therefrom.

(c) Action and reaction of fear—
 e. g.: based on mistaken hypothesis of insanity.

(d) Salesmanship, art of.

(e) Circumstantial evidence, psychology of.

(f) Logical and illogical reasoning,

mental processes of.

What I have to say will be much clearer to the laity if I pause to state that I am Merrithew Simonds Stitt, Major Professor of Applied Psychology at the recently organized Wesley University, near Los Angeles. Also, to account for her habit of mind in contradistinction to her unreasonable attitude towards myself at present, I should add that my estimable wife was formerly Miss Amaranth Bones, honor pupil in the class of '88, Miss Sedgeway's Select School for Young Ladies, near Philadelphia, where she was quite rigidly and conventionally educated. Until a few months ago we, with our son Wesley Bones and our daughter Patricia, were a happy and affectionate family, living placid lives, unvexed by harrowing adventure, by calumny, by suspicion or by jealousy based on illogical premises. Then the motor-car loomed on our horizon, invaded our tranquil home, shattered our peace, overturned our homely routine and spread havoc and desolation about us.

If my metaphor is mixed and my lan-

guage extravagant, I have provocation. I lay all my present mental uneasiness and all our family disquiet to the motor-car. As a man of science I must reason carefully; as a psychologist not - I say it modestlynot unknown to fame, I must trace effect to cause; as a husband I must, in self-defense, combat the unreasonable. Therefore I

start by placing on automobiling and its psychological resultants the responsibility for my present exasperating and embarrassing position, which is a capsheaf to all my racking experiences of the past ten months. I am low in my mind.

Our peace was first broken when, in a moment of weakness, I permitted myself to be led into the purchase of a used car-a 1910-model Harford. That was the beginning. My wife, influenced unconsciously by the ownership of an automobile, became imbued with expensive tastes, grew almost haughty, and in a sense became a fashionable. My son Wesley left college, where he had theretofore made for himself an enviable record, and became an automobile-accessory inventor. My daughter Patricia has been affected but little, her natural bent being toward the more extravagant and superficial Americanisms which I have always so much deplored in our young people. For myself, I confess to some change of the mode of my life, but none, I trust, unsuited to a person in my dignified and responsible position.

No longer ago than this morning, as a matter of fact, my daughter observed, in her flippant manner: "Dear Papa, you're about as far behind the times as solid tires! Just because you've had your whiskers manicured, you needn't think they'll write you up in the papers. Put

on a laugh and kick your intellectual accelerator once, why don't you?"

I have given up my former attempts to cure my daughter of her looseness of speech. On the occasion of my last conversation with her on this subject she said, almost patronizingly: "You still think Noah Webster was a grand old guy, don't you, Dad? Well,



At the time I was experimenting with a rather unusual reagent, a parrot, endeavoring to complete notes for a monograph on the subject: "The Differentiation Between Recollection and Memory."

he was, but his day is past. Now Blanche Ring and Eddie Foy and the corner newsboy create the language, and George Cohan harmonizes it. Jolt off of Noah and pick up a little Emma McChesney!"

What can one do?

However, I desire to convey the impression that I am not what is colloquially termed "an old fogey." I take a much more charitable view of life as the result of my ownership of our second automobile, a used Lackard, of elegant design and one of the most powerful engines I have ever found in any machine of its class. It is ten miles an hour faster than the newer model Purcer owned by my neighbor Horfinch, and quite out of the class of the Luick in which Plinkins, so-called professor of alleged psychology in our neighboring college, Clearmont, so proudly pere-We have had our Larkard grinates. now for six weeks, and during that time have only had one case of mechanical trouble, due to carbon in the cylinders and not at all to faulty construction.

BUT I fear I digress. What I should explain at this time is that I am much less rigid than I was formerly, and that I was as overjoyed as my wife when our son, out of the profits of his newly patented carburetor, presented her with an enclosed Bord. I was charmed by my son's thoughtfulness, although I confess that I viewed with some alarm our rising gasoline bill. Our daughter Patricia, called Pats by her intimates, much to my chagrin, practically lives in this little car, and it was she who first broached the subject that led directly to my recent humiliation.

At breakfast one morning shortly after our acquisition of the second car Patricia observed: "I should be the last to cry 'Wolf! Wolf!' or to ring the tocsin loud and clear, but whaddye think about a few dollars' worth of insurance for the

two boats?"

I said: "Insurance?" Patricia sniffed. "N "No," she said, "celluloid collars."

"I thought I understood you to suggest insurance for the two cars."

"Oh, isn't that funny," she retaliated. "Well, that's what I did suggest; and since you put it up to me, I also recommend, advise, propose, offer for consideration, proffer for discussion and bring up for debate the subject of buying a couple of policies at the nearest policyshop."

"Patricia is quite right," my wife broke in. "With two cars, we are hazard-

ing a great deal of risk."

You mean that the two automobiles should be insured, of course. But against

what?" I queried.

Patricia answered: "Oh, if Wes and were driving them, or even Mother, here, all the time, we wouldn't need anything except a policy against fire and theft. But as you occasionally take a whirl at the wheel, Father mine, my idea would be to insure against burglary, fire, accident, collision, indemnity, damages, loss of either or both eyes, pneumonia, whooping cough and skidding. Do you get me?

"No," I said, in some confusion, as you may imagine; "I doubt that I do." "Never mind, then," she said somewhat wearily. "Let it slide. I'll try

you again when I feel stronger."

The subject was not dropped, however. On the following morning my wife spread a newspaper before me, laying her finger on a certain article and saying, with more severity than necessary, I thought: "If you are not absolutely lost to all sense of caution. Merrithew, I wish you would peruse that item."

I obliged her willingly. The newspaper set forth at some length that two hundred and eight automobiles had been stolen in our city within the month then ending. It went on to state that more than three thousand dollars' worth of accessories had been purloined and that very few of the lost articles or machines had been recovered.

Having for the moment forgotten the conversation of the previous morning, as one will, I said mildly: "Oh, yes-exceedingly deplorable!"

Patricia laughed: "Isn't it, Dad?" she asked ironically. "But you ought to read about the number of children in Chicago who have divorced parents!"

For the moment I took the girl seriously. "Children?" I questioned. "Yes, quite so. But what have they to do—"
"Exactly," Patricia interrupted. "And
the length of the string is determined
largely by the distance between the two
ends. What we were remarking, if you
can come down to anything so vulgar as
a concrete proposition, was that insurance wouldn't be a perfectly idiotic thing
to consider for the two gas-feeders."

My wife sighed. "If we don't insure, we might just as well leave our cars in the driveway. That would save having our garage doors battered up by the thieves' jimmies, if that is what they

are called."

I began to see that my wife and daughter were addressing themselves to a definite end, and then I recalled their words of the day before. "My dear," I said, "I am not a boastful man, I hope, and certainly not a pugnacious one, but I assure you that I myself personally would make it exceedingly uncomfortable for anyone who stole one of our automobiles."

Patricia was nettled, as I saw. "Oh, aint it noble to be a man?" she asked, caustically. "If they hooked one of our plows, Dad would telephone them immediately that they must return it uninjured or he would come over and strike

them. Just like that!"

Mrs. Stitt was not more charitable. "Your intentions are good, Merrithew," she observed, "but your reasoning faculties are unevenly developed. I shall make inquiries about insurance to-day."

I protested. "My dear, I hope you will do no such thing. As you well know, psychology teaches the inevitability of reaction from action. Your suggestion of fear of loss, as bodied forth in application for insurance rates, sets afoot in the mind of the thief a thought-train pointing toward robbery. While it is true that to constitute a definite state of desire there must be an obstacle to the realization of the desideratum—"

"Ouch!" Patricia cried. "I've sprained a cerebral tendon trying to keep up. I'm going to a chiropodist!" Whereupon

she left the room hurriedly.

I took no particular note of this impertinent interruption. "—to the realization of the desideratum," I repeated, "still, Hume flatly denies—" Mrs. Stitt rose abruptly. "I have to sort the laundry," she said icily, and followed our daughter.

FOR several days the discussion of insurance for our cars was not brought up. When, finally, Mrs. Stitt asked me what I proposed to do in the matter, I told her and Patricia that, in case of fire, we should put our dependence on our fire-extinguisher, recently purchased, and on the fact that there was a municipal fire-alarm box on our next corner. "As for theft," I said with an air of finality, "I feel quite competent to deal with any such abnormality when it arises."

"All right, Dad," Patricia said warningly. "Kid yourself along if you must. but when you see a total stranger speeding down the street in one of our busses, don't forget that you're not as young as you used to be."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"There are two things you must not do," the girl replied. "One is to get overexcited; the other is to run a fast half-mile in whiskers."

I should have reprimanded Patricia, but the telephone rang at that moment, and she went out to answer it. I took my portfolio of lecture notes and my hat and left for the University. At the time I was experimenting with a rather unusual reagent, a parrot, endeavoring to complete notes for a monograph on the subject: "The Differentiation Between Recollection and Memory." It is not surprising, therefore, that I forgot for the moment the question of insuring our two motor-cars.

However, I am now aware that my subconscious ego was still weighed down by the matter. My other self was undoubtedly supersensitive to the notion of thieving. I suppose it amounted almost to an obsession of the alter ego. In no other way can I account for what happened on the third day following. I left the University early on this particular afternoon and walked toward his car with Dr. Absalom Leffingwell, whose name will be familiar to all students of the subject, and who had been my guest that day.

We were deeply engaged in a con-

troversy over the essential nature of hypnosis, he advancing a modification of the Charcot theory, I equally resolute in my support of Bernheim. When we reached the corner where he was to take his car, we could not separate, but continued our warm discussion. There is a grocery shop at this point, and on

the sidewalk were a large number of bales, boxes and sacks recently delivered. We found the heap of goods convenient to our needs, and the Doctor sat down on a crate while I leaned against the sacks, intent on my subject. That they were flour sacks I was not aware. That they generously powdered my left arm and shoulder I did not know. I had reason, later, to regret my ignorance.

Dr. Leffingwell had just conceded the major point at issue, admitting the correctness of my statement that those mentally deficient cannot be hypnotized, and had thus torn out the corner-stone of his crumbling structure of logic when his car appeared. Both of us by this means were brought back to mundane affairs, and we shook hands.

"My dear Professor Stitt," he exclaimed, touching my shoulder, "you have floured yourself like a cruller. Let me brush you off!"

I turned to see, and at that moment, around the corner out of a side street, with a strange young lady at the wheel, came my wife's enclosed motor-car. I stepped back and stared incredulously. Dr. Leffingwell, unheeded by myself, hastened into the street and boarded his trolley. My wife's automobile cut in close to me, rounded the corner and picked up speed. There was no time to be lost. Not a policeman was in sight.



I dropped my books and portfolio, and started in pursuit.

No other machine that might have been pressed into service in pursuit was near. Dr. Leffingwell's street-car was moving rapidly away. I dropped my books and portfolio and started in pursuit of our stolen enclosed Bord!

IT was then there rushed over me the realization that the insistence of

my wife and daughter that I insure the two motors had made a deep impression on me. I had thought of it, subconsciously, and had reasoned it out. I had decided, unknown to my conscious self, that they were right, and that insurance was economically advisable. In a few days I would undoubtedly have become consciously conscious, if I may so phrase it, that I had reached this conclusion, and I should have gone and attended to the matter thereupon.

But meantime reason and logic, psychology and the alter ego, meant little or nothing to me in this crisis. Science and knowledge, experimentation and deduction, all failed me. What I most needed at the moment was strength in my legs, and wind. An unnoticed concavity in the pavement was encountered by one of my feet, and I fell. But I was up instantly. If it had not been that the stolen car was compelled to slow down at the second corner for another vehicle. I should have failed in my pursuit. My necktie was flying behind; my spectacles were dangling by their string about my waist; one shoe was half off, owing to the fact that I had strained the buttons therefrom; my beard and hair were matted with sweat; and my clothes were badly stained with dust and grime and mud as the result of my fall. But I caught the thief and our enclosed car!

One last, gasping, despairing leap, and my fingers clutched at the window-sill; my feet lamely jerked themselves to the running board, and I cried, almost sobbingly:

"Madam, how could you?"

The woman emitted a low scream of fear, put on full speed, and with her left hand began tearing and scratching at my fingers. But I was goaded to recklessness, and although she fought like a tigress, I managed to swing the door past my out-bowed legs and to clamber into the seat beside her. She was pale and distraught - and wonderfully good looking. Even as I saw her anger at having been overtaken by swift retribution, and her fear of the penitentiary that now, metaphorically speaking, loomed ahead of her, I observed that she was strikingly beautiful. And in that single moment my heart of flint softened. It was undoubtedly her first offense. She could, unquestionably, explain her dereliction.

"I am sorry that I discovered you, madam," I said reprovingly. "I am grieved to see you in this predicament. I desire to have you explain, but in the meantime, to save you embarrassment, you may continue to drive on—I shall not summon an officer."

She shrank from me and gazed wildly around, apparently looking for some way of escape. There were very few persons within view, and no police; so she drove en as though in a sort of daze of fear

and apprehension.

For several blocks we continued to roll smoothly along, neither speaking. Finally she began to laugh, a little hysterically, and I heard her say: "I must humor him—I must humor him." Instantly I understood. She was patently beside herself with fear. I said, as calmly as I could:

"There, there, madam, do not be alarmed. I am your friend. Perhaps this will be a lesson to you. I hope and pray that it will. Where were you go-

ing?"

She swallowed nervously; then she replied: "I haven't any particular destination. Where can I take you?"



An unnoticed concavity in the pavement was encountered by one of my feet, and I fell.

For the moment I could not answer. I did not myself know. Obviously it would not do to go to my home, as Mrs. Stitt was much more vindictive in such matters than I. On the other hand, it would not be wise for me to risk being seen with the thief by persons whom I knew, as this would lead to questions, and I was aware that my family would not be likely to understand my motives for releasing the criminal, woman though she might be. When I had thought of these things, I said:

"You might drive towards the country for a little while. Out there it will

be easier for you to escape."

She suddenly took her right hand from the wheel and gently, although a little timorously, touched and pressed my left arm. "How sweet of you, sir," she said. "Nothing could be pleasanter."

Accordingly she turned left on Slauson Avenue, and we were soon rolling towards the hills, verdant with spring grasses. For the first time I was able to get a breath without agony, and I surreptitiously straightened my tie, brushed off my knees, and combed my beard lightly with my fingers. There stole over my senses a realization that there was, in the car, a faint scent of some subtle perfume. I had ridden frequently with my wife, but I had never

before noticed how cozy and intimate a closed vehicle is. The beautiful woman at my left glanced at me frequently, with embarrassment, and some lingering traces of fear, but those glances revealed to me how deep and liquid were her eyes.

I said, as delicately as I could: "Do you mind telling me how you came to do this?"

She started. "Do what?"

"Steal-that is, purloin our car."

She caught the wheel with a momentarily nervous clutch; then she smiled. "Is this your car?" she asked

"Is this your car?" she asked.

"It is my—" I was going to tell her that it was my wife's car, but an instant's reflection showed me that this would be a mistake. As a woman, she doubtless knew something of the vindictiveness of the sex; the knowledge that the vehicle she had stolen was the property of another woman might lead her to take reckless measures to effect her escape. Or she might believe that I was deceiving her into driving towards our home, thus trickily delivering her into the hands of Mrs. Stitt. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been farther from my purposes, but how was the thief to know that?

I only said, after a moment's hesita-

tion: "Yes, it is my car. Why did you take it?"

She looked nervously about her again, and I thought she contemplated flight. So I added, hastily: "Now, I have told you not to be alarmed. The truth is that I pity you. I know there must have been some untoward compelling motive. I do not intend to prosecute you. I intend to let you escape. I cannot, unfortunately, drive this car myself—I have never been able to master the footclutch arrangement, as I believe it is called—and so I must ask you to take me back presently to a garage somewhere on the edge of the city. Then I shall permit you to go unmolested."

To my surprise she laughed, quite spontaneously, although with a nervous catch in her throat, and settled back from the wheel, which she had hitherto clutched desperately as though it might steady her. "May I ask your name?" she inquired when her mirth had subsided. "I want to know to whom I am indebted for such kindness."

I produced one of my cards, "Ah, Professor Stitt!" she exclaimed. "How foolish an automobile thief would be to attempt to steal one of your cars! And yet, you see—"

She waved her hand to indicate my wife's enclosed Bord.

I confess I was a little indignant at her mirth of a moment before. I said with dignity: "I do not want you to misunderstand my attitude, madam. I abhor criminality. In this case, I am moved to be generous with you solely on account of your apparent youth. I cannot believe that you are a hardened criminal."

She looked at me guilelessly. "I assure you that I am not, Professor," she said. "If I have acted strangely since you—er— boarded the Bord this afternoon, it is because of a misapprehension on my



One last, gasping, despairing leap, and my fingers clutched at the window-sill; my feet lamely jerked themselves to the running board, and I cried, almost sobbingly: "Madam, how could you?"



part. I know you by reputation, but when you suddenly scrambled onto the step back there on the Avenue, I thought -I supposed—that is, I believed—"

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"I thought you were an insane man. And I forgot, for the moment, everything else.'

"Even the fact," I said, "that you were then stealing a motor-car?"

"Even that," she returned.
"Remarkable," I said, and made a
note of the fact. Then I began to explain to her why the phenomenon was worthy of note.

"I see," she interrupted. "But let me ask you something else. Is this car in-

sured against theft?"

"No, madam," I replied, a little nettled, "it is not. I consider that I am a match, wit for wit, for any-"

"You are wrong," she said briskly. Her manner had suddenly changed. Freed of her fear-depression, she was becoming normal at an astonishing rate. There was that about her now that was almost bold. "You are quite wrong. You should have insurance.'

SUPPOSE I should have maintained my position of dignified but benevolent paternalism towards this beautiful young woman. But for the moment I was confused by her unaccountable shift of psychological condition. madam?" I asked.

"Because in case of theft the insurance company and its detectives take your place in the search for the car and the thief," she said, sharply. "The insurance company has no heart. It has no sympathy. It locates the car and jails the thief. Furthermore, thieves know this as well as you do: therefore they leave insured cars well enough alone."

"But," I protested weakly, "in your case, madam, I have located the car and, if you will pardon my speaking thus harshly, I have found the thief. If you press

me, I may yet turn you over to the authorities."

She looked pleadingly at me, I thought, and I melted once more. I was about to assure her that I had only been jesting, when she spoke. "Yes," she said, "you might turn me over to the police, but you wont. Let us suppose that I steal your car. You overtake me. I invite you to ride with me. I drive into a lonely part of the country. We are on a deserted and untraveled road." She slowed the auto down and stopped. "Like this, for example," she said with a gesture.

I glanced about me. In my abstraction I had not noticed either that we were in a quite desolate lane, unfamiliar to myself, or that it was rapidly growing dark. The air was chilly, even in the enclosed car, and there was something almost uncanny in the situation. I believe I shivered a little as I turned to answer my companion's hypothesis. But I did not answer it. I faced, not the beautiful, repentant thief, but a large, dangerous-looking revolver which she held quite firmly under my nose.

"Please don't do that, madam!" I gasped. "You make me exceedingly un-

comfortable!"

She laughed. "Exactly," she said, pleasantly, but firmly. "It is about six

miles to the city."

I tried to speak lightly, but I am not used to firearms. "I confess," said I, "that I should have insured the car long ere this."

"I'm glad you see that," she said. "I am glad you recognize that no owner

can properly protect his automobile. Let this be a lesson to you."

I thanked her. Then I said: "I have no disposition to quarrel with you, madam, and I do wish that you would lower that weapon. It disturbs my equilibrium."

She laughed. "I keep it handy, you see," she said meaningly, and put the revolver into the pocket of the door at her left. I breathed a sigh of relief. "Now," she said, starting the car slowly, "I will explain to you, Professor Stitt..."

Her explanation was cut short. turned into a well-traveled road, and there, coming towards us, was a big automobile. The driver shut off his power at once, swerved to the left and stopped. The woman who was driving our enclosed Bord swerved to the right and stopped. The maneuver was executed swiftly, and before I had opened my eyes again I heard a familiar voice. I pushed open the door of the enclosed car and stepped to the ground. The unexpectedness of this meeting, so closely succeeding my experience with the thief and her revolver, and the narrowly averted collision at the crossroads, confused me. I believe I colored.

For the familiar voice came from the big car that had just come to a stop, and it was the voice of my wife. She said: "Ah, Professor Stitt, my eyes did not deceive us, after all. Who is this woman?"

Her tone was not friendly, and I rushed to her side. "My dear." I gasped, "don't speak so loudly. It—it's all right. There has been—that is, this young lady awakened my pity. I was moved to save her. But now—"

At that moment I heard a snort, commingling laughter and contempt, and I became aware that the driver who had thus untimely, brought my wife to the scene was my neighbor Dr. Hörfinch.

"If you have any sense of decency left," snapped my wife, "you will hold your tongue on the subject of pity, Professor Stitt. And I ask you again—who is this woman?"

I saw that it was useless longer to attempt to protect this impudent, if beautiful and appealing woman, from the due course of the law, and I turned towards her. To my amazement she was leaning over the wheel of the enclosed Bord, laughing immoderately. She answered my wife's question. "If you will pardon me a moment, Mrs. Stitt," she observed, "I will give you my card. At present I am too weak from laughter."

MY wife flared at her. "It may seem a laughing matter to you." she cried angrily, "but if you are any better than an impertinent hussy—"

Dr. Horfinch, who was observing the woman in our enclosed car scrutinizingly, interrupted at this point. "Wait a shake, Mrs. Stitt," he said in his vulgar fashion. "There's some mistake here."

"There is," I exclaimed vigorously.

"The fact is that when I first saw this woman, about an hour ago, she was driving rapidly down the Avenue—"

"And when I first saw her," Mrs. Stitt broke in, "you were driving rapidly down the Avenue with her. Dr. Horfinch happened to be passing, and he kindly turned about, took me up and started with me in pursuit. If we hadn't had tire trouble—"

"Pursuit!" I shouted. "But Mrs. Stitt, do you mean you thought—but can't you see—weren't you talking about insurance? And when this woman came by, at high speed, in your car—"

"My car?" my wife cried.

"Why yes, my dear, can't you see—"
"Don't address me as your dear, if you please, Professor Stitt!" she snapped.

The woman in the enclosed automobile alighted at this point, and came to my side. She held a card in her hand, and this she extended to my wife. "When you look at that, Mrs. Stitt," she said, smiling, "I believe you will understand the Professor's explanation better. As I observed to him this afternoon, I think I have given him a lesson." She turned to Dr. Horfinch. "Do you mind cranking my car for me, sir?"

Horfinch jumped down with alacrity. "Certainly not, ma'am," he said, eying me with an aggravating grimace. I stepped in his path. "See here, Dr. Horfinch," I said, "this is going too far. I have tried to help this young woman—I am free to confess that I pitied her.

It seemed awful to contemplate putting a person of her age and sex into the penitentiary. I was attempting to permit her to escape, when she confronted me with a revolver. After that my feelings underwent a change-"

"A revolver?" Dr. Horfinch burst out laughing. He looked at the young

woman, who smiled on him.

"I can crank my own car, Doctor," she said engagingly. The Doctor evaded me and hastened to her side. He looked at me with that peculiar grimace of his and leaned over the hood of the Bord.

"But it's not her car," I shrieked. "What's possesses you? It's my wife's car, and this woman—"

Mrs. Stitt had stepped to the ground, and now she came closer to me with a somewhat softened look on her face. "Merrithew," she said a little sternly, "what ails you? Why do you keep up this idiotic pretense? That is not our

"Not our car?" I gasped.

"Certainly not," she said firmly. "You ought to know that. My car has a builtin headlight-dimmer, while that one, as you can see, has nothing but a cheap green-glass shade-"

I knew nothing of these things, of course. I was quite unmanned by her words. "But where is your car?" I stam-

"It is at the Central Garage," she said, almost patiently. "The insurance people are taking a description of it today. I am having it insured."

The woman in the enclosed Bord

leaned from her seat. "In the United Casualty Company?" she asked.

My wife glanced at the card the woman handed her, and to my surprise she smiled. "Yes, the same one," she answered. The woman applied her power, and her car moved away, she bowing to Mrs. Stitt and to Dr. Horfinch. "I am glad to hear it," she said. "Good day to you."

My wife turned to me. "Here is her card, Merrithew," she said. I looked at it, and then sat down weakly. It bore the name of Miss Marybelle Hutchins, special agent of the United

Casualty Insurance Company.

I rode home in silence. I was glad for the dark of the night, and distressed when we came to the city and passed

under a strong street-lamp.

At that moment my wife, who was sitting at my left, gave a gasp that seemed to mingle horror, anger and surprise. "Merrithew Stitt!" she cried, and her voice cut like cold steel, "you have disgraced your family and made a fool of yourself. But you cannot make a fool of me! How - did - that - powder get-on-your-shoulder?"

I looked down. It was the flour! I remembered it then, when it was too late. I thought of explaining, but one glance at my wife's face closed my lips.

No, as I remarked at the beginning of this recital, when a woman forgets her logic and abandons reasoning, and begins to rely on circumstantial evidence- But I did accumulate a large amount of psychological data.



HE alluring pitfalls that trap the youth of to-day are shown up under the clear light of understanding in this powerful story, "The Sins of the Children," by Cosmo Hamilton.

Peter Guthrie is the foremost of the "children." He is the son of a New York physician who has been endowed with millions to study disease. Peter

becomes an unusual favorite at Oxford. His roommate is Nicholas Kenyon, an elegant member of that class of aristocratic roguery that lives by its wits. Peter is an athlete, boyish and generous. "Nick" is a clever and amusing parasite, the son of a peer of the same type.

"What's this devilish provincialism that hangs to you?" asks Nick one night when Peter refuses to accompany him,

Peter laughs at the other's peevishness—then explains: "The whole thing comes to this, Nick: The girl I marry is going to be clean. I believe in fairness. I'm going to be clean too. That's all there is to it." And Nick gives up trying more persuasion for the time.

Peter is the oldest of four children. The others are a brother, Graham, already a broker in Wall Street; a sister, Belle, a débutante of the year before with exuberant spirits and a rich, dark beauty, almost Latin in type; and a younger sister, Ethel, still in school. All have been brought up by an indulgent mother, because their father has been so absorbed in his work in providing for them that he has never had time to share their interests.

The Guthries, with Betty Townsend, a friend of Belle's, visit Oxford. Nick, looking to probable gain, makes himself delightfully entertaining to them all.

He pays so much attention to Belle that the girl falls in love with him. She does not know that this youthful dilettante, who was old at fourteen, has determined never to marry.

Meanwhile Peter has also been losing his heart. Before the week of festivities ends, he tells Betty Townsend his return to New York will be to begin work for her, and she is as happy as he over

their engagement.

A Complete Résumé of the Opening Chapters of "The Sins of the Children" NICK immediately scents danger to his plans to live off Peter and tries to interest him in some chorus girls. His attempt fails, but he does not give up. He knows the frequent loans will stop if Peter marries. So he bends his efforts in another direction. He takes the young American to the home of his father, Lord

Shropshire, where "Baby" Lennox, a mysterious beauty, also of the parasite type, is a guest. Nick tells her he wants Peter saved from marriage with Betty. Mrs. Lennox readily agrees to help. She even shows ardor in the pursuit of the young athlete when she finds he is virgin soil to her blandishments. She determines to make a conquest of him and lavishes her attention on him. And the unsuspecting youth, who thinks her charming, easily allows her to monopolize him.

Mrs. Lennox has even seen to it that her room is next to his. One night she rushes in upon him. She pretends to be frightened and throws herself into his arms, whispering that she loves him. Peter is suddenly drunk with the touch of her, when there is a knock on his door, and the woman flees by way of a balcony. When Peter is alone again, she returns. But he is now himself and courteously gets rid of her.

A new novel by the brilliant author of "The Blindness of Virtue."



THE SINS OF THE

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHAPTER XVI

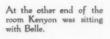
"M OTHER took the car to Lord and Taylor's," said Belle, looking herself over in the long glass with a scrutiny that was eventually entirely favorable. "I guess it'll do us good to walk."

"I'd simply love to," said Betty. "But I must just run in and tell Father I'm going to have dinner with you. I wont be a minute."

Copyrighted, 1916, by The Red Book Corporation.
All rights reserved.

"All right, my dear. Time's cheap. Don't hurry on my account."

Belle went over to the dressing-table. She had only recently powdered her nose by means of the elaborate apparatus from which she rarely permitted herself to be separated, but a little more would do no harm. She burst into involuntary song as she performed the trick; tucked into her blouse there was a letter from Kenyon which had come a week ago. It was only a matter of





CHILDREN

By Cosmo Hamilton

GEORGE O. BAKER

days before she was to see him again.

Betty ran out of her bedroom and along a passage which led to the studio. A stretch of cloudless sky could be seen through a recess window, and the far-below flat roofs of the old buildings on the corner of Gramercy Park. She knocked and waited. There was a grunt, and she went in.

Into the large, lofty room—a cross between a barn and an attic—a hard north light was falling with cruel accuracy. It showed up stacks of unframed canvases with the faces turned to the dark wall, the imperfections of several massive pieces of oak, the worn appearance of the stained floor, the age of the Persian rugs—and of a florid woman who sat with studied grace and an anxious expression of pleasant thought on the dais, with one indecently beringed hand resting in strained non-chalance on the arm of her chair and the other about an ineffably bored Pekingese.

Ranken Townsend, the successful portrait painter, had backed away from his almost life-size canvas, and with his fine untidy head on one side and irritation in his red-gray beard was glaring

at it with savage antagonism.

The lady on the dais had crow's-feet round her made-up eyes, and a chin that could not be made anything but double however high she held it. Also-as the north light seemed to take a hideous delight in proving-her figure was irreclaimably dumpy and plump. lady on the canvas, however,-such is Art that runs an expensive studio, good wines and well-preserved cigars, slight and lovely and patrician, and should she stand up, at least six feet tall. No wonder Townsend grunted and glared at the commercial fraud in front of him-at which, in his good, idealistic, hungry Paris days he would have slung wet brushes and the honest curses of the Place Pigalle. He was selling his gift once more for five thousand dollars. His wife dressed at Bendel's.

Anger and irritation went out of the painter's eyes when he saw the sweet face that peeked in. "Hello, sweetheart!" he sang out. "Come in and bring a touch of sun. Mrs. Vandervelde, I'd like you to meet my little

girl."

Without turning her head or breaking a pose that she considered to have become, after many serious attempts, extremely effective, the much-paragraphed lady—whose mansion on Fifth Avenue was always one of the objects touched upon by the megaphone men in rubberneck wagons—murmured a few words: "How d'you do, child? How well you look!"

Betty smothered a laugh. Mrs. Vandervelde had acquired the habit of looking through her ears. "I'm gbing home with Belle, Father, and I shall stay to dinner. But I'll be back before ten."

"Will you? All right." He tilted up her face and kissed it. "I'm dining at the National Arts Club to-night. I guess I shall be late. Granville Barker's going to tell us how it feels to be a genius." He pointed his brush at the canvas and made the grimace of a man who's obliged to swallow a big

dose of evil-smelling physic. So Betty, who understood and was sorry, put his hand to her lips, bowed to the indifferent lady and slipped away. The room was perceptibly colder when she left. The picture was already four thousand dollars toward completion, and Betty was just as much relieved as her father, who returned angrily to paint in the diamonds. He was sick of that smile.

WHEN Belle and Betty arrived at East Fifty-second Street,—a little tired after their walk,—they found Graham in the hall. "Oh, hello!" said he. "Been shopping?"

"No," answered Belle; "nothing tempted us. We've walked all the way home from Gramercy Park—some walk! Everything I've got on is sticking to me. Aren't you home early, Graham?"

Graham nodded. "Nothing doing," he said. "Besides, I'm dining early." He turned to Belle with a rather curious smile. "I thought you were to be with the Delanos last night."

Belle tilted her chin. "I was. I dined there, went to the Winter Garden and then danced at Bustanoby's."

"I caught sight of you in Spearman's car somewhere about one o'clock in the morning. Did he drive you home?"

"I guess he did, dear boy," said Belle blandly; "and by the way, we saw you, going in to supper somewhere with a girl with a *Vogue* face and an open-air back!"

Graham laughed. "That's different," he said. "Spearman isn't the sort of man I care to see my sister going about with alone. I advise you to be a little more fastidious."

"Thank you, Graham darling," said Belle, quite unmoved, "but I'm old enough to choose my own friends without your butting in. Just for fun, would you tell me what you know about the word fastidious?"

"That's different," said Graham again. And he went upstairs to his own

room with rather heavy feet.

Belle looked at Betty, and a little smile curled up the corners of her beautiful red mouth. "I don't see anything wrong with Harry Spearman, and he's an old friend of the Delanos. My word, but isn't Graham a good sport!"

Presently when they went into the drawing-room they found little Mrs. Guthrie sitting in front of the table with a more than usually happy smile, and Ethel, the youngest of the Guthrie children, lying on the sofa looking the very epitome of an interesting invalid. With a slightly critical frown on her pretty face she was reading Wells' latest novel—a full-blooded effort well calculated to improve the condition of a girl of fifteen who had not gone back to school on account of anemia.

With quick intuition, and one glance at her mother's face, Belle knew she had heard from Peter. "Any news?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, darling," answered Mrs. Guthrie, "the very best of news. A Marconi from my boy."

"What does he say?"

"Oh, what does he say?" asked Betty. But the question was asked mentally, because little Mrs. Guthrie was happy and must not be made jealous.

Putting on her glasses with great deliberation, Mrs. Guthrie picked up a book, and with a smile of pride and excitement hunted through its pages and eventually produced the wireless-form, which she had used as a marker.

"Do hurry, Mother, dear!" cried Belle. News from Peter meant news from Nicholas.

"Now, please don't fluster me, Belle. Of course I would unfold it the wrong side up, wouldn't I? Well, this is what he says: 'Expect to dock day after to-morrow. All my love to you—'"

"Is that all he says? Is there nothing about his—his friend?"

Ethel gave a quiet chuckle.

"There are a few more words," replied Mrs. Guthrie, "and I expect they were very expensive."

"Oh, Mother, darling, do go on!"
"Let me see, now. Oh, yes! '—and to Betty.'"

"Oh, thank you," said Betty. "Oh, Peter, my Peter!" she cried in her heart.

This time Ethel laughed. But no one noticed it. It was rather disappointing. "At last I shall see Nicholas again," thought Belle. "—at last!"

The little mother folded up the mes-

sage very carefully and slipped it back into the book. Peter had sent it to her—to her.

And then Belle turned her attention to her little sister, who not only looked most interesting but knew that she did. "I think you condescended to be amused, Grandmamma?" she said, in the most good-natured spirit of chaff. Like everybody else in the family, she was really rather proud of this very finished production of an ultra-modern and fashionable school.

"I seem to have missed a lot of fun by not going to Europe," replied Ethel. "It would have been very entertaining to watch you and Betty fall in love."

"I guess so," said Belle. "The only thing is that you would have been very much odd man out. They draw the line at little schoolgirls at Oxford."

"Now, don't begin to quarrel, girls," said Mrs. Guthrie. "I'm very sorry Ethel wasn't with us. The trip would have widened her view and given her much to think about. But never mind. She shall go with us next time."

Ethel stifled a yawn. "Thank you, Mamma dear. But when I go to England I may elect to stay there. I think it's very probable that I shall marry an Englishman and settle down to country life, doing London in the season."

Belle's laugh rang out. "That's the sort of thing we have to put up with, Betty," she said. "You're going to marry a duke, aren't you, Baby, and be a ladyin-waiting at Court, with a full-page photograph every week in The Tatler? When Peter comes home, he'll find you a constant source of joy. My descriptions of the way in which you've come on while he's been away always made him laugh."

Ethel rose languidly from the sofa, at the side of which a little nourishment had been served. Mrs. Guthrie, who had been busily at work knitting a scarf for Graham—a thing that he would certainly never wear—went quickly to give her a hand. "Are you going to your room now, darling?" she asked.

Ethel caught Belle's rather sceptical eye and with exquisite coolness entirely ignored its suggestion that she was shamming. "Yes, Mamma dear. I shall go to



The principal room was a lofty studio, arranged like a grotto. Here there was a dais, at the back of which there was an the Papowsky handmaidens and others. The magnets which drew Graham to this house of handmaidens of Papowsky, whose large, gazelle-like eyes and soft, caress-



organ, and on which stood a grand piano: it was here that the most extraordinary exhibitions of dancing were given by Arabian Nights were the roulette table in a secluded room at the end of the passage, and one of the ing hands drew him from other haunts and followed him into his dreams.

bed almost at once. There's nothing like sleep for anemia. Of course I shall have to read for a little while, because insomnia goes with my complaint, but I shall fall off as soon as I can. Please don't come in to-night; I'll tell Ellen to put my hot milk in a thermos."

Belle burst into another laugh. "You beat the band," she said. "Anyone would think that your school was for the daughters of royalty. I know exactly what Nicholas Kenyon will call you."

Ethel turned toward her sister with raised eyebrows. With her rather retroussé nose, fine, wide-apart eyes and soft, round chin, she looked very pretty and amazingly self-composed. Her poise was that of a woman who had been a leader of society for years. "Yes? And what will that be?"

"The queen of the flappers," said

Belle.

Ethel picked up her book, carefully placing the marker. "Oxford slang leaves me cold," she said loftily.

"I certainly hope he'll call her nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Guthrie. "Flapper! What does it mean?"

"It means girls under seventeen who have discovered all the secrets of life, the value of a pair of pretty ankles and exactly how to get everybody else to do things for them. It's the best word I heard in England."

"Nicholas Kenyon sounds to me rather a precocious boy," said Ethel.

"Boy! Nicholas Kenyon a boy! Well!" Belle acknowledged herself beaten. She could find no other words.

The little mother put her arm, with great affection, round the shoulders of her youngest child, of whom she was extremely proud and a little afraid. "Never mind, darling," she said. "Belle doesn't mean anything. It's only her fun."

"Oh, that's all right, Mamma. I make full allowance for Belle. She's a little crude yet, but she'll improve in time."

Belle gave a scream of joy. Her sense of the ridiculous, always extremely keen, made her delight in her little sister.

"Run in and say good-night to Father," said her mother. "He wont mind being disturbed for a moment by you." "I don't think I will," said Ethel.
"The sight of his laboratory may give me a nightmare. I really must be careful about myself just now. Good-night, Mamma dear. Don't sit up too late. Good-night, Belle. I should advise you to go to bed at once. Your complexion is beginning to show the effects of late hours already."

"Oh, you funny little thing!" said Belle. "You give me a pain. Trot off to bed; and instead of reading Wells, Ibsen and Shaw, try a course of Louisa Alcott and a dose of 'Swiss Family Robinson.' That'll do you much more good and make you a little more human."

But even this plain sisterly speaking made no apparent effect. Ethel gave Betty, who had been watching and listening to the little bout with the surprise of an only child, a small peck on the cheek. "Good-night, dear Betty," she said. "I'm glad that you're going to be my sister-in-law. Unless Peter has changed very much since he's been away, he'll make a good husband."

And then, with quiet grace, she left the room. No one, not even Belle, whose high spirits and love of life had led her into many perfectly harmless adventures when she was the same age, suspected that Ethel was up to anything. They were wrong. The self-constituted invalid had invented anemia for two very good reasons. First, because she was not going to be deprived of welcoming her big brother when he returned home for good-school or no school; and second, because she had struck up a surreptitious acquaintance with the good-looking boy next door. At present it had gone no further than the daily exchange of letters and telephone calls. The adventure was in the course, however, of speedy development.

CHAPTER XVII

A GOOD sport! Oh yes, Graham answered admirably to that description—according to its present-day use. Graham, like Belle, was suffering from the fact that everything was too easy. His father's so-called benefactor had taken all the sting out of life for that

boy. Fundamentally he had inherited a considerable amount of his father's grit. He needed the impetus of struggle to use up that sense of adventure which was deep-rooted in his nature. He was a throw-back. He had all the stuff in him that was in his ancestors - those early pioneers who were up against the grim facts of life. He was not cut out for He needed action, the civilization. physical strain and stress of hunting for his food among primeval surroundings and the constant exercise of his strength in dangerous positions. He would have made a fine sailor, a reckless soldier or an excellent flying man. He was as much out of his element in Wall Street as a sporting dog which is doomed to pass away its life sitting beside a chauffeur in an elaborate motor-car.

Graham found himself, through his father's sudden accession to wealth, beginning where most men leave off, with nothing to fight for—nothing to put his teeth into, nothing for which to take off his coat. It was all wrong. With no one to exercise any discipline over him, he flung himself headlong into the vortex of the night life of the great city. He was indeed, in the usual inaccurate conception of the word, a good "sport," and stood every chance of paying for the privilege with his health, his self-respect and the whole of his future life.

To have seen the nervous way in which he dressed for dinner the next evening, throwing tie after tie away with irritable cursing, would have convinced the most casual observer, of the fact that he stood in need of a strong hand. His very appearance—the dark lines round his eyes, the unsteadiness of his hand—denoted plainly enough the sort of life that he was leading; but the short-sighted eyes of the Doctor, in whose house he lived missed all this, and there was no one except the little mother to cry "Halt" to the lad; and in her experience, of what avail was she?

He drove—after having dined with three other Wall Street men at Sherry's—to an apartment-building on West Fortieth Street, little imagining that fate had determined to put him to the test. Kenyon had recommended him to try this gambling-house, and he had done

so many times since returning from Europe. Kenyon had heard of it from Captain Fountain's brother, who had called it "very hot stuff" in one of his letters. It was the headquarters of a socalled "Bohemian" set in which art and gambling were combined. It was run by a woman whose name was Russian. whose instincts were cosmopolitan and who had been shifted out of most of the great European cities by the police. "The Papowsky," as she was called, spoke several languages fluently; she was something of a judge of art; she had an uncanny way of being able to predict success or failure of new plays; she knew musicians when she saw them, and only had to smell a book to know whether it had excellence or not. Her short, thin body and vellow skin, her black hair cut in a fringe over her eyes and short all round like that of a Shakespearean page, her long, dark, Oriental eyes and her long, artistic hands were in themselves far from attractive. It was her wit and sarcasm and the brilliant way in which she summed up people and things which made her the leader of those odd people who-to be found in every great city-delight in being unconventional and find excitement in a game of chance.

The apartment in which she held her "receptions" and entertainments was unique. The principal room was a large and lofty studio, arranged like a grotto with rocks and curious lights and secluded places where there were divans. Here there was a dais, at the back of which there was an organ, and on which stood a grand piano in a French frame all over Cupids: it was here that the most extraordinary exhibitions of dancing were given by the Papowsky handmaidens and others.

The other people who lived in this apartment-house had already begun to talk about the Papowsky ménage in whispers, and its reputation had gone out into the city. One or two feeble complaints had been made to the police, but without avail. At the moment when Graham had first entered it, it was in its second year and was flourishing like the proverbial bay tree. The magnets which drew him to this house of Arabian



The artist took Peter's hat and coet and hung them in the alcove. Then he went across the room and turned up the light that hung over a canvas. "How d'you like it?" he asked.

Nights were the roulette table in a secluded room at the end of the passage, and one of the handmaidens of the Papowsky, whose large, gazelle-like eyes and soft, caressing hands drew him from other haunts and followed him into his dreams.

GRAHAM'S hat and coat were taken by a Japanese servant whose little eves twinkled a welcome.

The long, brilliantly lighted passage which led to the studio was hung with nudes, some of them painted in oils with a sure touch, some highly finished in black-and-white, the rest dashed off in chalks - rough impressionistic things which might have been drawn by art students while under the influence of drink. Between them in narrow black frames there was a collection of diabolically clever caricatures of wellknown singers, actors, authors, painters and politicians, each one bringing out weaknesses of the victim with peculiar impishness and insight. The floor of the passage was covered with a thick black carpet which smothered all

As Graham entered the studio, several strange minor chords were struck on the piano, and a woman dancer glided to the floor.

The Papowsky, who was giving an evening for young artists, was half-covered in a more than usually grotesque garment; she slid out of the shadow and gave Graham her left hand, murmuring a welcome. Then she placed a long finger on her red, thin lips and slipped away again. Graham made out several men in dress clothes sitting here and there, and the glint of nymphlike forms passing from place to place, springily. The scent of cigarette-smoke mixed with that of some queer intoxicating perfume. The sound of water plashing from a fountain came to his ears.

On his way to find a seat, Graham's arm was suddenly seized and he was pulled into a corner. He found himself, gladly enough, alone with the girl who called herself Ita Strabosck. There was one blue light in this alcove, and by it he could see that the girl was dressed like an Apache in a black suit with

trousers which belled out over her little ankles. She retained a close grip and began to whisper eagerly to him. Her foreign accent was more marked than usual, owing to the emotion under which she obviously labored. Her heart hammered against his arm.

"You have come to zee me?"

Graham whispered back: "Don't I always come to see you?"

"You like me?"

Graham bent forward and kissed her mouth.

"You love me?"
The boy laughed.

"S-s-s-h! Eef you love me, eef you really and truly love me, I vill to-night ask you to prove eet."

"I've been waiting," said Graham with a sudden touch of earnestness.

"Zen take me away from this 'ell. I 'ave a soul. Eet ees killing me. I 'ave a longing for God's air. Take me back to eet. You do not know the 'orrors of zis place. I am young; I am almost a child. At once, when you come 'ere, I saw in you one who might rescue me from zis. I love you. You say you love me. I beseech you to take me away."

Graham was stirred by this emotional appeal whispered in his ear, by the young arms that were flung round his neck. His sense of chivalry and his innate desire for adventure were instantly set ablaze. At the same time, what could he do with this strange little girl? Where could he put her?

He began to whisper back something of his inability to help, but a hand was quickly placed over his mouth.

"Eef you believe in God, take me away. I do not care what you do with me. I do not care eef you make me work for my bread. You are not like ze rest. You too are young, and you are a man; and I love you. I will be your servant—your slave. I will wait on you 'and and foot. Give me a little room near ze sky and see me once a day, but take me out of zis evil place. Will you do zis? Will you?" She slipped down on her knees and clasped her hands together.

In the faint blue light Graham could see the large eyes of the girl looking up at him through tears, as though to a savior. Her young, slim body trembled,

and the throbbing of her voice with its curious foreign accent moved him to an overwhelming pity. Here, then, was something that he could do—was a way in which he could exercise his bottled-up sense of adventure.

"Do you mean that you're forced to remain here—that you can't get out if you

want to?"

"Yes, yes, yes! I tell you I was caught like a wild bird, and zis ees my cage. Ze-

door ees guarded."

A great excitement seized the boy. He lifted Ita up and put his mouth to her ear. "You've come to the right man. I'll get you out of this. I always loathed to see you here. But how's it to be done? She has eyes in the back of her head, and those Japanese servants are everywhere."

"Eet ees for you to sink," said the girl. "You are a man."

"I see," said Graham. "Right! Leave

it to me."

He liked being made responsible. He like the utter trust which this girl placed in him. He liked the feeling of danger. The whole episode and its uncanny romance caught hold of him. It was not every day that in the middle of civilization the chance came to do something which smacked of medievalism, which had in it something of the high adventure of "Ivanhoe."

He said: "Get away quick and put your clothes on. Don't pack anything just dress. There wont be anyone in the roulette-room until after twelve. Go in there and hide behind the curtains and wait for me. Quick, now!"

Once more the girl flung her arms about him and put her lips to his mouth.

FOR several minutes Graham remained alone in the alcove, his blood running swiftly through his veins, his brain hard at work. The woman on the dais was still dancing. In the vague, uncertain light he could see the Papowsky curled up on a divan near by, smoking a cigarette. Other people had come in and made groups among the foolish rockery. Then he got up quietly, went out into the passage and loöked about. He had never before explored the place; he only knew the studio and the roulette-room. It

dawned upon him that this apartment was just beneath the roof of the building. Somewhere or other there was likely to be an outlet to the fire-escape. That was the idea. He had it. The girl had said that it would be impossible to take her away by the main door. Those Japanese servants were evidently watchdogs. Even as he stood there, wondering, he saw that he was eyed by a small, square-shouldered Japanese whose head seemed to be too large for his body and whose oily, deferential grin was not to be trusted.

Graham lighted a cigarette, and—putting on what he considered to be an air of extreme nonchalance—he strolled along until he came to the roulette-room. No one was there. The candelabra were only partially alight. He darted quickly to the window and flung it up. The iron steps of the fire-escape ran past it to the roof. "Fine!" he said to himself. "Now I know what to do."

He shut the window quickly and turned round just as the man who had been watching him came in. "Say!" he said, "just go and get me a highball. Bring it here." He followed the man to the door and into the passage and watched him waddle away. He had not been there more than a moment when the door opposite opened bit by bit, and the girl's face, with large, frightened eves, peeped round the corner. In a little black hat and a plain frock she looked younger and more in need of help than ever. Without a word, Graham caught hold of her hand, drew her into the passage, shut her door, ran her into the roulette-room and placed her behind the curtains, making sure that her feet were hidden.

Whistling softly to himself, he sat down and waited. The Japanese seemed to have been gone half an hour. It was really only a few minutes before he waddled back on his heels. Graham took the drink. "How soon do you think they'll begin to play to-night?" he asked, keeping his voice steady with a huge effort.

The Japanese shrugged his shoulders. "As usual, sir," he said, smiling from ear to ear and rubbing his hands to-

There sat



There sat Betty with her hands folded in her lap. To Peter she seemed to have been caught at the very moment when from his place at her feet he looked up at her just before he held her in his arms for the first time.

gether as though he were washing them. "Any time after twelve, sir—any time, sir."

"All right!" said Graham. "I shall wait here."

He kept up the air of boredom until he imagined that the small, black-haired, olive-tinted man had had time to get well away. Then he sprang to the door, saw that the passage was empty, darted back into the room and over to the window.

"Come on!" he said. "Quick's the word!" He climbed out, giving the girl his hand. For a moment they stood together on the ledge of the fire-escape, the stairs of which seemed to run endlessly down. With a chuckle of triumph Graham shut the window as the girl gave a little cry of dismay.

She had called that place hell, but from the height on which they stood it seemed as though they were climbing

down from the sky.

"UPTOWN," said Graham to the taxidriver. "I'll tell you where when I know myself."

A knowing and sympathetic grin covered the big Irish face. The taxi went forward with a huge jerk.

The little girl turned her large eyes on Graham. "You do not know vhere

you take me?" she asked.

"No, by thunder, I don't. I can't drive you like this to a hotel—you've got no baggage. Most of my friends live in bachelor apartments, and the women I know—well, I would like to see their faces if I turned up with you—and this story."

The girl's foreign gesture was eloquent of despair. She heaved a deep sigh and drew into the corner of the cab. The passing lights shone intermittently on her little white face. How small and pitiful and helpless she looked!

The sight of her set Graham's brain working again. In getting her out of the Papowsky's poisonous place and leading her step by step down the winding fire-escape and, when it ceased abruptly in midair, into the window of a restaurant, he had been brought to the end of one line of thought—that of get-

ting the girl safely out of her prison. He now started on another, while the cab rocked along the trolley-lines beneath the elevated railway, sometimes swerving dangerously out and round the iron supports.

Suddenly Graham was seized with an idea. He put his head out of the cab window and shouted a number on East Fifty-second Street to the driver.

The girl turned to him hopefully. "What ees zat?" she asked.

"My home."

"Your 'ome? You take me to your 'ome?"

"Why no, not exactly. I'm going in to get a suit-case for you. It wont have much it in except a brush and comb and a pair of my pajamas, but with them we can drive to any quiet hotel and I'll get a room for you. In the morning I'll find a little furnished apartment and you can go out and buy some clothes and the other things that you need. How's that?"

Ita caught up his hand and held it against her heart. "But you are not

going to leave me?"

"Yes, I must," said Graham. "I shall register you as my sister. You've just come off the train, and I've met you at the station. And to-morrow you'll be very happy in a little apartment of your own. I'll see you every day there."

With a sudden and almost painfully touching abandon of gratitude the girl flung herself on the floor of the cab and put her head on Graham's knees, calling on God to bless him. Something

came into the boy's throat.

The taxi crossed Fifth Avenue behind a motor-car that was also going toward Madison Avenue. It looked very familiar to Graham. Supposing it was his father returning from one of his medical meetings! He put his head out again, quickly. "Stop at the first house on East Fifty-second Street!" he shouted. Almost before the cab had stopped, he leaped out. "Wait for me here," he added.

"Sure an' I will." The driver threw a glance at his taximeter. Not for him to care how long he waited!

Graham darted along the street and

The Hero Worshipers

By Walter Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

"I S The Screen
Magazine
out yet, Mr.
Lasher?"

"Uh-huh; how many d'you want?"

"Two copies, please, and be a nice man and do 'em up for us."

The proprietor of the Eclectic news- and cigar-stand reached over into his magazine bin and chewed his cigar at Mona and Irene with a wise wink. "What's the matter—you wanting 'em done up? Afraid your high-school fellahs'ill get onto it that you're stuck on them picture actors?"

"Why, Mr. Lasher, quit kiddin' us!"

"Mona's mother says she can't buy movie magazines any more," explained Irene, "since that old ginkess we have up there in Literature A says the films are a detrimental influence. Isn't that the limit!"



When the little china clock on her dressing-table struck two, she got up, went over to her writingdesk and took out her picture of Ian Oakleigh.

"Who?" chuckled Will Lasher. "Old Tiddy McGuire? Why, I bet she'd cash in her gold tooth for a kiss from Ian Oakleigh!"

The girls giggled.

"I bet she would, too."

"You guessed our guilty secret, Mr. Lasher!"

"Well, don't you think Ian Oakleigh's the handsomest thing that ever lived?"

"He's at the Bijou, Saturday, in 'The Price of Sin.'"

"We'll have to go in early, dear, so we can see both shows."

"Is there anything else, girls?"

"No." Mona hastily snapped her purse and pulled at Irene's sleeve: "Come on, kid."

But Irene stepped closer to the counter with an audacious whisper. "Nothing else to-day, unless—say, Mr. Lasher, you don't sell ladies' cigarettes, do you?"

"Ladies' cigarettes!" Will threw back his head and howled. "Why, there aint any such thing! I couldn't sell 'em to you, anyway. You aint ladies; you're only chickens."

"Aint you ashamed, Irene! Come on!" With a furious blush, Mona tugged her friend into the street.

But Irene turned calmly in the doorway and stuck out her tongue at Mr. Lasher. "I don't care: there's something those Russian countesses are always smoking in novels; and girls no older than us did it in that 'Broadway Shine' film! Here, stick the bundle in your satchel, honey."

"Oh, Irene, I wonder will our answers

be in this month."

"Well, dear, if they aren't I'm just going to write that old question editor and tell him his department's a fake."

"Shall we walk?"

"Gracious Anne, no! I can't wait. We'll hop a car to your house and go up in your room and tell your mother not to bother us—we have our French to do for to-morrow."

"She'd be fit to be tied, if she knew I had a *Screen Magazine*. D'you s'pose it'll give an address, so we can write to him?"

"If it don't— Hurry, there's the car now. We simply *must* work it to see both shows Saturday." THEY found the house empty. Mona's mother had pinned a note to the lamp-shade; it read:

Dear Daughter:

Am at meeting of missionary committee. Put potatoes on at five o'clock. Supper early to-night. Your father says not to make any engagements for the last of the week. Aunt Carrie coming.

Mona ground her pearly young teeth and rent the note to atoms. "Darn Aunt Carrie! I don't see why she's all the time camping down on us!"

"Never mind; the coast's clear to-day,

anyway."

They took the precaution, however, to lock Mona's door before they settled themselves in her window-seat and tore off the brown wrappings from their Screen Magazines. They turned at once to the "Answer Department." "I've found it!" shrieked Mona. "Here, on the last page but one."

Irene threw her magazine aside, and the two girls, arms encircling, read from Mona's lap the question editor's answer to Two High School Girls, Pembina:

Wasn't your letter rather gushing? Yes, many picture fans agree with you that Ian Oakleigh is the god incomparable of the screen. He came to motion pictures from stock, where he had a liberal stage experi-He is twenty-four years old, has black hair and brown eyes, and is unmarried. More intimate details of players' lives we are not at liberty to furnish, as we have often explained in these columns. Mr. Oakleigh may be addressed at the Pinnacle Studios, Los Angeles. He might possibly answer your letter and would probably send you a photograph. From your self-descriptions, you must be two very pretty young women; but we can suggest to you no way of finding out whether you would be available for photoplay work, except that of applying in person at one of the studios.

The duo sat a moment in rapt silence—then fell into each other's arms.

"Oh, joy, he isn't married!" screamed Irene.

"And we've got his address!" shrilled Mona. "And it says he'll send us a picture."

"Maybe he'll answer, too." Irene drew a deep breath of bliss. "Just think, Mona, of the *possibilities!* We must write the letter so he'll realize we're very unusual girls." "D'you s'pose he would get us into the pictures. Irene?"

"Why not? They say Beverly Bayne and Edna Purviance were just school-girls like us."

"Shoot! Los Angeles is such a long ways off! I was hoping it'd be New York or Chicago; then mebbe we could meet him personally."

"Don't worry," solaced Irene sagely. "Siberia isn't too far off, if you really get a man going. But we must settle right down and write this letter. We'll put in a dollar between us; then he'll just have to send us a dandy picture. And we'll write it on that swell lavender linen of yours; then he'll just have to answer."

Mona opened her writing-case, and in half an hour the room was a litter of rejected pens and note-paper. The girls were just finishing up a final draft when an exasperated voice called from the foot of the stairway: "Mona Wendell, I told you to put the potatoes on at five o'clock!"

Mona sprang at once to the keyhole; Irene hastily dumped the magazines into a shirtwaist-box. "I forgot all about it, Mother. Irene's here and we're plugging French. But I'll be right down now and set the table."

"Hurry, dear, or she'll come up." Mona held a candle over the wax, while Irene stamped a flamboyant lavender seal. "There!" she cried. "I guess that's as elegant a letter as Mr. Oakleigh ever received in his life."

"I RENE, how are we ever going to get to the Bijou, Saturday? Mamma says I simply have to go shopping with Aunt Carrie. And she makes me so mortified. She's a regular country-Jane—hauls everything over, and then goes back four times to see if she can't get it cheaper."

"And Papa's found out the name of this film is 'The Price of Sin,' and he's made an awful fuss and says I'm not to go 'under any consideration, young lady!' "Irene pulled down her mouth and mimicked her estimable parent.

"But we've positively got to see it in the evening, dear. There's the thrillingest lobby picture where he rescues the leading lady from the 'Maison Dorée.'"

"Well, I s'pose Will and Harold'd take us."

"Will telephoned, and I told him I'd call him later."

"Oh, pshaw, I wish we could go alone! The boys are always guying us so about Mr. Oakleigh."

"But we can't. Mother's read the Ladies' Companion till she'd sell her soul rather than let me out Saturday night without an escort."

"We'll tell the folks we're going to Jessie Stover's graphophone party. It'll be in this evening's *Sentinel* as a class affair, so they'll never suspect anything."

"Unless Ed goes and gives me away," lamented Mona. "He's the limit, if you don't bribe him—and bribes are so expensive."

"If I had a brother like him that was a regular devil," said Irene, "I'd get something on him and hold it over him; and then I'd see what he'd tell on me. So long, dear. I'll telephone the boys we'll meet them at the Bon Ton at seven-thirty."

Irene's father was due at lodge and ate his beefsteak supper downtown. But Mona didn't fare so well. "I'm going to squeal," said Ed. "I bet you're headed for the Bijou to-night. You and Irene are a couple of soft simps. It's all over the high school how bugs you are on that picture actor. I'm giving you the wise that you'll get the boys in your crowd sore. Besides, it aint respectable, and I'd ought to tell the old man."

"All right," snapped Mona, fired by her noble schoolmate's advice, "you just tell him, and I'll tell him who took the money out of Mamma's missionary box to pay his poker debts and who was boozed on hard cider out at Bowlder Hill the night of your Club push!"

"You're a story! I never went near her old missionary box!" declared Ed handily—though he blushed. "But I wont tell on you this time, if you'll sew those numerals on my basketball shirt next week."

So it fell out that at the supper table Ed seconded Mona's plea for the graphophone party. "Talking-machines are so instructive, Father," said Mona



"But we must settle right down and write this letter. We'll put in a dollar between us; then he'll just have to send us a dandy picture. And we'll write it on that swell lavender linen of yours; then he'll just have to answer." Mona opened her writing-case, and in half an hour the room was a litter of rejected pens and note-paper.

demurely. "And Jessie has all classical things, like 'Old Black Joe,' and 'The Blue Danube,' and we'll probably have some refreshments about nine-thirty and finish up with a few hymns, wont we, Ed?"

"Sure!" giggled Ed, "—if you mean h-i-m-s! Say, I have to go downtown awhile and see a man from the Quarry that's going to buy my bull-pup. I'll bring you home that new washer for the

kitchen pump, Mom."

Thus were lubricated the wheels of youthful society. Mrs. Wendell put in a weak protest. "Mona, I told you not to make any arrangements for the last of the week. I thought we'd all stay at home to-night and have a little family party and a game of anagrams for Aunt Carrie."

"Don't mind me," protested Aunt Carrie. "I'm tired, shopping. I guess I'll go to bed right after supper, any-

way."

"Mona, if you don't begin pretty soon heeding what your mother tells you, you wont have any nights out with your playmates at all," boomed her father sententiously.

These little warnings were more familiar to Mona than her a-b-c's. She jabbed a near-sapphire bodkin into her

gloves and made a hasty exit.

The boys were waiting at the Bon Ton, and Irene and Mona insinuated a box of chocolates out of them, as well as a Melba sundae. But their eyening at the picture show began inauspiciously. Will and Harold wanted to sit in pairs, while the girls insisted on stringing out four in a row with themselves in the middle. "So you can rave about that big Oakleigh stiff!" grumped Will.

And the first reel was scarcely under way before they justified his prophecy. "Oh, Mona," gurgled Irene, "isn't he the stunningest ever in evening clothes!"

"There, Will, I told you you boys were a lot of boobs, wearing black ties with dress suits in the Glee Club!"

"Don't it fit him, though, just like paper on the wall?"

"I think he has the most athletic fig-

"For heaven's sakes," complained Harold, "why don't you marry the guy!"

"Shut up, Irene," nudged Will. "Everybody's looking at us."

"Oh, shut up, yourself! Find me another one of those brandied cherries, there's a honey-boy."

"Irene-"

"What, dear?"

"Doesn't it just make your heart ache when she wont let him kiss her?"

"I bet, in real life, she's dippy about him. Look, she has on one of those new pannier gowns! What'd you say, Harold?"

"I said, if the committee decides to have that Junior dance a week from Friday, will you girls help decorate the hall, and—"

"Gracious Anne, no! Don't bother me. I'm trying to look at this picture."

Harold subsided; but the boys exchanged rebellious glances. The girls' raptures increased until, at the big fight in the Maison Dorée, Mona let out a squeal of excitement.

"For Pete's sake, Mona, can that

cackle!" scowled Will.

"But look, he's scrapping 'em all at once!"

Irene and Mona hung onto each other thrillily. "Don't it make you so excited, dear, you could just die!"

"Glory, he's knocked down those three policemen, and he's taking her out the balcony window! Isn't he the strongest

thing!

"Strong—nothing!" Harold's sophomoric lip curled. "Why, that baby-doll couldn't give our little geometry prof' the count! His stuff's faked. They just hire a few ginks to stand up there and fall down every time he taps 'em."

"Why, Harold Springer, it's not a fake!" championed Mona. "He's as strong as an ox. I read in an interview where he takes boxing lessons every day,

and-"

"Huh, I guess he boxes his shadow. Well, the darned old thing's nearly through, anyway. In two minutes he'll marry the girl; then we can go on down to Jess Stover's and have a regular time. What d'you say?"

"Jess Stover's—nothing! And hear her scratchy old records! We're going to stay right here and see this grand

film again."

"Aw, quit kiddin' us and come on. They're making a batch of saltwater taffy down at Jess's to-night, and we'll just be in time to help 'em pull."

"Go on, yourselves, if you're so crazy

about it!" snapped Irene.

"All right, we will. I don't want to sit through that big stiff again." And with a mutual wink, the boys reached suddenly for their hats and left the

Bijou.

"Oh, Irene, don't let them go! Listen, Will!" Mona started up, conscience-stricken; but Irene put out her foot and barred the aisle. "Sit down, you goose! They just wanted to go out and smoke a cigarette. They'll be hanging around, all right, when the show's over. Sit down, honey; they're darkening the house again. Help me count, this time. I think Mr. Oakleigh wears eleven different suits in this picture. Wouldn't you just die to kiss that dimple in his chin!"

They returned to their raptures and the remains of the chocolates. It was ten-twenty when they came out of the Bijou. But the boys were not "hanging around."

"Well, if that isn't the coolest!" gaped Irene.

"I'll bet they're mad." Mona's voice was almost tearful. "And now they'll start going again with Margie and Jess Stover."

"Good riddings, if they haven't any more manners than—"

"But how'll we get home?"

"Why, take the car, of course. And if the porch lights're out, nobody'll know they didn't come with us. Listen, honey; what do you say we bob our hair and wear a velvet band like Mrs. Vernon Castle? Ian Oakleigh's leading woman does."

"HOW soon will Mr. Oakleigh

That was the daily question on their lips. They went to the post -office and learned that they were five days, by mail, from Los Angeles. "Of course we mustn't expect to hear too soon," reasoned Mona. "He's so popular—he must get just scads of mail."

"I know," argued Irene, "but a lot

of it's probably just common: from crazy chambermaids and silly widows and people like that. I think he'll answer our letter, honey, soon as he opens it."

But three weeks passed without word from the Coast; then one Saturday morning Irene grabbed a flat packet from the postman and rushed to the 'phone: "Oh, Mona, the pictures have come! And they're the most magnificent things—great big ones—in a sport shirt—with an open throat—and his tie in a sailor's knot—and written across the bottom, 'Most sincerely, Ian Oakleigh.' You didn't get a letter, did you?"

"Yes, and it's perfectly-"

"Glory! I'm coming right down."

A half-hour later they were snuggled into Mona's window-seat with the precious missive between them. Ian Oakleigh wrote:

My dear Pembina Friends:

I am sorry to have been so long in replying to your gratifying note; but I receive a great many letters and I always try to answer them in turn. I am sending you two stills of myself, which I hope will please you. No, that ride was not faked in 'A dash for Honor.' The auto went over the bridge and I was in it. So you like me best in society rôles. I am sorry to disappoint you, but they are not my favorites. I prefer 'scripts that allow me to appear as a common, everyday sort of person. Of course I should like to meet you personally; but as that is not possible, I shall try to improve every opportunity for seeing my friends as frequently and faithfully as I can, on the screen.

Very sincerely yours, IAN OAKLEIGH.

"Isn't it grand!" cooed Mona.

"And it opens up possibilities for everything!"

"He even picked out the pictures we wanted."

"And he's so modest about his society parts."

"And he calls us his friends, honey!"
"I guess that'll show some of those high-school cats whether we're bugs about picture actors or they're bugs about us!"

Mona reread the letter for the *nth* time. "But he doesn't say anything about getting us into the movies."

"Of course, he wouldn't in his first.

And you remember, we didn't ask him—just hinted. Maybe he didn't even notice. I'm perfectly satisfied. But now it's up to us, Miss Wendell, to write him a real letter that's a work of art."

They locked the door, propped the pictures on Mona's dresser as an inspiration and got out a fresh litter of pens, lavender paper and sealing-wax. It was almost supper-time when they finished the epistle. Both convoyed it to the mail-box at the corner and kissed it good-by. Seventeen days later, they figured, would be the logical time to expect an answer.

Meanwhile their present glory was sufficient. They took their trophies to school. Under dire oaths of secrecy, they exhibited the photographs, in the girls' cloakroom, to a favored few. And when she had gathered an envious group about her, Irene let them read Ian Oakleigh's missive, line by line, with the envelope as a guide; but when they came to the clause, "Of course I should like to meet you personally," she gave a tantalizing smile and whisked the paper into her shirtwaist. "I can't let you see the rest," she explained. "It's too intimate."

"And too complimentary," supplemented Mona.

As an outcome of this maneuver the two recipients gained vastly in prestige, local masculine charms were at a discount and every leading man's mail from Hollywood to Fort Lee was flooded appreciations from Pembina damsels. But as most of the writers were endowed neither with the brains of Mona nor the bravery of Irene, the results were not satisfactory: a perfunctory typewritten note or two and a few unsigned cabinet photographs. In spite of itself, a jealous high school began to believe that the girls were "in right" with the movies.

They took no notice of the defection of Will and Harold, bobbed their hair, sat every Saturday afternoon in the front rows of the picture house and encouraged the insidious impression that, immediately upon graduation, they were scheduled to make their screen débuts. The manager of the Bijou declared openly that they were more beautiful than the Gish sisters.

BUT even fame needs fuel, and Ian Oakleigh's second letter was two weeks overdue when, one Sabbath afternoon, Irene came dashing wildly into Mona's boudoir, with a copy of an Ebbettsville Sunday paper in her hand.

"Mona Wendell, you old sleepy-head, wake up! I've got the grandest surprise for you! Of course Mr. Oakleigh couldn't answer our letter. He isn't in Los Angeles any more. He's traveling across the country. He's coming through Ebbettsville, and—"

"When? When is it! Where?"

Mona snatched the paper, and Irene sank down upon the bed in a spasm of excitement, pointing to an advertisement of Ebbettsville's Odalisk, which coyly admitted itself to be "the most palatial picture house in the Middle West:"

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! ODALISE PATRONS, ATTENTION!

In addition to the regular matinée, on Saturday afternoon next, we offer Mr. Ian Oakleigh, Pinnacle Leading Man and International Screen Idol!

Mr. Oakleigh will positively be here in person and deliver an informal address to the house. His transcontinental tour includes only the largest cities; but as a personal favor to the Odalisk's manager, he has consented to appear in Ebbettsville and to receive upon the stage, after the performance, such of his admirers as may care to greet him.

FOR ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY!
COME EARLY, IF YOU WANT A SEAT!

"Oh, Irene,"—Mona devoured the announcement with envious eyes,—"if we could only go!"

"We will go."

"How can we, dear? It's an hour beyond Middleburg on the train, and the folks'd never let us."

"That doesn't make any difference, honey. We've simply got to see Ian Oakleigh." She paused impressively. "Our whole future lives may depend on it."

"But there'll be just scads of people! Would he know us?"

"As soon as we tell him we're the Pembina girls, he will. And he can look us over and see that we'll make good screen types. And then we'll give him an opportunity to ask us out to supper, and if we make a good impression, Mona Wendell, maybe he'll get us into the Pinnacle Company right away!"

"Gracious Anne!" gasped Mona, staggered with the splendor of her possibilities. "But — but didn't that answer man say you had to apply at the studios

to get a job?"

"That," explained Irene, "is just polite bluff they hand out to discourage people that haven't any talent. Motion pictures are just like everything else: what you have to have is a drag."

"Have you thought up how we'll man-

age it?"

"No, but it's easy," assured Irene, assuming her best ways-and-means expression. "Let me see. We'll let the folks think we've gone up to Middleburg to spend the day with May Martin. She hasn't any 'phone, so, if they get suspicious, they can't track us. Then we'll come down on the six o'clock train, just as if we were getting home from May's."

"But the fares?" Mona dumped her patent-leather purse ruefully in her lap. "I've only got sixty-nine cents."

"Fhat," frowned Irene, "'ll be harder. I guess I'll have to take the five dollars I was saving up for lace on my commencement dress."

"But I haven't anything saved."

"Well, doesn't your Aunt Carrie give you a dollar every birthday for every year old you are? Coax it out of her now, before she goes home—for lab' fees, or something."

"I-I hate to, dear. She'll think I

have an awful nerve."

"We've got to have an awful nerve if we want to get up to Ebbettsville!"

"Do you believe he really will get us in, dear?" Mona's blue eyes melted into a rosy haze of the future, and she threw her arms impetuously about her friend's waist. "And do you s'pose they'd let us work in Mr. Oakleigh's company? I'm just dying to see him and find out whether his dimple's real or if he puts it on with his make-up!"

"WELL, honey, we're on our way!"
"Did you have any trouble at the house?"

"No; Dad went downtown early this

morning. Did you?"

"Did I!" giggled Mona. "Ed nearly quizzed the life out of me. I think he's wise there's something coming off." "What do we care now!"

"Aren't we awfully extravagant, Irene, taking a parlor car?" Mona settled back in her chair with a luxurious sigh. "I've never traveled this way before in my life."

"No, we're not," assured Irene. "We're both ladies, and we ought to travel like ladies. I think that Cavalieri brunette powder's just perfectly levely! It doesn't show too much, does it, dear?"

"No, not too much," examined Mona. "I got the lip-stick, but I've been afraid to use it. And what d'you think: Mamma found it on my dresser yesterday and asked me, 'What's this?' and I said, 'A crayon I have to color maps with,' and she said, 'Well, you oughtn't to leave them lying around.' Imagine—coloring maps in the high school! She's such a silly; she believes everything you tell her. We wont get lost in Ebbetts-ville, will we, finding the theater?"

"You poor babe in the woods! Wasn't I there at the Grand Hotel two days last summer with Papa at the lumbermen's convention? Here comes the candy boy. Let's get all the movie magazines and see if there are any pictures of Mr. Oakleigh in, this month."

Irene bought the new Screen Magazine and a Film Mirror, and soon lost herself in the gossip of the studios; but to Mona a three-hour ride in a parlor car was too much of an event for even

picture-play literature.

Arrived in Ebbettsville, the girls ate a hasty lunch at the depot, and remembering the advertisement's injunction to "come early, if you want a seat," made at once for the Odalisk. The lobby was already jammed, with two house policemen on duty. In the waiting crowd they heard a good many startling things about Ian Oakleigh, from the nonchalant assurance that he had once been a haberdasher's clerk in Ebbettsville, to the solemn asseveration that he was a married man with a grown-up daughter in boarding-school!

"Oh, Irene," quavered Mona, "do you

s'pose he is married?"

"Lies! Just like they're always telling about Charlie Chaplin."

"Look at this mob! We'll never get a seat down front." "Wont we, little one! When they open the doors, you just hang onto my belt and see."

Irene hadn't spent two seasons in the Pembina girls' basketball team for nothing. Among the first hundred in the house, they secured places in the second row and spent the half-hour before the show began in detailing gowns and gossip.

Of course the feature film was a Pinnacle subject; but here a disappointment awaited them. The Odalisk ran "A Dash for Honor."

"Oh, shoot!" cried Mona; "we've seen that twice before!"

"Probably," Irene excused, "he hasn't any new release this week, and they think they're giving people enough for their money, anyway."

But a fat lady behind them voiced their own sentiments when she exclaimed: "Good Lord, Lizzie, have we gotta sit here all afternoon and look at these dumb pictures, when it's the real fellah we wanta see!"

It was, however, considerably after four o'clock when the Odalisk's best drop descended with an imposing swish and Ian Oakleigh appeared upon the stage. When the house had melted to him with a thunder of gasps and Ah's, he began his speech-which was obviously for him a difficult performance. He flipped his gloves back and forth in his hands and fingered his watch-fob nervously; but his grammar was proofread and his smile impeccable. He told a little of his stock experience and a little of his film beginnings, assured the house that a great future was in store for motion pictures, complimented Ebbettsville upon having such a magnificent photoplay palace, thanked the Pinnacle Company for permitting him to make a transcontinental tour, the local manager for allowing him to address his patrons, and the patrons themselves for their kind attention and applause. By this time the audience was in a delightful tumult of neck-craning and handclapping. He gave them one last silent moment for the gratification of their curiosity, then bowed deeply and retired.

The two hero worshipers from Pembina sat with hands interlocked. "Wasn't he divine!" whispered Irene.
"Yes—but, Irene, he isn't nearly as
tall as I thought, and he's so dark he's
almost swarthy."

"Why, Mona Wendell, I think he's a perfectly splendid Spanish type! And I s'pose it's having those tiny leading women that's always made him seem so tall."

"He—he didn't say anything about getting into the pictures."

"Of course he wouldn't—to the general public. Listen, they're making an announcement about the reception. The audience is to go up now through that stage box on the right."

"Laws, Irene, I can't think of a thing to say to him! Shall we start?"

"In all that jam! How could he talk to us? We'll wait till the last fifteen or twenty."

"But we'll miss our train, wont we?"
"Mona Wendell, will you shut up and wait! We've put too much into this trip to let it frazzle out now."

THERE were five hundred women in the Odalisk, and every one wanted to shake Ian Oakleigh's hand at once. But the crowding was finally over; Irene straightened her gold locket and Mona powdered her nose for the last time, and they stumbled through the dark passage behind the stage box and—stood face to face with the hero of their dreams.

"You go first!" whispered Irene, giving Mona a push.

But before the altar of her idol, Mona was stricken dumb. She could only rest her tiny birdlike fingers a moment in the leading man's big hand and hold her fascinated eyes upon his dimple.

. But with Irene, there was no sacrificing the crucial moment to impressionism. "How do you do, Mr. Oakleigh?" she said in her best society voice. "Those pictures you sent us were lovely! We've always enjoyed watching your work so much."

"Thank you," said the Pinnacle's star simply, with a shop-worn smile and voice a little weary.

Irene held his restive gaze with her own dark eyes and drew Mona gently to her side. "We're the two Pembina girls that wrote you," she said impress-

"Oh yes, I-I remember." He was looking over their heads into the darkened house. "I'm glad you liked the

"It was awfully nice of you to say you'd like to meet us personally. Wewe'll be in town the rest of the day-"

Irene paused hopefully. Here was Mr. Oakleigh's chance to ask them out to supper; but his face became only a puzzled blank. "I'm always glad," he said formally, "to meet any of my motion-picture friends."

Behind the girls an impatient woman coughed. A man in an auto-coat stepped forward from a waiting group beyond the actor and said in a stage whisper: "Choke this off, Oakleigh! We've got to get to the Athletic Club by six

o'clock."

Irene's heart fluttered with impending dread. She cleared her throat sharply. "Perhaps you didn't get our last letter, Mr. Oakleigh. We've been thinking of going into pictures. So many of our friends tell us we are the right screen type. We thought, if you knew of any opening with the Pinnacle-we're hard workers, Mr. Oakleigh-and we'd just love to be in your company."

"I'm sorry," said Ian Oakleigh crisply, "but I haven't anything to do with hiring my company. The directors

engage all our people."

There came another cough from behind, accompanied this time by a shove that sent Irene stumbling; and when she recovered herself Mr. Oakleigh was already assuring a giggly Amazon with a bird-of-paradise hat that he was "always glad" to meet his "motion-picture friends."

The girls exchanged abysmal glances -then crept back to the front of the house. Mona was on the edge of tears: "Just think, Irene, here we've spent all this money, and he didn't even recognize us, and he can't help us into pictures, and-"

"Mona Wendell, don't you dare to

"But we'll miss our train!" Mona's eyes were already streaming. what'll our folks say?"

"Mona, will you stop this minute! A lady doesn't bawl in public-ever, not even if her heart is breaking."

THUS shamed, Mona stanched her disappointment and hurried after Irene onto a depot car. When they reached the tracks, the gateman was swinging his ticket-punch nonchalantly before a closed wicket. "The Pembina train hasn't gone?" panted Mona.

"Yes ma'am-five minutes ago." "When is the next one?"-in alarm.

"Theater accommodation, at eleven o'clock."

They turned away in chagrin.

"Eleven o'clock!" whimpered Mona. "Why, we wouldn't get home till one! And our people'd all be in bed. What'll we do, Irene? What shall we do?"

"Why, we wont go home," said Irene stoutly. "That'd give everything away, you goose! We'll stay all night at a hotel here and go down on the morning train, just as if we'd stopped over with May."

"A hotel!" Mona had never spent a half-dozen nights away from home in her life. "Why, I'd be scared to, Irene! Can't we go on down to May's to-

night?"

"And rout her up at midnight? And have it all over town in the morning? I guess not! We'll stay here. And Mona Wendell, if you start crying again, I'll leave you right on this spot and never speak to you again as long as I live!"

"Oh, dear, dear," wailed Mona, "if you're going to turn on me too, and be horrid, I just wish I was dead!"

Irene relented and put her arm about her friend's waist. "Come on in to the lunch counter," she said bravely, "and

we'll get something to eat."

They bought two ham sandwiches apiece and a cup of coffee-then found they had three dollars in funds between them. "Now," said Irene, "we'll find that Grand Hotel where I stayed with Papa at the lumbermen's convention."

"Let's walk," said Mona; "it's just a couple streets over there to the lights."

But the center of town proved elusive, and they had finally to take a car; and when they reached the hotel, they paced

Before th leadin



Before the altar of her idol, Mona was stricken dumb. She could only rest her tiny birdlike fingers a moment in the leading man's big hand and hold her fascinated eyes upon his dimple. But with Irene, there was no sacrificing the crucial moment to impressionism. "How do you do, Mr. Oakleigh?" she said in her best society voice. "Those pictures you sent us were lovely! We've always enjoyed watching your work so much."

up and down before the lobby a dozen times before they could screw up courage to go in. It was almost nine when Irene led the way through the big storm-door, past a grinning porter, to the desk. "Please," she said, "we want a room for the night. Something that isn't expensive."

A trio of traveling salesmen poised their cigars knowingly in air, as the clerk looked up in doubtful surprise. "You're from 'The Pleasures of Paris' company?" he asked.

"No," replied Irene, mystified.

"Baggage?"

"We-we haven't any."

"I—I'm sorry," he said slowly, "but I'm afraid the house is full up to-night." Irene's face went white. The traveling men were crowding closer. She felt suddenly as if every eye in the big, tile-lined lobby was turned upon her. "Please," she blushed, "can't you give us something? We're strangers here, and we don't know where to go."

The clerk looked dubiously at their bobbed hair, brunette powder and brave array of jewelry. "I'm sorry, but we

can't accommodate you."

Mona saw an older man, with a kindly face, step out from the cashier's cage toward the desk; but while he was conferring with the clerk, a flashy-looking drummer in a loud-checked suit accosted Irene: "What's the matter, kiddo? Wont they give you a room? Never mind. I know a place you can get in. Private house. Friend of mine. Treat you like a mother—"

The girls turned and fled through the nearest exit.

"Will he follow us?" whispered Mona in dismay as the night wind struck their pale faces.

"No, silly, he was just fresh!" raged Irene. But she ran, nevertheless, with Mona to the corner.

"I think they had rooms, the way that man looked at us. Why wouldn't they give us any?"

"Maybe we'd ought to have gone in the ladies' entrance."

"Well, I wouldn't stay there, anyway

"Shall I try another one?" asked Irene dubiously.

"No, no!" Mona peered down the shadowy, wind-swept street, her fancy momentarily recruiting a regiment of terrors. She was no longer an elegant young lady on a romantic adventure, but a frightened little girl a long way from home. "I want to go back to Pembina to-night.""

"Very well, honey,"—with secret relief,—"we'll take that theater accommo-

dation."

IT was almost an empty train from Ebbettsville, but it filled rapidly with late Saturday traders and country sports from the saloons and billiard parlors on the way to their nearest water-tank. There was no chair-car, and Mona and Irene shrank into a corner of the last coach. When the gruff old conductor took their tickets, he looked at them sharply. "How d'ye do, Miss Wendell," he said. "Aren't you girls out rather late to-night?"

"I guess not," answered Irene glibly.
"We've just been seeing off some relatives of Mona's mother's that left for the East, and we missed the six o'clock

train."

Mona looked at her friend in awe. "Lordy, Irene, how can you tell such splendid lies! I can always think of the wildest things; but when I go to say 'em, they—stick in my throat."

"I never lie," reproved Irene severely.
"I just—say things that are expedient.

Sometimes a person has to."

Mona closed her eyes wretchedly. She was desperately tired, but she could not sleep. With every whirr of the wheels, she kept thinking. "He didn't even remember us! What will they say at home?" Dire contrast was their ignominious return to Irene's complacent prophecy of the morning: "When we're leading ladies for the Pinnacle, we'll ride in Pullmans all the time."

"Mona," said Irene artlessly, "did you hear what Ian Oakleigh said when that horrid man in the auto-coat whispered to him about the Athletic Club?"

"Yes. He said: 'Thank the Lord, it's almost over! George, I'd never have remembered we played the Standard Oil circuits together, if I'd known you'd let me in for this.' Irene, d'you s'pose

that woman in the velvet suit, talking there by the wings, could have been his wife?"

"I guess, as likely as not." Her thin lips met in a bitter line. "I wish those

boys'd quit staring at us."

Two young fellows across the way had been ogling them ever since they left Middleburg. Every few minutes the one nearest the aisle leaned out and clucked in a loud whisper: "Chick, chick, chick, chick—chicken!" Now they got up and went to the water-cooler for a drink. Most of the seats were turned back to back, and as they came down the car, they tried to push in across from Mona and Irene. Irene blocked them with her foot.

"Hello, kid," said the one who had called to them; "seen you up in the

picture show, didn't I?"

Irene glared at him stonily.
"Come on, take your foot down and let us in. We got as much right to sit here as anywhere."

She was bracing herself to resist, when his companion pulled him away with a loud guffaw. "Let 'em alone. They're only a couple of quinces, anyway."

Trembling like a leaf, Mona shrank back against the window. "Oh, Irene, I'm just sick! What makes strange men so nasty after night, anyway? They aren't a bit like our high-school boys. I just wish Ed was here to lick them."

Irene did not reply. She felt herself above insult from a tipsy farm-hand in a celluloid collar; but the drummer in the Grand Hotel was different. wished now she hadn't used that brunette powder nor worn her French-gray boots. How superiorly she had sneered the other morning when prudish old Tiddy McGuire had said to the juniors in their Monday class in manners: "Remember, a young girl's reputation hangs by a very frail thread. None of you can afford to take chances. And every time you dress immodestly, behave conspicuously or go out in the evening without a chaperon, you are taking chances." Poor old Tiddy! Perhaps she was right.

A trainman in a blue uniform came down the aisle. He stopped before them awkwardly and lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I guess you know me. You've ridden up to Middleburg with me often. It's too bad you missed your early train. If you'll wait a minute after we pull in, I'll see that you get home safe."

"Thanks!" Irene tossed her head at him. "But we don't know you, and we can get home all right ourselves!"

"Why didn't you let him?" pleaded Mona as he disappeared with a flustered bow. "I'm sure he *blushed* like a gentleman. I've heard he's the conductor's nephew, or something."

"I guess if he is a gentleman," snapped Irene, "he'll never speak to us

again."

They never knew that, at the gruff conductor's request, he shadowed them in safety beyond Railroad Street.

AT the public square their ways parted.
Mona took a frenzied glance down
the dark, forbidding lane of trees. "Oh,
Irene, I'm scared stiff!"

"You just run, honey, and if you see anybody following you, holler!"

"But what'll I say to the folks? They'll be simply wild!"

"Mona Wendell, I can't be saving your life all the time! Say the first thing that comes into your head: that May had a late supper and you missed the train; or there was sickness in the house and you thought you'd better come home—anything! Now run, honey, and you'll be all right. I'll 'phone you tomorrow. Good night."

Mona ran as if the devil were pursuing. When she turned the last streetcorner her heart gave a thump as she saw a light in the library window. A moment later she burst through the hall door. Her father was pacing the floor; her mother sat weeping in a rockingchair, while Ed stood twirling his cap before the mantelpiece. "Hullo, Miss Wendell!" he greeted her. "You better get home! Where've you been? You're a nice one! Got the folks crazier'n bugs, till just now Mom made me go downtown and telephone; and they sent a messenger and routed out May Martin, and she says you haven't been there at all. And now Dad says mebbe you're kidnaped, and he's going to call in the police-"

"Oh, Mamma!" Mona gave one tired little scream, edged toward a couch, and —fainted in her brother's arms.

When they had revived her, they plied her alternately with tea, scoldings and kisses until, between remorseful sobs, she told the whole miserable story.

"So you thought you'd go into motion pictures, did you?" guyed Ed. "Well, we've had motion pictures right here ever since midnight! This is what you get, throwing down your own crowd for a big stiff that never knew you were living!"

"Edward," boomed out his father, "tonight Mona isn't in any condition—"

"Oh, well, I only meant it for her own good," apologized Ed; and he gathered Mona in his arms and carried her up to bed. "To-night they're darn glad to get you back, Sis," he consoled; "but to-morrow you'll get the devil. Though you've made a blamed little fool of yourself, I'll stand up for you to Dad, and I will say this: you and Irene are a couple of game birds!"

Mona crept in between the covers to a night of—consequences. She had made a little fool of herself—brought on one of her mother's sick headaches, precipitated an ultimatum from her father: "No more picture shows for you for a year, young lady!" and given Ed a brotherly opportunity to make her the laughing-stock of the high school. For the real disappointment of the day she had no tears remaining.

But Irene was cast in a different mold. She walked home,—swiftly, but she walked,—tried the front door and then rang the bell. The housekeeper opened it, in her nightcap, with a flurry of questions and reproaches. Irene pushed her aside and hurried through the sitting-room toward the stairs. Her father sat by the burnt-out grate with a black cigar

between his teeth. There was usually betwixt them an electric spark of understanding or antagonism. To-night it was antagonism. He looked sharply at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Well, Irene, what does this mean?"

"Nothing, Father, except Mona and I went visiting, like I told you—and missed the train."

"Nothing!" He got up angrily. "To come home at one o'clock in the morning! Humph, we'll have to look into this."

"Now please don't be severe with her," interposed the housekeeper; "my nerves wont stand it. If you missed the train, dear, why didn't you stay all night and telephone us? Or you could—"

Irene sprang up the stairs and turned fiercely upon the landing. "Don't you dare touch me!" she screamed. "Don't you dare say a word to me, either of you, or I'll holler till the neighbors think you're killing me!"

She faced them a moment defiantly—then rushed into her room and locked the door. She took off one boot and threw it into the farthest corner of her closet; then she sat down on the edge of the bed, with her head in her hands, and thought her way tearlessly through the day's disasters.

When the little china clock on her dressing-table struck two, she got up, went over to her writing-desk and took out her picture of Ian Oakleigh. She studied it a moment grimly, under the full glare of her lamp. "Ian Oakleigh," she said, "you're a stuck-up, conceited old thing that didn't care two pins about us, and I'll never go to another one of your films again as long as I live! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" And she tore the photograph into a hundred pieces and threw them into her pink-rib-boned waste-basket.

Youth had lost its first illusion.

All in the next
—the September—issue, on
the news-stands
August 23rd.

Hallie Erminie Rives, Peter B. Kyne, Harold Mac-Grath, Cosmo Hamilton, Albert Payson Terhune, Ida M. Evans, Frank Froest, Maria Thompson Daviess and others equally noted.

The Red Book is setting the pace in the magazine world



We consider this the best short story Norman Duncan ever wrote.

White Water

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

HERE had been a murder at Sunshine Tickle. It was still a mystery. Sunshine Tickle was terrified and subdued. Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew, the Sunshine trader,-found dead in his office, in a black pool of his own blood, with his bald head broken open and his face contorted in a way to make the flesh of a man's back creep with horror,-was buried. A week had gone by; nobody was in custody; nobody was suspectednobody above anybody else. As a matter of fact, if threats are sound. presumptive evidence, anybody at Sunshine Tickle, with strength enough to wield the blunt instrument supposed to have been involved in the affair, might have killed Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew. For Pinch-a-Penny Paul, the only trader at Sunshine Tickle, with his shop and overflowing storehouses, his ugly greed and harsh talk of short rations in a famine season, had tempted every decent man of the place to the deed. An exasperated hatred of the unfeeling old extortioner had provoked the murder; there was no other conceivable motive; somebody had struck the man down in a fit of anger. Apprehended, however, the murderer, whoever he was, whatever

By Norman Duncan

the provocation, would be hanged by the neck at St. John's in due time.

It was held that Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew's miserly oppression might have overcome even a good man's piety:

"'Twas no rogue that slew un."

"No-no thief."

"No tellin' who done it."

"A church-member-maybe."

"Small blame to the poor man!"

"They'll hang un, anyhow."

"Aye."

"'Tis a sad pity!"

"Ah, well, 'tis the law o' the land. The man that killed Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew must hang."

"If he's cotched."

"They'll cotch un."

"A vast pity!"

"Mm-hm."

"The man that hides un-"

"Isn't nobody goin' to hide un."

"Mm-hm."

"Poor man!"

CHARLIE MALONE, constable of the Newfoundland Police, dispatched north from St. John's in haste to solve

the mystery and take the criminal, landed from the mail-boat at Shout Harbor, the nearest port of call, and cast about for a craft to carry him on. It was then mid-afternoon of a drenched, gray day; and the weather promised a foul passage of the twelve wet miles from Shout Harbor to Sunshine Tickle. Beyond the heads of Shout Harbor, the sea was running high, as Constable Charlie knew well enough, who had come in from the open-a swelling sea, black in the drab weather, with fog abroad and half a gale whipping up the white horses. It would trouble a skiff with a double reef; it would drown a punt-smother a punt in her own white dust. Constable Charlie was heartened to discover the outline and gray bulk of a launch in the harbor fog-a sportsman's motor-boat, perhaps, but subject, at any rate, to requisition in the King's name; and as the urgency of his business required haste, he determined to put King's command on the owner and go reasonably to Sunshine Tickle.

As he turned from his survey of the harbor, Constable Charlie was accosted by a strapping fellow with the look of an engineer and the dialect of an out-

port fisherman.

"Is you the Constable?"

"I am."

"Sunshine Tickle?"

"Ave."

A glance about—a step nearer—a whisper in the Constable's ear:

"Murder?"

"That's it."

"Very good. I'm your man. I've come for you."

"Hail from Sunshine?"

"Boy an' man. Name o' Croft, sir. They calls me Toot-Toot Toby."

"What you got-a skiff?"

"Me? No sir—not me! I isn't in sail no more." Toot-Toot Toby pointed to the gray bulk in the harbor fog. "That's my boat," said he.

"Own her?"

"Prop'ty o' the late lamented Mr. Paul Grew, sir. I'm the engineer."

"Motor-boat?"

"Sir?"

"Gasoline?"

Toot-Toot Toby fixed Constable Charlie with a convincing eye. "That's a steamboat," said he.

"Is she able?"

"She's stout an' she's able."

"Will she weather what's outside?"

"She would if compelled."



"All right," said Constable Charlie briskly. "That's all I want to know. 'Tis past four o'clock. We'll get under way."

"The day?"
"Why not?"

"'Tis not civil weather."

"But you said-"

"I said she'd weather what's outside, sir. I think she might. Maybe not the big open, sir, but jus' what lies between here an' Sunshine Tickle. No—not the big open. I'd not like t' try it. No sir—not me! Still an' all, if it blows no worse, she'd make a lusty fight for life even there. What she might not do, sir, is round Steeple Head. I 'low you isn't heared nothin' about the Boilin' Pot in your travels?"

"I've not sailed these parts." Toot-Toot Toby grinned.

"I 'low not," said he. "The Boilin' Pot is the long shallow off Steeple Head. It runs far out to sea. She'd never live to dodge round it. 'Twould be run it or perish. An' in a nor'east gale o' wind, the Boilin' Pot—"

"'Tis not blowing a gale."

"Blowin' high, sir."
"'Tis blowing small measure for half a gale."

"Hark!"

They listened to the wind. It sang over the hills of Shout Harbor.

"Blowin' up, sir."

"Pt! A breeze! I've just come in from it."

"Jumpin' up from the nor'east, sir. Hark to the sea, sir! 'Tis vicious."

"Would she founder?"

"I'm not sayin' she would. I'm sayin' she might."

"Well, then-"

"We'll bide in harbor, sir."

"What's this?" Constable Charlie demanded suspiciously. "Bide in harbor? 'Tis a queer thing for an outport skipper—"

"'Tis wisdom."

Constable Charlie reflected; suspicion increased; Constable Charlie had never seen the Boiling Pot in a northeast gale of wind. He had been given to understand that the murder of Paul Grew was a popular crime. Sunshine Tickle might be inclined to shield—to provide means of escape—

"Come, now!" said he sharply. "You don't want to be charged with obstructing a constable in the performance of—"

"No sir. I don't want to obstruct no constable, an' I don't want t' be charged with nothin'."

"We'll put to sea."

"We'll do nothin' so foolish."

"In the King's name!" said Constable Charlie.

"Toot-Toot Toby started. He backed a step—eye to eye with Constable Charlie. Presently his face lightened. "I sees what you means, sir," said he then. "You means that you've the law to compel me. True, sir. An' very good, too. I'm agreeable." He chuckled—broke into a great guffaw of warm laughter. And he laughed again. "I 'low you thinks I lacks courage," he said. "You come right along o' me, sir. My punt's moored to the wharf-head. We'll go aboard an' put out. 'Twill be a comical passage. She'll dance a jig in the Boilin' Pot." And he laughed again and led the way.

FORTHWITH they boarded the Lady May. Old Elihu Maul was the pilot of the craft, under the thumb of Toot-Toot Toby Croft-called skipper by grace: Skipper Elihu Maul o' the Lady May. A gray old man he was: a pale, patient old codger, wearing an air of acquiescence and timiditywhich belied the truth, however; for he was celebrated in those waters for swift, positive courage at sea. And he had the habit of silence-of a dull introspection, from which an emergency awakened him to action as direct and instant as a flash of lightning. Patient as he was, and as mildly inclined, it was known at Sunshine Tickle that he could strike when stirred to anger; and a proverb was spoken of him-that sleeping dogs should be let lie. When Toot-Toby and Constable Charlie boarded the Lady May, with the astonishing notion of putting to sea, not so much as the lift of an eyebrow betraved the old man's interest in the critical business of smashing a way to Sunshine Tickle that day. He nodded -that was all. Nor for a long time, sitting alone with Constable Charlie while



ward of the cabin hatchway, leaving

Constable Charlie to his astonished re-

flections. Having indulged these re-

flections to a conclusion, which involved

old Elihu Maul in the net of his sus-

"Constable, eh?" said he at last.
Constable Charlie nodded.
"Queer trade," Elihu observed. "I
wouldn't want to be no constable."
"Why not?"

"Don't like 'em. 'Tis a mean occu-

picion, Constable Charlie went aft to the engine-room, where Toot-Toot Toby, altogether recovered from his objection to the passage to Sunshine Tickle in the sea that was running, was firing up with fervor, blithe as a boy, whistling a cheerful ballad of the coast the while.

True, it was highly improbable that old Elihu Maul had had anything to do with the murder of Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew. It was not at all improbable, however, that he knew the author of the crime. And more than that—was it, after all, completely improbable that he had done the thing himself? Certainly he had been frank—so frank as to absolve himself from suspicion. Yet the criminal mind—a tricky thing! It assumes frankness as a blind. A man puts himself under suspicion to create the impression that he has nothing to fear. Anyhow—

Toot-Toot Toby grinned when the drift of Constable Charlie's interrogation took the obvious direction of old Elihu Maul.

"Hut!" he scoffed. "'Twas not Elihu Maul." "Maybe not. But—" "'Twasn't Elihu Maul."

"He hated the man."
"So did I. Everybody hated un. More

than once, in my time, I've been tempted to do un to death. If you convicts every man o' Sunshine Tickle that hated Paul Grew, you'll have to hang the neighborhood. As for me, I've not much blame for the man who killed un. 'Twas a foul crime, I knows—to strike

down an ol' man like he. But 'twas a deed done in anger; an' I've no doubt that the man who done it is woeful sorry by this time. A mean man, Paul Grew! A robber an' a liar too! Debt, debt, debt! False books to keep us in debt, an' a foul tongue to lash us with blame! Maybe you've knowed such men in your time. 'Tis the tongue o' them—the nasty, twistin' lips an' foul sneers o' them—that provokes a man to strike in anger. Still an' all, 'twas a bloody deed. They'll hang the man that done it. They'll have to. An' no doubt they should. 'Twould not be me that would say son.

not be me that would say contrary, God knows! Elihu Maul? God save us! No, no! 'Twas never Elihu Maul that killed Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew. I'm sure o' that much, any-

how."

"Well enough?" Constable Charlie complained. "She's standing on her head most of the time!" "Aye, but he hated-"

"Damme!" Toot-Toot Toby burst out. "Isn't I jus' tol' you that I hated un too? 'Tis no evidence at all."

"He's glad the old man's dead. He says so. He means it. And—"

"How long is you been a constable?"
"A matter of seven years."

"Don't you know no better than to think that the man who killed Paul Grew is glad he done it?"

"Well. then-"

"The man's sorry. You can lay to that much. Come now—I'm ready for sea. We'll put out. We'll have no trouble nabbin' your man when we gets to Sunshine Tickle. Murder will out. It can't be hid. We'll make short work o' this business. An' the man you takes wont be Elihu Maul."

Constable Charlie looked grave.

"Skipper Toby," said he, "you talk as though you had a notion who the guilty man—"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"I wont tell you."

"You'll tell the magistrate."

"Not me!"

"Don't you know that there's such a thing as contempt of court?"

"I do. I have it."
"I warn you—"

"Out o' the way, sir, please! I'm wantin' to batten things down an' help Elihu with the anchor. We'll be swep' fore an' aft when we gets to sea."

BOUGHT at auction from the underwriters, Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew's Lady May had been raised from the waters of Rooster Bight, where, having been cast away on Ragged Reef in a gale of westerly weather, she had spent a hard winter under the ice. Toot-Toot Toby, Pinch-a-Penny's blacksmith, had dealt with the slime and rust of her; and in the end, after a good deal of queer labor at the forge, he had patched her into power and gained the mastery of her, though he had never, as he said, fallen foul of an engine before. She was forty feet, stem to stern-not an inch more: a snub, broad craft as to hull, suited to the seas she was born to, as the men of the coast were suited. She was

noisy, true—there was a vast fuss of wheezing and puffing and tooting when she stirred abroad; but she was able for her labor, withal, notwithstanding the age and makeshifts of her engine and the quality of the coal Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew had fetched from Sydney. As for fittings, she was stripped to the boards—no upholstery—no folderol of any sort. Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew had not kept the Lady May for pleasure.

It was harsh weather for small craft beyond the heads of Shout Harbor. Even the mail-boat, diminishing in the drab murk of the way to Round Cove. occasionally vanished altogether in the smash of the sea, smothered in white water. Half a gale of northeast wind, fast spurting up to the pitch of a gale, drove in from the open and tumbled the big seas against the cliffs of the coast. Close in the lee of Long Point, the Lady May plodded through a swelling black water, climbing the uneasy crests and slipping head-down into the trough; but drawing away from the mitigating shelter of Long Point, when she nosed into the white of it, then in the swoop and swirl of the gale, she was smothered in the spray of the seas she split. Still, she was able for it. Having survived the first full-grown seas of the open, with Long Point slowing them somewhat, she had nothing left to fear but accident below and that long stretch of larger confusion off Steeple Head, which the coast called the Boiling Pot. With old Elihu Maul at the wheel, Toot-Toot Toby battened in the engine-room and Constable Charlie in the little cabin, with the door shut against shipped water, she labored along toward the shelter of Sunshine Tickle.

Toot-Toot Toby slipped into the cabin for a breath of cool air. He slammed the door against the flying crest of a wave.

"She's doin' well enough," said he.
"Well enough?" Constable Charlie
complained. "She's standing on her
head most of the time!"

"Jus' prancin' a bit, sir."
The Lady May was struck by a sea. It swept her. She hesitated — recovered; then she shook herself free of water and chugged along.

"What say?" Constable Charlie demanded.

"A bit skittish-says I. When she runs into the Boilin' Pot, she'll-"

A second big sea lifted the Lady May and flung her down. A third fell on her. "Look ahead, sir!"

Constable Charlie peered through the dripping little forward port. "God!" said he.

There was a line of flying white. The Lady May was headed for the mist of it. When she hung poised on the crest of a sea, the character of that boiling expanse was revealed. There were reefs. were shooting spray like geysers.

"Nobbly," Toot-Toot Toby com-

"She'll never live in that!"

"I'm not so sure, sir. There's passage wide enough. Elihu knows the course in the dark.'

"'Twould be better to round it."

"No sir. She'd not live in the open. I've no coal for it."

"We're in the open."

"No, we're in the lee o' Long Point all the way. If she keeps tight, sir, she'll do well enough. I'm heartened." "Tight!"

"She's under strain, sir, an' she've been knocked about a deal in her time."

"Put about, man!"

"No, sir." "She'll founder!"

"Ah, I don't know about that, sir," said Toot-Toot Toby. "Anyhow," he added, with a grim face, rising to return to his post, "she'll not be balked o' tryin' to do her best. When 'tis over, I'll know what she's made of."

Constable Charlie nodded. "All right," said he.

AT best, the Lady May was deliberate -a slow, sedate old craft: her determination was more to be praised than her speed. In the sea that was running she crawled. If she did four knots, in the smother between Long Point of Shout Harbor and the first breaking water of the Steeple Head Shallows, she did her utmost. It was coming on dusk, with a glow of western fire flushing the wind-torn fog and a black night creeping up with the wind, when she con-

fronted the passage of the Boiling Pot and began to rear with distaste. the meantime the wind had jumped to a black gale, drenched with sheets of gray rain from a low, racing sky; and there was more wind behind-crowding up from the open and clamoring on the heels of the gusts that were blowing. From the cliffs of Steeple Head to the jagged line of the horizon, where the spindrift flew like drifting snow in the wind, the Boiling Pot was seething. In those shallows the seas were heaped up. Scattered Reef was breaking. Old Man and Ding Dong Bell spouted. And the lesser sunken rocks shot the water into the wind-Deep Dick and Snout Rock and the low reefs of the Bone-vard,

A man will not stay below when the ship is in instant peril of foundering. Confinement horrifies him. It is the terror of the trap. Instinctively he seeks the deck and some heartening companionship. On the edge of the Boiling Pot the Lady May began to misbehave like a frightened horse. She reared-she plunged. There was a turmoil-the crash and swish of water, the swift, eager cry of the wind. When Constable Charlie felt the first slap and toss of the caldron, he made for the deck on hands and knees, and crawled forward, through a white wash of shipped water, to the wheel-house.

Elihu Maul shouldered the Constable out of the way and bade him hold his tongue or be gone back to his place. Constable Charlie shrank into a corner and braced himself. The window was down a space; spray shot through. Occasionally the Lady May dug her nose into the crest of a wave and was smothered overhead. In the intervals, staring through the open slit, Constable Charlie could measure the degree of her peril. The sea had no regular, dependable motion; it boiled; there were streaming currents, spread with the froth of that agitation-coursing through the reefs. Rocks protruded - high and black and dripping-and were submerged by a new rush of the white flood.

Into the midst of the confusion old Elihu Maul picked a way. Dusk was imminent. Ahead and overhead the sky

was black. The fog had blown In the away. west the flare of red had become an expiring glow. Deep night impended. Boy and man, out of Sunshine Tickle, old Elihu Maul, with a hook and line, had fished the Boiling Pot in civil weather from a paddle-punt. There was no rock, no swirling drift of water, in the rush of the sea, that he did not know. The Lady May hesitated. uncertain, in the grip of the current of Ding Dong Bell, against which, with his heart in his mouth and his knees shaking, Constable Charlie made sure he would be flung. It was narrow enough; but she struggled into the passage again, no harm done, and staggered toward Snout Rock. The spray of Snout Rock drenched her. She shaved the first

reef of the Bone-yard. Always a new passage opened to her. She rolled deep, she pitched-she was tossed like a plaything. White seas ran at her-boarded her, swept her. No matter! With her engine steadily throbbing-a strong steering-way-she would stumble through.

Toot-Toot Toby pounded on the

wheelhouse door. It was an insistent summons -alarming. "Let un in," said Elihu Maul. Toot-Toot Toby crowded in with a shower of spray from Tooth Boulder. "She's sprung!" said he. "Dear man!" Elihu laughed. "God!" gasped Constable Charlie. "Leakin' like a basket!" Toot-Toot Toby shouted. "'Tis a naughty trick to play in a Toot-Toot Toby crowded in with a shower of spray from Tooth Boulder. "She's sprung!" said he. place like this," Elihu observed. "Where's she leakin'?"

"Aft. 'Tis streamin' from bunker."

"Well, well!"

"A flood in the engine-room. creepin' after my fires."

"How much more of this?" Constable Charlie demanded.

"What's that we're passin'?" Toot-Toot Toby replied. "Tooth Boulder? We'll be through in forty minutes." "With a hot fire under the boiler." Elihu qualified.

"If she loses steering-way-" "She'll strike, ye fool!" Toot-Toot Toby snapped. "Come aft. I wants you to bail."

The Lady May's engine was amidships. Aft of the engineroom was the bunker; fuel was loaded through a coalhole in the after-deck. Constable Charlie followed Toot-Toot Toby. They crawled aft, cling-

ing to the low rail. Now and again a rush of water, boarding when the Lady May rolled deep, smashing over the bow when she plunged, lifted them from the deck. Half the time they were submerged-choked and blinded; and when they came to the engine-room hatchway, though the gaping source of the water below was in plain view, they failed to observe it. Constable Charlie bailed. To eject the water he must open the hatch, waiting for an opportune moment when the Lady May was lifted free of the seas. It was slow work; nothing was gained; all the while a little was The water seeped through the engine-room floor and flowed in from the bunker. It rose. Toot-Toot Toby began to bail. Still the water rose. Its rise was even perceptible as it occurred. For greater freedom they left the hatch open a space—chancing the flood of a sudden sea. The rise was not halted. It crept nearer the fire. Forty minutes more—thirty minutes more? No chance! In ten minutes the fires would be wet and dead:

Toot-Toot Toby cried out. He snatched the hatch open and peered aft. "Cover o' the coal-hole's gone!" he shouted back.

of the coal-hole: Obviously the round,

open to the sea, was the source of the water. Every wave that swept the Lady May poured its measure into the bunker. Toot-Toot Toby leaped out of the engine-room.

gaping aperture,

Constable Charlie followed. closed the hatch. The Lady May was then slipping into a black trough of the Boiling Pot. Her stern was high-momentarily dry of the sea. A great wave was poised over the

bow. It was crested-breaking. The Lady May reeled. Her bow began to lift. A moment later she would nose into the sea and be swept. Another deluge threatened the bunker. It would be the end. Toot-Toot Toby was quick to defeat the ultimate catastrophe. He sprang aft. The Lady May was then quivering under the shock of the broken sea. A flood was boiling over her. Toot-Toot Toby dropped into the coal-hole to his armpits and closed it with his own body. When the wave had spent itself, and the Lady May was slipping into another trough, her stern high again, he wiped the water from his eyes and gasped.

"Watch them fires!" he screamed at Constable Charlie.

"I'll get something to plug that hole!" "There's nothin' aboard. She's bare as a bone. Get below!"

Another wave swept the Lady May. Again Toot-Toot Toby expanded his chest in an effort to close the hole. It was sufficient. Once more he emerged, wiping the water from his eyes, and screamed at Constable Charlie to watch the fires. It seemed to Constable Charlie, however, that no man could long survive the deluge and bruising weight of the sea. He searched the Lady May; he found nothing-not a blanket, not a cushion, not a shred of canvas or an inch of tarpaulin. The Lady May was bare-stripped to her ultimate need by A wave had carried away the cover 'a miserly man now dead in his grave. Constable Charlie scrambled back to the



th T st cc T st

When the Lady May swung to the wharf, there was a curious, subdued group in waiting, with lanterns. Elihu Mad and Constable Charlie carried Toot-Toot Toby ashore and laid him on the wharf.

engine-room and closed the hatch. There was nothing for him to do but keep the life in her, even as old Elihu Maul, at the wheel, held her to her course, oblivious. Constable Charlie marked, now, in unselfish terror, the swift succession of the seas, the thud and deep rush of them—the appalling frequency and weight. From time to time, when the Lady May rode the crest of a wave, he looked aft. Toot-Toot Toby was still alive. Presently he was not bothering to wipe the water from his eyes. By and by he seemed to be very tired. In the end his head sagged strangely.

THE Lady May lurched out of the Boiling Pot, dripping the last sea of her passage, and rounded Lost Anchor into the quiet water of the narrows to Sunshine Tickle. It was then falling deep dusk. Already there were lamps in the kitchens of the place. Presently she was puffing up the harbor in the shelter of the hills, to the late Pinch-a-Penny Paul Grew's wharf. A shrill toot-toot of the whistle, repeated like an alarm, warned the folks that the constable had come from St. John's.

Constable Charlie clambered out of the foul little engine-room to discover how Toot-Toot Toby had fared. Toot-Toot Toby was limp and still. Constable Charlie lifted him out of the coal-hole and let him sag to the deck. Then he relieved old Elihu Maul, to

stop the engine.

When the Lady May swung to the wharf, there was a curious, subdued group in waiting, with lanterns. Elihu Maul and Constable Charlie carried Toot-Toot Toby ashore and laid him on the wharf. The folk fell away. Nobody spoke. They stared at Constable Charlie—stared at the limp body of Toot-Toot Toby. Constable Charlie scowled, in resentment of his callous regard—and Toot-Toot Toby stared at the black sky.

By and by old Abr'am Huff spoke. He was the oldest man at Sunshine

I ICKIE.

"What's the matter with un?" said he.

"He's dead."

"That's good, sir. 'Tis the best thing for he, poor man! Did you have to kill un?"

"Kill him? O' course not. Why should I kill him? A sea must have broken his neck."

"Is you lookin' for the man, sir, that slew Paul Grew?"

"I am."

"You got un."

"This man!"

"We found the bloody bar this mornin', sir, hid away in that man's forge."
"'Tis not evidence enough—"

"A lad heard the quarrel, sir—seed the man leave Paul Grew's shop."

"Fetch a fish-barrow, some o' you men," said old Elihu Maul, "an' we'll carry the poor man home."

In the next—the September—issue, on the news-stands August 23rd.

"A Man's Man," by Peter B. Kyne

"Quick on the Trigger," by Maria Thompson Daviess
"The Sins of the Children," by Cosmo Hamilton

"The Man Who Saw Beyond," by Harold MacGrath

"Little Sister,"

by Ida M. Evans

"Found: a Pearl,"

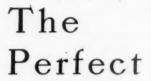
by Frank Froest

"A Lesson For Somebody," by Elliott Flower
- AND-

The opening installment of a brilliant new novel By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,

Author of "Satan Sanderson" and other noted novels.

That's why the Red Book is setting the pace in the magazine world.



By Frederick

Sucker

R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

HE lean, distinguished-looking man in gray who was getting nine-tenths of the Pullman porter's homage and toward whose cool, world-weary face the eyes of fellow passengers were often directed, was no blasé idler driven home from European boulevards by war's turmoils. He was only Indignation Bill.

Otherwise the police knew him as William Ellis. But Indignation Bill was written on the back of his photograph in every well-stocked Bertillon room. The alias had descended upon him early in his career, a result of his dominant ideals.

That was in the good old Klondike days when all thrifty crooks were following the advice of Horace Greeley. Ellis was steering for a lock-and-knife game in Seattle when he earned the so-briquet. This game requires three men—the Steerer, the Inside Man and the victim, technically termed the Sucker. The Steerer finds the Sucker and tows him to a rendezvous. Here the Inside Man meets them, masquerading as a stranger. He strikes up their acquaintance, then exhibits an amusing device, which he bought on the train. This is either a jackknife or padlock, apparently

impossible to open. The Inside
Man bets that neither of them
can solve the puzzle. The
Steerer accepts the challenge.
He winks at the Sucker, who sees
him open the knife by pressing upon
a very poorly concealed spring. The Inside Man feigns great vexation and proposes larger stakes. The Steerer regrets
his own lack of money. The Sucker,

his own lack of money. The Sucker, seeing a sure thing, wagers all his savings. The Inside Man hands him the knife—apparently. In reality, he has substituted another, the blade of which is soldered shut.

It is an ancient game, but lucrative.

Ellis, during those busy Seattle days, had beguiled a tight-fisted Swede to the top of a hill where a confederate was waiting. The game was opened, but the victim, while interested, proved reluctant; and when he had thrust his hand into his pocket for the sixth time, the two crooks began to despair. For business was brisk that morning, and other steerers were coming into view with their eager convoys. The line was being blocked.

At last the blond-haired man yielded to swift blandishments to the extent of groping in his pocket for the seventh time and producing a bulky roll of bills. But straightway he started to shove the money back into its hiding-place. Then righteous anger at this violation of his calling's tenets overmastered Ellis. Outraged, he reached forth and plucked the greenbacks from the astounded owner's hand.

"You!" he shouted. "How dare you have money?"

FROM that incident he got the name of Indignation Bill. It clung through the succeeding years, and its owner made it famous. As he was graduated from the lock-and-knife game into hazards more delicate, advancing in turn to short-card work, equal partnership swindling, fake wire-tapping and the sale of gold mines in Death Valley, he rigidly improved his methods. He tasted the pleasure of success in wiles whose finesse lured him as the odor of the drug pulls an opium smoker. Pride grew within him, for in skill of forcing first acquaintance to confidential friendship he knew no equal. He was the country's greatest steerer.

The country's greatest steerer!—in the aristocracy of crooks, the top man! Admired by his ilk and dreaded by a score of upper-office captains! And now—he was in the Pullman, embarking upon a project so crude and unskillful that the very thought of it brought unto his soul a sickness.

A day or two before, he had made up his mind on this proceeding. He had been sitting in his room reviewing his prospects in life. Pride told him that he was as good as ever, but Reason whispered a stern reminder. He shook his head. "A two-time loser," he reflected. And the knowledge that one more of those slips which are incidental to his calling would put him inside of stone walls from which he would emerge a penniless old man, decided the question for Indignation Bill. He determined to retire. Straightway he looked about for the fortune which would insure ease and comfort for his elderly years. To his mind there was none quite so vulnerable as an elderly spinster. It was while speculating on this that he remembered having once read how California gets a large proportion of the nation's wealthy maiden ladies.

Decision came forthwith. He would

set forth to bag a rich woman. The hazards of his profession would know him no more.

So now he was en route to San Francisco with the love of his art sternly quenched and his heart solaced by the promise of a permanent bank-account. Unmindful of the covert glances which his fellow passengers were directing toward him, he settled himself more comfortably upon the plush cushions and did some deep thinking. He was not planning. The business in hand did not require that; it needed only self-assurance and a flinty heart. For any fool could make love to a lonely woman. He was indulging in memories.

His mind went back to the profession which he had forsworn. He was seeing pictures: visions of strangers in hotel lobbies and on crowded sidewalks—old men and young, well-dressed and wearing toil's rough garb; he was reading their faces as they flashed before him, deciding at a swift glance wherein each set of features betrayed its owner's vulnerability.

He sighed, then shrugged his shoulders. They were not for him now; he had abandoned the old game forever. He glanced about him, rose and made his way to the smoking compartment. And fifteen minutes later, Indignation Bill, whose easternmost journey had reached the high-tide mark on Coney Island, was hypnotizing a fat Utica grower with his descriptions of the Holy Land.

IN these days of the National Association of Police Chiefs, it is sometimes hard for one famous in crime to leave even self-sufficient New York unheralded. So it happened that seven mornings later, when the members of San Francisco's pickpocket and bunco detail had assembled in their room across the hallway from the Upper Office, Big Sullivan startled his ruddy, well-groomed confrères by a long, low whistle. He was holding an unmounted photograph which he had just taken from the wire desk basket devoted to official correspondence.

Unmindful of the attention which he had attracted, he continued gazing at

that little picture, picking out every feature, slowly studying every peculiarity, learning the lines of printed description-height, build, complexion, scars. Within his strong, thick fingers the photograph looked very small. The

lean, cool face seemed to peer up at Sullivan's rectangular physiognomy with a faint sneer. The shrewdeyed, well-barbered detectivesergeants smiled tolerantly

at this big-footed, hugelimbed young Titan, whoseshiny black coat bulged over his pistol butt and handcuffs, whose derby was of last year's style, his tie atrocious. With the odor of the "harness" still clinging to fim, he had come among them whose task was coping with the flyest of the fly. They smiled, then looked away.

Sullivan spoke, still gazing at the picture: "These New York mugs, Frank?" MacManus, head of the detail, nodded absently. "Didn't get a chance to look at them yet. What's

there?"

"William Ellis." Sullivan slowly read the Unmindful of the attention which printed legend: "Indignation Bill. Elmira-Joliet." He looked up.

"He was steerin' for the Mayberry gang. I remember readin' when he fell.' breathed deeply, laying down the picture. "Scar on his left eyebrow, cuttin' it in two," he murmured.

"Keep your eyes open," MacManus said, good-naturedly. "You may make

him."

"I could make him across Market Street," Sullivan answered steadily.

The gong in the hallway called them to the morning showup, and Sullivan filed out with his fellows, a bulky discord in the sartorial harmony of the pickpocket and bunco detail. In the city prison where he stood in the long, double file of thief-takers, between whose ranks the day's quota of felons passed on inspection, he paid less heed than

usual to the pallid faces flashing before him. His mind was centered on another set of features whose cool world-weariness had charmed fellow passengers all the way across the continent.

"Eves gray-nose thin, slightly bent -scar across left eyebrow, cutting it in two." He fixed the details more firmly in his memory. For Sullivan, raw from the "harness," cherished for the title of detective-

> sergeant all the ambition of a single-purposed man.

IN the downtown hotel where he was stopping, Indignation Bill came as close to chafing as was possible with his icy soul. He wanted to get to work.

He had examined San Francisco and had picked a quiet, richly furnished hostelry upon a hilltop, frequented by those whose money made them comfortable for life. But before he could invade this pas-

ture, there were certain preliminaries which must be gone through with.

For police departments have an uncomfortable custom of arresting professional crooks on sight and

jailing them under the vagrancy statutes. And Ellis knew that he must make himself immune from this proceeding-or risk ignominous downfall during all his stay in this city. To secure that immunity, he had planned carefully in consultation with a successful lawyer. The two had consummated their arrangements. And now, between Indignation Bill and his maiden lady there remained a single step-the same step on which Big Sullivan had set his heart.

So Indignation Bill was longing for arrest this morning. Twice he had sallied forth upon the streets to show himself, and twice had come back impatient at the slackness of the local detective force. Now, for the third time,



gazing at that little picture.

he set out, and as he strolled up the sidewalk, leisurely pulling on his gloves, "I suppose," he told himself, bitterly, "I'll have to hire some one to tip me off to this bunch of Jaspers that they call Dicks here."

He was ruminating over this conceit when his cold eyes lightened. "Ah, here comes one now. And what a flat!" He gazed with thinly disguised contempt upon Big Sullivan's approaching bulk. His pride was hurt.

"How are you, Ellis?" Sullivan's voice betrayed his jubilation.

Indignation Bill continued stroking his suède gloves into place and nodded as some men nod to ditch-diggers. "Well?" His voice was cold.

"I want you." Sullivan had none of the versatility which made it possible for some of his brother officers to fraternize with their prisoners. With him a crook was a crook. Those passing on the sidewalk looked around as he growled, "Come on."

Conversation languished as they walked up Kearney Street together, but when they were nearing the Hall of Justice, Ellis glanced into the rectangular face of his captor and, reading all the repressed pride there, drew down the corners of his thin lips in a peculiar smile.

"What do you think you've got on me, anyhow?"

"Got on yo'? I got enough to give yo' ninety days when I rap yo' in court. You're a crook. Yo' can't stay in this town."

"So?" Indignation Bill allowed a gleam of satisfaction to flicker under his heavy eyelids. And after that he said no more.

The next morning when he emerged from the iron cage in police court to take his place beside his lawyer, facing the charge of vagrancy, he still wore that peculiar smile of cynical self-confidence. And when Big Sullivan plowed through the morning throng to the witness-stand, he sighed gently as a man does when he sees the end of a disagreeable ordeal.

Sullivan's huge hand shot upward with the practiced motion of the officer taking the oath, and when the huddle of words was ended, he faced the court, serene, confident. Before the first question was fairly delivered, he had embarked upon the story of the arrest. It was an old proceeding, time-worn, a formula to be gone through with in all vagrancy cases; and the words came from him like the words from a boy reciting a well-learned lesson. Finally he reached the meat of the thing:

"He's a well-known crook, Indigna—"
"I object!" The prisoner's lawyer had sprung to his feet. "If the court please—" He went on, carefully choosing his words. Sullivan, with the air of one accustomed to



was the prosecutor's business, not his. Apparently, the prosecutor was attending to business with unusual zest. The dispute was long, at times acrimonious. "Objection sustained." The court spoke wearily. "Go on."

Sullivan sat up in his chair. "Well, like I was sayin', Indignation Bi—"

"Now! If the court please-" The lawyer was on his feet again.

Sullivan looked toward the prosecutor for rescue, but the prosecutor shook his head.

"Officer, the ruling of this court is that you can testify to nothing regarding this prisoner save from your own personal knowledge." The judge was addressing him. Sullivan nodded.

"Sure!" he said blithely. "He's a

bunk. Indi-"

An outburst of voices cut in on him, and when it had died away—

"You know that, Jim?" It was the prosecutor.

"Sure! I got his whole record from New York. In the Bureau. On file. He's—"

"Wait!" the court commanded. "Tell only what you know—not what you've learned from others. That's all hearsay evidence."

Sullivan's face became blank, expressionless. "Mean to say I can't tell what I got on this man?" he growled.

"Not what you've got from others." The court's face was red.

Sullivan gazed at the bench, then at the prosecutor, then at the prisoner, and his face seemed more rectangular than usual. "Well, he's a dirty crook," he

said monotonously, "and I know it."

Even the court joined in the universal smile as he began patiently instructing the witness once more regarding this new ruling. And when he had done, at

"I got to get him wit' the goods, then?" Sullivan demanded. "All right,

Judge; turn him loose."

Downstairs, in the quarters of the pickpocket and bunco detail, that decision created a furore. Its effect on protecting the town was extensively and profanely discussed. But, throughout the growling of deep voices, Sullivan stood silent. When the most eloquent of his fellows had delivered a final anathema, he made one brief, dispassionate remark:

"I got to get him wit' the goods,

then." And with that he went out to work.

IN the meantime, Indignation Bill was preparing to change his quarters. The only portion of his project which demanded careful planning had been accomplished. All risks tay behind him now. He had as good a right to walk the streets as any man. The rest was plain sailing.

"Easy," he told himself, and the thought of these subsequent crude proceedings made his lip ends droop as they had drooped when he looked at Sul-

livan.

With the law on his side, a guardian between him and the police, and only a conquest of which a schoolboy should be capable lying between him and a competence for life, he waited for the papers to finish with the courtroom story. Then he moved himself and his belongings into that quiet uptown hotel which he had selected, a massive, concrete building, whose lobby and spacious parlors were richly furnished, whose walls were hung with fine pictures. Its guests abided for long periods.

His arrival here was unostentatious: his presence was impressed upon those about him without any evidence of effort on his part. He sought no acquaintances, but gradually allowed the substantial, retired merchants who frequented the smoking-room, to intrude themselves upon him. And they found themselves charmed by this distinguished-appearing, worldly-wise stranger-who had improved so many idle hours within the bastioned walls of prison libraries, that he was able to tell them many startling things about the foreign countries through which they had hurried under the guidance of touring agencies.

He worked swiftly now toward the consummation of his project, partly because swift work was second nature to him, old in a calling which demands speed above all other things, partly because he was eager to lay his hands on that fortune and leave these uninterest-

ing people.

Accustomed to picking his victims in

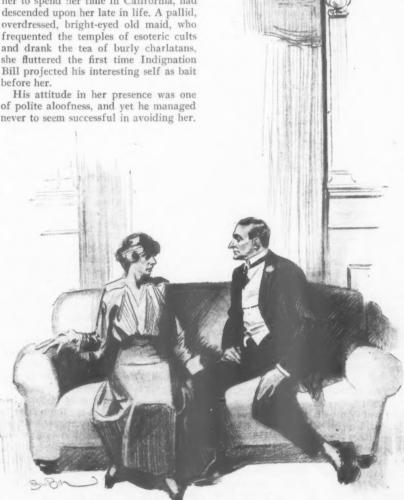
a hurry, he found the task of singling out this one absurdly easy. The gossip of the smoking-room, which he unobtrusively stimulated, and the things which he overheard while loafing near the clerk's desk, gave him complete financial rating of the women guests. Within a week he had fixed upon Miss Anthony.

The lonely years had not been kind to her. The very fortune which enabled her to spend her time in California, had descended upon her late in life. A pallid, overdressed, bright-eyed old maid, who frequented the temples of esoteric cults and drank the tea of burly charlatans, she fluttered the first time Indignation Bill projected his interesting self as bait

of polite aloofness, and yet he managed

His consummate maneuvering stimulated her timid endeavors to get a word or two of conversation into open pursuit-until she held him cornered in the parlor every evening.

A week of this, and then one morning he capitulated sufficiently to take a ride in Miss Anthony's electric coupé. He



He sighed and fixed his eyes on hers. "I must leave soon. Perhaps—" (he hesitated; then went on mysteriously) "in a day or two—I cannot tell. There are certain matters—"

sat beside her, more debonair than usual, and saw the faint flush upon her wan cheek. He told her of his travels, and —incidentally allowed her to discover that he had studied prayer rugs in Beloochistan. Before he had exhausted his store of knowledge, patiently gathered from an encyclopedia, he had expressed his felicity at finding her able to share his tastes. Her room was draped with costly goat-hair creations.

After that he set a swifter pace and became her chevalier, the first whom she had ever owned. He accompanied her to the sermons of saddle-colored swamis and rode beside her every morning in the slow little electric car, with a carna-

tion in his buttonhole.

One evening, as they were sitting together in an isolated corner of a large

parlor, he fell into a silence.

That morning, meeting Big Sullivan on the sidewalk within a block of the hotel, Indignation Bill had squirmed under crass insults for which he had no answer. In all his extensive dealings with the law's guardians, he had never been called so many different kinds of a crook. This was the third occurrence of its kind, and it had left him restless.

So now he lapsed into that interesting

silence.

"What are you thinking of?" There was a faint suspicion of pink in Miss Anthony's thin cheeks as she asked that

delightfully intimate question.

He sighed and fixed his eyes on hers. "I must leave soon. Perhaps—" (he hesitated; then went on mysteriously) "in a day or two—I cannot tell. There are certain matters—" He paused abruptly. "But I dare not speak of them,—" he concentrated his gaze,—"not even to you."

"You will be gone—for long?" She did not try to conceal her feelings, but stared at him with round, birdlike eyes.

"For long?" he repeated in a low voice. "Yes—forever, maybe. I—do not know." He drew closer to her and she fluttered like a bird that gazes into the eyes of a slowly approaching black-snake. "Do you care?" he murmured, softly.

The surge of feelings, which had been wilting for years and had suddenly

sprung to life again, left her speechless. He came still nearer and repeated his question. Then he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Forgive me!" He allowed the trembling hand to drop. "I—" He sat look-

ing into her eyes.

There was something in her worn little face now like the flush of her longgone youth. Her head drooped; her flat bosom heaved.

"I love you," he whispered.

She cast one frightened look up at him and crumpled pitifully into his arms. A few moments later, when footsteps told him that some one was entering the room, he rose from her side and left her with a low-spoken word of endearment.

"And now," he told himself, when he had gained-his own room, "I can't stand much more. I got to cinch this for a get-away and do it quick." His mind went to certain facts which he had learned from the bell-boys. "A hundred thousand, Government bonds," he pondered, "and one more bawl-out from that big flatty might spoil everything!" He looked into the glass, speaking aloud to his reflection: "I'll make her lift that plant of hers to-morrow. Cop it. Then blow."

He stood there planning for a moment; then picked up a morning paper and studied the advertisements on the marine page. His eyes lit on the announcement of a West Coast steamship bound for Mexican ports, and a hard light flickered in them. He nodded

slowly.

The next morning he rose early and visited the offices of the steamship company, where he bought a reservation for Mazatlan. He hurried back to the hotel, but as he was nearing the neighborhood, he paused abruptly in his walk. He had taken a short-cut through a little park, and in the shrubbery near the path, he saw three men who were talking in low tones. One of the trio held a knife in his hand and was addressing a companion.

"Bet a hundred dollars, then, you

can't open it."

A thrill pervaded the whole being of Indignation Bill.

At that moment the eyes of the speaker met his; they widened in recognition, and in them there was deep respect. That glance was like a salute bestowed upon a remote superior. Ellis looked straight through the man and walked on stiffly

stiffly.
'The cheap crook!" he muttered.
'Tryin' to office

me!"

Yet somehow the picture of that group in the park would not leave him. He had seen them once before, and it had been the same way. He could not shake off that thrill; it was like homesickness.

When he met Miss Anthony, radiant with the knowledge of his love, he took himself in hand again. This was no time for him to be indulging in old memories. He

went sternly to the business now in hand. "I have something to tell you. Will

"I have something to tell you. Will you take me in your car?" He lowered his voice and fixed his eyes on hers.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MACMANUS was holding forth to Big Sullivan on the subject of that same group in the little park. "Those lock-and-knife men are tearing suckers off so fast that the roars are getting into the papers. You aint made a pinch in ten days now, Jim." His voice became more sympathetic. "Better forget that guy Ellis. He's too smooth for you."

"He's a crook, and I'm goin' to get him wit' the goods." Big Sullivan's voice had the peculiar monotony of those obstinate beyond any hope of argument.

Nevertheless, MacManus strove further to reason with him. "You've been pipin' him off for nearly a month now, and aint got a thing. Pass him up—for a while, anyhow. The old man's gettin' restless."

"I'll get him if I get broke doin' it," Sullivan went on without an in-

flection. "I'll--"

The door of the office opened and he stopped talking in the midst of his assertion. His eyes widened and he sat there transfixed by the sight of one who stood before him.

A tall, stoop-shouldered man was smiling upon him. That smile was more eloquent than the stranger's a w k w a r d manner. More

loudly than the squeaking shoes and the store clothes from some cowtown emporium, it

town emporium, it proclaimed its wearer's verdancy. It was radiant, as with a mighty hope for green goods.

"For the love of Mike!" Detective-Sergeant MacManus found his voice by an effort. "Are you true?"

The stranger closed the door behind him and

nodded. "I been robbed."

"I believe you," MacManus gulped.
"I come here yeste'day from Green
Valley—"

"How did you get your roll this far?" MacManus demanded.

But the other went on with his story and the detective-sergeant recovered his calmness sufficiently to take down notes.

During that recital Big Sullivan sat as one entranced. His eyes remained on the narrator for some time in a fixed, dull stare; then slowly they began to brighten and a light like that of great inspiration swept over his rectangular face. When the last word had been spoken, he turned to MacManus.

"Frank,"-his voice was pleading,-



"And now," he told himself, when he had gained his own room, "I can't stand much more. I got to cinch this for a get-away and do it quick."

"give him to me." He rose. "I got to have him!" And before MacManus had time to assent, he turned abruptly to the complainant.

"You come wit' me," he said.

Miss Anthony's little electric coupé rolled slowly over the asphalt, and Indignation Bill talked in the low tone of a strong man laboring under the weight of great conflicting emotions.

"I had no right to tell you, for I knew that this would come. But how could I keep silent?" He saw her eyes widen with the mingling of hope and fear, and he went on swiftly with the end in view. "U been robbed."

"To-day?" She turned white.

"This afternoon I must sail. If it were only my fortune—but there are the fortunes of others—and my word: I cannot break that."

She uttered a faint exclamation of bewilderment and pain.

"Do you care so much?" He bent over her. "Ah! If you—if you were only going with me!"

She drove uncertainly; turned her car to the curb; stopped it; then sank back helpless, looking up into his eyes. He looked down into hers in silence. Suddenly she reached out and clung to him.

"I will go!" she cried. "You—you cannot leave me!"

After a little while she drove on again down the wide residence street.

They had arranged everything—including the visit to the safe deposit vaults for her securities. He had almost finished this crude task now. He needed only to get those bonds within his suit-case; then he could slip away from her on their way to the steamer.

She was listening to him planning their wedding at sea. In the midst of a sentence, his voice broke strangely. His words began to come slowly; he was talking queerly, haltingly, at random. And he was no longer gazing into her eyes; he was staring out

of the window across the wide, quiet street, staring at a man who was dawdling near the entrance to the little park—a stoopshouldered man, dressed in ill-fitting, brand - new clothes. Upon his face there was a trustful smile.

There was a cold, hard glitter in the eyes of Indignation Bill, and his nostrils had widened. Miss Anthony reached out, touching him on the arm. He sprang to his feet and never looked at her.

"Stop! Let me out!" His voice was harsh. He jerked open the door. "I'll be back later."

He threw the last words over his shoulder, and as if with them he had relieved himself of an incumbrance, he hurried his pace. He crossed the street with long strides, his head thrust forward.

Some moments later Miss Anthony was awakened from her dazed state by a voice. She became aware of the fact that a man was addressing her.

"Lady! Would yo' mind lettin' me into that car?"

WHEN Indignation Bill gained the side of the loiterer by the park entrance, he was puffing slightly from the exertion of his hurried approach.

"Well, my man," he demanded, "what are you doing here? These are my grounds."

As he gazed into that unsophisticated face and got the fullness of that guileless smile, the same thrill which had pervaded his being two hours earlier, swept over him again, grown tenfold stronger. He allowed his eyes to rove over the lank form from head to foot, and when he had taken in the details of that readymade raiment down to the soles of the squeaking shoes, something mightier than himself seemed to descend upon him. In that moment, the art in whose attainment he had spent many years, claimed him as its medium.

Indignation Bill steered now as he had never steered before.

It took a bare five minutes. As the two walked down the winding pathway, the Inside Man for the lock-and-knife game saw them from afar, and from afar he caught the signal which Ellis gave him.

Engrossed in the fleecing of this marvelous victim, the two crooks worked at the ancient and dishonorable device of the soldered knife-blade. Like men enthralled they bandied the swift wagers; nor heard the soft purring of the little electric coupé beyond the wall of shrubbery. With eyes upon that trustful face and with ears only for that dialect of the cow-pastures, Indignation Bill talked on. As one rarely awakened from a pleasant dream, he was interrupted in the middle of a syllable by the spectacle of his new-found confederate leaping into the thicket and by the steel-like grip of huge fingers which sank into his

"I told yo' I'd get yo' wit' the goods." Big Sullivan tightened his grasp. "Come on!" IN the Bertillon room that afternoon Indignation Bill withdrew his fingertips from the plate upon which now remained the impression of his loops and whorls. The sergeant in charge, with a gesture, directed him to the chair, and he seated himself facing the camera. Big Sullivan chose that moment to address him.

"That lady," the detective said slowly, "come mighty close to losin' a hundred thousand, she tells me. I had a talk wit' her after I was done bookin' you. It was her machine I shadowed you in. A hundred thousand dollars and—"

But Indignation Bill waved the subject aside with a gesture. "See here," he demanded, "tell me—on the level, now—that sucker—has he been here long?"

Big Sullivan smiled, and there was triumph in his heavy face as he delivered his home thrust: "He's been walkin' the streets a little while, wit' me. I figured you'd fall for him—"

"Fall for him!" The voice of Indignation Bill rang: "Can you blame me?" He turned to the Bertillon operator. "Say! He was the perfect sueker! I could hear his shoes squeak clear across the street."

At that moment the camera did its work. The latest picture of Indignation Bill, alias William Ellis, is on file in many rogues' galleries. It is a remarkable photograph, for in the eyes there is the expression of one who is enthralled by the vision of an ideal.

"Oh, yes, I take my drink when I want it. But I don't HAVE to bave the stuff!"

How often have you heard some friend say that?

Did you ever see him try to stop drinking?

'I like a jolt of liquor because it livens up my brain, makes thinking easier.''

We all know men who explain it that way. They are on every side of us.

You see them again in

"The Heart of a Man."

a new novel by

Hallie Erminie Rives

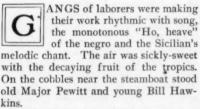
which begins in the next—the September—issue of The Red Book Magazine, on the newsstands August 23rd.

The last of the stories of THE RIVER OF ROMANCE AND FOLLY

By Opie Read

ILLUSTRATED BY RAE VAN BUREN





"Billy, I hope you didn't mean what you said back there on the boat, that you were going to tell me good-by."

"Yes, Major, I mean it. The time has come. I admit that it grieves me to the soul, that—"

"Then don't do it, Bill. We've got along well together, and I like you, know you are a hero. We've had bad luck, but we also had good luck, and we must take the bad with the good. We can soon make another raise, multiply it, go to South America and turn over a republic like turning over a flat rock for angleworms, by gad."

"I don't want to turn over a republic. I am going to turn over a barrel of salt."

"Hawkins, I am fond of figures of speech. I eat 'em with a spoon. But there are times when I don't care for spoon-provender, and this is one of them. Come in here."

Hawkins followed him into an old restaurant built of bricks brought from France, and which, it was said, had housed a French Louis in exile. In a room looking out on the levee, they ordered mint juleps, and at a table sat sipping them.

"Billy, what put into your head the foolish notion to bid me good-by?"

"Fate!" Hawkins answered, his nose in a bouquet of mint.

The Major crunched a lump of ice. "Bill, ashamed of the suckling bottle, we take up Fate. It is the indefinable divinity of the pin-feathered gosling; it is mysterious ignorance presiding over ice-cream and cake, where milksops and moth-brained maidens simper the philosophy of life. But there is a real fate, and of which they know nothing: the human mind. Now let us be practical. Let's take stock: We robbed a pokergame, robbed a gambling-house, bought a steamboat, did a big business, paid for the boat; then the boat burned, and as hell itself would have it, insurance had run out."

"And hell may continue to have it, Major. I am done with it. I am going to be an honest man. After this day I work for every dollar. I sweat."

"Hawkins, do you suppose humanity gives a snap as to how much you sweat? Do you balm your conscience with the notion that nature hands down a pardon to men because they toil with their hands? You are not schooled to any sort of work. You can't keep books, and as for salesmanship, you couldn't sell cold lemonade in the Sahara, penny a quart; and as for promoting a scheme -Billy, you couldn't give away wigs at a bald-headed convention. What can you do?"

Hawkins gestured toward the levee. "Work, I tell you. Common sense may have denied me the ability to buy and sell, but nature has given me muscle. I can carry bags. I can roll salt."

"Oh, I see. Then it was not a metaphor when you said you'd rather turn over a barrel of salt than a government. And so you are going to sweat among the niggers?"

"Yes, and outsweat the biggest buck." "Ah, and instead of overturning a government in South America, you may lead an industrial revolution at home. Glorious! And all the while you'll be blind to the disgrace you bring upon your family name, rolling your barrels of salt."

"My father when a boy worked in a tobacco-field."

"Good. And your grandfather-" "Dug up stumps," Hawkins was quick to supply him.

"A rare botanist. And now the grand-

"I think the discussion has gone far enough, Major. In parting, let it be understood that in many ways I admire you more than any man I ever met, that my friendship for you is measured by the depth of my nature, and I am not shallow; but we must part company."

The old man arose. "Will you do me one more favor?"

"Let me hear what it is and I'll tell you."

"Go with me to the St. Charles for

"No, I eat on the levee."

"Then it's good-by sure enough. How much money have you, Billy?"

"None. I played my final game last night and lost."

"I've got about five hundred in my pocket and will divide with you."

"No, Major, I want money that has texture, money that I can feel. A gambler's money is a shadow."

"Then there is nothing I can do for you. Bill, to-morrow I shall ship for Galveston, and my word for it, I'll soon have money enough to launch my revolution. The time will come when you'll need not only the counsel but the material aid of old Pewitt, and by gad, sir, you'll find him ready. Good-by.

Hawkins arose and grasped the old man's hand.

T was easy enough to exchange fine clothes for a suit of laborer's rough attire; and thus garbed, Hawkins presented himself at the office of Oscar Fife, hard taskmaster, and applied for work. The candidate for sweat had fancied himself sufficiently disguised of his former ease, but Fife looked at him and

"Don't need a first, second or even a third walking-gentleman,"-proving his contempt for the applicant and a familiarity with the stage.

"To the devil with walking-gentlemen. I said I wanted to work.

"With those lady hands? Young duck, if you've come here to hide yourself, you've struck the wrong place. day."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I am not in hiding, but really want to work out there among those men. I acknowledge that I have been a gambler, but I have reformed."

Mr. Fife laughed. "Reformed gambler, eh? Well, I've been along this river a good many years and never saw one before. But I need men, and if you want to tear your hands to pieces, I'll give you a chance. Dollar-fifty a day is the scale. Write your name on this card. Here, Dan, take this young fellow out there and turn him over to Jack."

Jack the foreman was a rough but not unkindly fellow. He looked at Hawkins and said, "Fall to," and without a word Hawkins fell to, loading sacks of corn on a dray. Later he lugged pig-iron, and at quitting-time his hands were bleeding, but he looked upon his blood as an atonement, and upon every ache as a plea for pardon. His strength astonished his fellow laborers, and they nicknamed him Samson. Then they called him Sam.

That evening Hawkins engaged to board with Mildy Blick, a noted character whose house was the home of sailors, dock-hands and toughs. She it was who went with an ax to General Butler's quarters at the time of the Northern occupation of New Orleans, to chop his head off-and would have done it, had not the guards overpowered her. She was possessed of an obscure husband and an evident daughter who in a Sunday-morning scrap tore a sailor's shirt off. Her name was Myrtle, and insisting upon the fullness thereof, she fought the sailor because he called her "Myrt." Mr. Blick, rarely seen but often heard, fell down the stairs of a morning, generally about dawn. They called him the alarm-clock. One boarder caught an early train by him.

Myrtle met Hawkins at the door, conducted him to the kitchen and presented him to her mother. She turned about, held forth a stewpan as if she expected him to shake it, and inquired his name.

"They call me Sam."
"Well, I reckon it's plenty good for Want a room by yourself?"

"Yes, if it's not too expensive." "Four a week and dirt cheap."

"I'll take it."

"Myrtle, show Sam to parlor K."

"Come on, Sam."

The parlor was outwardly decorated with a "K" chalked on the door. Within was a shuck mattress on a bedstead nailed together of pine lumber, an upended shoe-box serving for washstand, and one chair. A single window looked down upon a tile-paved court, a watering-trough in the midst of it, wherein many a hot head was cooled of a Sunday morning.

"This used to be Tid's room," said Myrtle, standing in the door.

"Who's Tid?"

"Tid Joyce. He was a section-hand

on the railroad, but now he's a boss, and he's got a bigger room. Do you know any card-tricks?"

Hawkins shook his head.

"Wisht you did. You air educated, aint you? You look like it. I had a book called 'Lucy Lee,' an' it made me cry, an' Maw snatched it away from me an' throwed it in the fire an' hit me with a wet dishrag. I had a mouth-organ an' learned to play 'The Yaller Rose of Texas,' but Maw tromped on it an' squashed it. Strange how many fleas cats has, aint it? Had a cat named Bob 'cause his tail was short, but Maw hit him in the head an' killed him 'cause he was full of fleas. Tid said he could hold a quart of fleas an' then not run over. I love cats an' music, but I'll fight if you call me Myrt. But you wont, will you?"

"No, I'll call you Miss Myrtle."

"Oh, will you, an' let Tid hear you? If you do, I'll bring you my lookingglass an' hang it up in here so you can see yo'se'f when you comb yo' head. I'm glad you like yo' room; and some time you'll take me to a dance, wont you? Good-by."

When supper had been yelled and echoed throughout the house, Hawkins went below, shuddering as he caught his first glimpse of the motley gang at the table. But his appetite was briar-keen, and he fell to, as Oscar Fife would have put it; and sweet was the bread he had earned with toil. He sat opposite Tid Joyce, and in the eye of the company was honored when the boss addressed him with a question.

"Pretty husky buck, aint you?"

"Somewhat. I can hold a horse if he'll stand hitched."

"Shoot craps?" "Don't gamble."

"Ever steal a sheep?"

After this question Tid could always mark "applause," and with more of certainty than a stage manager forecasting the enthusiasm of an audience.

"Yes, when I was a boy, but growing up, I've devoted myself to stealing bur-

ros. Look out."

"Needn't look out. Got no burros." "Ah, and you have no personal fear of being led away?"

Myrtle laughed, and thus pioneered, the company roared. Tid was not displeased, but turning to the girl, he said: "While you're washing the dishes, I'll come out to the kitchen an' call you Myrt."

Standing behind him, she reached over his shoulder and caught up a case-knife. "An' this tells what I'll do to you."

Hawkins went early to bed, mused over the Major, wondered what he might be doing at that moment, and soon fell into dreamless sleep, another reward of labor, and slept till old Blick fell down the stairs, en route to early drink. The new levee-worker was sore, and his hands hurt him, but he labored with resolve. The day was long and the sun sought to sap him of his energy; but like Samson with whose name he had so recently been honored, he bowed himself to it, never flinching, and in advance of all others snatched at the heaviest lift.

MONTHS passed, and not once had Hawkins weakened in his idealistic notion that the sun-baking oven of the levee was sweating him square with the moral code. One morning word reached him that he was wanted at the office. Oscar Fife turned from his tall desk.

"Sam, I've been watching you."
"Well, I don't think it's been very hard to see me."

"You are right—nor very hard to find you when wanted. Jack is going on the river. I am going to combine two gangs of men, and I am looking for a foreman, wages eighty a month. Want the job?"

"Yes."

"All right. Lay off to-day, get some better clothes and take charge tomorrow."

While Hawkins was bargaining for a suit of clothes, the news that he had been made a big boss sped to Mrs. Blick's, and at home he found a new bed in his room and a curtain at his window. Myrtle had scrubbed herself and was dressed in white to meet him.

"Sam, I hope you aint stuck up."

"No, Miss Myrtle."

"Tid hearn you call me that onct, an' it nipped him. Do it again when you git a chanct. What you goin' to do

with all yo' money, Sam? W'y, yo'll soon have enough to start a sto'. Then yo'll be high-headed 'mong common folks."

"I'll never be high-headed with you, Miss Myrtle."

"But you don't think I'm putty. Tid says you didn't."

"The trouble with Tid, Miss Myrtle, is that he keeps on talking after the truth

gives out."

"It would make him awful mad if you'd ever kissed me. Maw wouldn't care. Maw'd laugh, sorter, 'cause she don't know how to laugh much. I reckon she'd git mad, though, if you hugged me. I told her you wouldn't do that, an' she said 'Let me ketch him at it,' but we wouldn't let her ketch us, would we? My, how you air dressed up, like a detective I read about. There's Maw a-callin' me fittin' to kill herse'f.

—I'm comin'."

At supper Tid sat grumpy. Later he came into the big room where the men assembled to smoke, and said to Haw-

"Sam, you've got me to fight."

"What for, Tid?"

"You know what fur; an' the longer it's put off, the was it'll be fur you, I'll tell you that. Come out here in the yard."

He shook his fist in Hawkins' face. "I don't know what it's all about," said Hawkins, "but when a fellow makes me smell his knuckles, further explanation is unnecessary. I'm with you."

Out into the courtyard they went, the eager crowd following them.

"Don't want to spile yo' good clothes, an' I'll give you time enough to take 'em off," said Tid.

"That's all right; they usually lay a fellow out in his best suit, you know," Hawkins replied. They stood facing each other, the men about them in a circle, Myrtle looking on from a window.

A solemn referee raised his hat, counted three and let it fall. The fighters were at it. They capered about, Tid's hobnails striking fire from the tiles. Hawkins caught a glancing blow on the cheek. Tid got one over the heart, staggered but pranced gayly forward to the fray.

Tid was a boxer; and so was Hawkins, having learned it of the negroes on the plantation. Tid ducked in to clinch, but Hawkins tripped him to his knees, and scorning the advantage, waited till his adversary got on his feet. He gave Hawkins a hard half-circle jolt on his neck below the ear, and "Sam" swayed but righted instantly, warded a straight blow, and with an upper-cut caught Tid under the chin, but did not fell him.

Then followed skillful sparring, sparks flying from the tiles. Regaining a confidence which had been somewhat damaged, Tid began to press, and rewarded by a shout from his admirers, was pressing still faster when Hawkins leaped back, suddenly forward, and landing square on Tid's jaw, downed him like a beef. His friends closed about him, fanned him with their hats, Hawkins waiting; but he did not get up when they strove to raise him, and picking him up, they lugged him to the trough and soused him.

HAWKINS went to his room, and two hours later was reading when there



came a loud thump on the door. He opened it, and there stood Tid, holding Myrtle by the hand. Hawkins bade them enter, and Tid led the girl into the room.

"She's yourn, Sam," said the defeated Tid, raising Myrtle's hand toward Haw-

"Mine? What do you mean?"

"You whipped me an' won her, didn't you? An' now she's yourn to marry as soon as you please."

"You fit fur me," Myrtle explained,

trying to blush.

"No, that was a mistake. The fact is I didn't know what I was fighting for—thought I was doing it to please Tid, you know. Oh, I'd like to marry you, and all that sort of thing, but the fact is I'm engaged, you might say."

"Then you don't want me, I reckon."
"Oh, yes, very much, Miss Myrtle, but I'm hooked up, you see. Borrowed money on account from her father, and he might have me arrested, you know. I didn't suppose you were in love with me."

"I aint in love with you, Sam. I love Tid 'cause I've knowed him longer, but you fit fur me an' won me, an' I thought the law was I had to be yourn."

"That law has been repealed," Haw-

kins assured her.

"No law about it 'cept man-law," Tid entered in with truthful enlightenment.

"Then, Tid, why don't you take her?"
"In a minit, you bein' willin', an'
thank you. But if you had told me in
the fust place you couldn't marry her,
it would 'a' saved me a knock-down.
Come on, Myrt."

She broke loose from him, and with her fist hit him a crack on the jaw.

"I mean Myrtle, you blame' fool."
She took his arm fondly and walked

out with him.

A few days later Myrtle's wedding was celebrated with two fiddles, a banjo, ginger-cakes and whisky. The door leading to the court was kept open so that with no inconvenience the men could go out and settle their disputes. Tid in his hymeneal togs was treated to a souse in the watering trough, and returned to the big room dripping but happy. A stout fellow from Bayou Tesche moved that Mildy Blick be honored with a like

degree, standing near her at the time; and when he had shed a tooth, and there being no second to his motion, the band played "Bonny Eloise" and the dance proceeded. Hawkins was nominated and elected the greatest boss the levee had ever known.

HAWKINS prospered in his new position as foreman; but when Fife cautioned him against doing too much of the drudgery himself, he answered simply: "I must sweat, sir," and worked even harder.

On his way home one evening, a hand clutched at him and a voice called out; there stood Tomkins, the English cotton-buyer whom he had met on the *Black Hawk*, and elsewhere.

"Jove, old chap, I had to frown to recognize you. Brown as a berry! You

look like a laborer."

"I am, Tomkins. Devilish glad to

see you."

"Yes, but what's the use of it? I can't see, old man. Your boat burned up, but that didn't mean you had to make a nigger of yourself. Come in here."

They went into a dive, red with calico looped about the walls, and sat down at a table. Tomkins said it was a deuced place to find old English ale but that they had it; and when two brimming pewter mugs had been placed before them, Tomkins caught up one and cried out:

"Looking at you, as they say over here."

They clinked and drank; then said Tomkins:

"But why a laborer? You're a well educated chap. You needn't dig. It's a wonder the Major would permit it. Where is he?"

Hawkins waved his hand. "Out in the world—I don't know where."

"But I'll lay you he isn't digging. What is it all about, anyhow?"

"Nothing, only I had to go to work. Hadn't been schooled to any sort of employment, so I labored with my hands."

"I see. You quit gambling on account of that girl. And you call that strength of character, don't you? Well, it isn't. There's too much of the Puritan in it. Now, it's this way: I've come into a

bit of money lately, and that means a stake for you. I know a good pokergame, and we'll go to it to-night."

"Then you haven't married Lily Hat-

ton?"

"The deuce I haven't! If not, there's a scandal, I'll tell you that. She doesn't sing to the guitar now; she sings to twins, by Jove. Sprightly little beggars they are, too. But that shouldn't take all a man's liberty, you know. My governor gambled—bet on a horse the day before he died. What do you say to it?"

"I thank you, Tomkins, for the offer to stake me. There was a time when I would have grabbed at it, being broke and the fever on me, but living close I have saved money as a laborer, and

have cooled off the fever."

"Ah, you don't say. Show me where you got your ice, old chap, and I'll send a moving-van around for a load of it. Sorry you wont come with me, but if you've got some aim up your sleeve, I wont interfere. We often talk about you at the house. We all live together. Professor Pike married the widow; and now of an evening instead of looking into the mausoleum of his dead languages, he splits kindling-wood. Well, I must be getting along."

One morning Oscar Fife sent for Hawkins and invited him to dinner at

his house.

"I've just heard," he said, "that you were half owner of the beautiful but unfortunate *Bumblebee*. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I wanted to forget all about

"Impossible—you couldn't do that. And besides, I might have made it easier for you."

"It was easy enough. I am satisfied."
"But your rise would have been quicker."

"It was quick enough."

"You are a queer one, all right, Sam. And do you know what I've been thinking? I'll tell you. I've got the notion of taking a partner. You're the man. How does it strike you?"

"It would strike at the very roots of my gratitude, Mr. Fife, if I expected to live in town; but the fact is I am a countryman, brought up on a plantation, and of late have begun to long for the old life. Let me hold my present job till I get ready to leave it."

"But you mustn't leave it, Sam. Stick to me, and I'll hold the offer open."

His salary was advanced to ninety dollars a month, and the news preceding him to Mrs. Blick's, he found a rockingchair in his room, while the wall above his washstand was adorned with a gorgeous print called "Spring," representing a colt kicking up its heels.

SPRING in New Orleans, a gentler mood of winter, was velveting the shrub thickets in the old cathedral's garden. The raindrops, warmer than the air, hazed the marshes along the river. Myriads of birds, season-moved to fly northward, rehearsed their longneglected carols amid the live oak's dripping leaves.

Hawkins was nearing home from work one evening when a voice, a voice as if out of the past and echoed by memory, called his name; and facing about, he saw an old man tottering in Confederate gray walking slowly toward

him.

"Billy, help me to a bed."

The old Major! The sudden and pitiful sight of him dumbed the young man's utterance, but eloquent was his act. About the old man he put his arms, as if to carry him, a child; but the Major begged to be released of this giant care.

"I can walk, Billy, but I am slow and tired. Just some place to lie down is all old Pewitt wants now. Yes, I'll take your arm, my son. Hero, by gad!"

"I live only a few steps from here. We'll be there in a moment, and then

you can rest."

"Rest! You wouldn't think I'm heavy, Billy, being so light, but my feeling would tip the beam at a ton. They scouted me, but I knocked their damn' heads together as long as I was able. They said I wasn't in the army, called me a bushwhacker, laughed at the notion that I'd fight; one of them may now laugh with his teeth shot out, and another may tie his shoes with his left hand. No place for a gentleman, Billy, out there in the Southwest."

Any bed had been good enough for Hawkins, but now he demanded a soft mattress, and not satisfied with the best that Mildy Blick could provide, sent out and bought one. He had a cot put in his room for himself, had a new curtain to drape the window, a rug on the floor, all done swiftly; and the tired old man laid himself down to rest.

"Ah," said the Major to Mildy Blick, propping himself with pillows, "you remind me much of my youngest sister, the belle of the county, madam."

"Come, git out with it. You know I

"As I breathe this moment, madam."
And in proof he fetched as long a breath
as he could. "Yes, madam, Mildy Pewitt—"

"Why, Lor', I didn't know thar was a Mildy 'cept me."

"What, and is your name Mildy too?"
He had caught her name, and quickly laid it up for his own advantage. "Then there were two of you, madam."

"Lor', me! An' air you putty comf'table, sir?"

"As a mouse in his nest, madam."

"Mighty glad to hear it. And if they think they can take you to a hospital outen here—well, they'll have me to fight, that's all."

"Ah, madam, you are kind—to let me die in your house."

"You aint goin' to die—no sich thing; so put that outen yo' head an' tell me what you want to eat."

She went to the door and called out to Mrs. Tid: "Myrtle, you run over an' git Dr. Brackin. We'll 'tend to this dyin' biznez, wont we, Sam?"

"We will indeed. If he thinks he's going to get away from us, we'll head him off."

"What did you call him?" the Major inquired.

"Sam. They called him Samson on the levee because he was so strong. I don't know what his other name is an' I don't give a durn. He whupped my son-in-law, an' I want to tell you Tid aint no slouch."

"Ha, madam, you may find men quick to out-talk him, but in action he's gunpowder."

"Lie back and rest. You are talking

too much yourself," Hawkins commanded him—and timely, for he had begun to cough.

Myrtle reported that Dr. Brackin was out. "But I seen a man in a buggy, an' he looked like a doctor, an' I stopped him, an' he said he was, an' he's hitchin' his hoss out thar now."

"Well, go down, you goose, and show him the way," the old woman stormed at her. Then to the Major: "I'll now go, sir, and git yo' supper. Is thar anything you kin think of you'd like?"

"Your choice, madam, would create an appetite where there was none before."

"How you kin talk. I'll git two squabs from Miz Withers an' br'il 'em for you."

In came Dr. Vocage. He wore his hair long to hide the loss of an ear, but Hawkins knew him at once, and so did the Major, who raised himself slightly on his pillow, coughed and said:

"You have an old wreck at your mercy. Don't you know me? I shot your ear off, sir."

Hawkins had offered the Doctor a chair. He sat down, slowly taking off his gloves. "Yes, I know you, Major, and I wish to say that if my skill could be inspired by my mercy, as you term it, you would soon be well again."

"Ha, give me your hand, sir. And shake hands with William Hawkins. I thank you, and I would give my own right hand if I could restore your ear."

"It was my own fault, Major, that I lost it. I was drinking at the time and forced the quarrel on you. But it turned me from the road to complete downfall, for I haven't been on a spree since that day."

"You are generous, Doctor. And now let an acknowledgment show me not wholly unworthy. You branded me with a falsehood because I had said I was with Forrest, and whether you knew it or not, you were an agent of truth. I was with the guerrilla Quantrell."

"That gave me no right to force a quarrel on you. But we are now engaged in a worthier mission. Lie down flat, please."

He talked gayly as with shrewd science he pried into the patient's condition. When he left, Hawkins went with

him below, on the stairway flattening back against the wall to let Mildy Blick pass with her tray of toast and squabs. Out in front Hawkins inquired: "What do you think, Doctor?"

"His lungs are much affected. It's only a question of a short time. I'll call around as long as I can make it

any easier for him."

SOMETIMES in the night the old man's mind would wander. Once he cried out: "Kick him now, for the old timber-wolf is without fangs. But once they were long and popped like a steel trap. Quantrell, this is a widow's cow and we must look elsewhere for meat. What, brave you? I would brave the devil, sir, before I would look on such an outrage. Fight you? And thank you for the chance. Mary, Pauline, your brother, loved you. Starved that he might be schooled, and smiled on him. And little Ned! God, that makes me weep. I held him when he died, rode through bayonets and Sheridan's sabers to reach his bed. He knew me and died with his arms about my neck. All passed, frail and beautiful boy-all dead; and I sit in the orchard."

He moved, coughed, spoke to Hawkins: "Billy, why don't you put out the light and go to bed? Am I a corpse to

be sat up with?"

"Far from it, Major. I am reading." "Get me 'King John' and read poor Arthur's mother when she welcomed death. 'Wreathe these fingers with thy household worms.' Gods, what an apos-trophe! Read it."

"Let me read you something more cheerful, Major."

"Boy, mark an old man: there is nothing more cheerful than God's sublimity, and in that mother's grief His spirit spoke. What time is it?"

"About two."

"That all? I have dragged like a boat on the sand, ages, since supper; and to go out of such a night into death would be to leave an eternity. Billy, they turned me out of a gambling-shack because I caught a hellion cheating and bloodied him-a dozen ruffians tramped me on the floor and threw me out to freeze. Sit down, Billy."

Hawkins was striding up and down the room. "If I had only been there! Great Lord, but we are cheated of pleasure."

"Ha, my boy, I misled you, set you wrong; but in the years to come you wont forget old Pewitt, will you?"

"I had to part with you, Major; my blood called for it; but I shall always love your memory.'

"Ah, how I wish that in your forgiveness I could read the pardon of all the ill I've done."

"But you've done good too, Major."

"Yes, Billy, but the good was incidental, the evil well thought out. Lord, if I had my life to live over again! But that's the lament of every fool who, dying, plays the coward and thinks he's saved his soul. What time is it? Look and see."

"It's ten minutes after two."

"Why, it was that before. Night has meant much to you, Billy, since you've worked so hard. It is in you to be honest, my son, a heavenly inheritance, handed down to you. But in old Pewitt -too much clay! If you were not poor, I would make a request."

"I'm not poor. I have more than a

thousand dollars saved up."

"Ah, and there was a time when we would have called that broke."

"Yes," Hawkins was alert to agree, "for money had no value then. You remember I called it a shadow; but now it weighs in the pocket. What is your request?"

"It will cost, Billy."

"Let it cost."

"Generous boy! I will tell you something that I've kept in my heart. Years ago I married-can't trust myself to tell you much of her. I wont speak her name. But she gave me a boy anddied. He lived ten years, and hearing of his sickness, I fought my way to him and held him in my arms till he died. Billy, they lie in the old burial-ground at Macon. Take me there and lay me down to sleep beside them-will you?"

Hawkins had come to the bedside and was holding the old man's hand as if with his own gratitude he would warm it. "It shall be done. On that point, Major, let your mind rest at ease.'



She did not look up as in silence he set down beside her.

"Hero, by gad! Put up a stone, and on it have 'em cut 'Old Ned Pewitt might pick a quarrel but never a lock.' Ha, Billiam, I call that pretty good, and a devilish sight more appropriate than some gravestone image of a halfgrown sheep, his hind parts out of all proportion, lying down with his legs folded. Three o'clock yet?"

"Not half-past two, Major."

"Billy, why not lie to me and say it's four? Isn't it a never-changing fashion of the ages to fib to a dying man? But what I don't understand is that death should be so near and I should have all my wits about me."

"But don't you think you can sleep

now?"

"Pretty soon, Billy-and not snore. Read to me."

Dr. Vocage came early. The Major joked about his long hair, asked him if he were trying to bring back a Colonial style. Then he put lightly a more

serious question:

"About how many hours do you think
I've got? Out with it; I am game."

"You are indeed as game a man as I ever saw."

"Hear that, Billy? He's talking about old Pewitt. But how many hours, Doctor?"

"Well, till evening, I should think."
"Why, that's a long time, waiting for a train. But where is the agony of it? I can't breathe much, but I don't feel that I need to. Isn't there a good deal of humbug about the awful throes of death? Some one has said that the dying are the least concerned."

"I think," said Vocage, "that we often mistake painless convulsion for agony."

"A good thing to know. Remember it, Billy. I've known men to sing till the very last. But I'm not much of a singer. Guess you'll remember that, Billy, without being told. Well, Doctor, I'll not see you again. Send your bill to William Hawkins."

"He cannot pay me a cent, Major."
"Ha, give me your hand, sir."

At noon and at supper-time he seemed to be better, but was not deceived—called it nature's flattery. About nine o'clock, and after a long silence, he spoke, as if talking fo himself: "Out of the bosom of eternal mystery, back—back—into—they threw me out to freeze, but I fired their shack and warmed by it. Billy—going!"

ABOUT two weeks after returning from Macon, Hawkins was at work when a message came that two gentlemen wished to speak with him; following the messenger, he entered the restaurant wherein he and the Major had sat on the day after the burning of the Bumblebee. There he was astonished to find Colonel Pemberton and Solomon Vertrees, the banker of Natchez. Slow and ponderous, the old Colonel shook hands with Hawkins, and in ceremony as sedate as an order of Supreme Court, brought forward the banker.

In this sudden meeting with Pemberton the vision of Cisne was flashed so vividly that Hawkins was less the commander of himself than he had been standing at the bow of the Bee, the long lashes of flame popping at him; and in tremor he sat down, silent, waiting for a mystery to unfold; and spitefully slow it seemed, the inch-by-inch moving of a brick house on rollers. The banker spoke of the market. The Colonel talked about his old regiment, the "Tigers." At length, though, the brick house on rollers began to move.

The Colonel: "Mr. Hawkins, you did not know it, but for a long time I have been observing you. I have noted your hard and earnest work, and I would stake my life on your honesty, sir."

This from the man to whom Hawkins had confessed a robbery, who had led him through the gate into the road and

had bade him good-by!

"Mr. Hawkins," the Colonel continued, "I have also noted your able management of men, and recently, sir, this had meant much to me, I hope; and for this reason: A few months ago the will of a near relative bequeathed to me a large estate in the country, extensive lands and an old manor-house, you might term it. And now, in brief, sir, I desire that you take up residence on the estate and manage it, the salary being four thousand dollars a year. We have just now conferred with Mr. Fife, and though reluctant, as you may well

know, he has yet agreed to let you off. I await your answer, sir."

Await his answer! Had slow heaven at last flung wide its gates?

"Colonel, if you think—why, if it—I should be delighted, sir."

"I thought so, Mr. Hawkins. In business, sir, I am quick. And now Mr. Vertrees has something to say to you."

The old banker, clearing his throat with the financier's cultivated rasp, turned toward Hawkins. "A part of what I have to say, sir, is not much to my credit. Years ago, in Virginia, your father deposited ten thousand dollars in my bank. A wild speculation wiped me off the board. I was proclaimed a scoundrel, but in the years that followed, and-I may say and I trust without a blush-in the reformation that came upon me, I paid every claim except your own, which I am now prepared to do and with interest. Therefore, sir, there is something like fifteen thousand dollars to your credit in my bank."

Hawkins looked at the banker, looked at the old Colonel, who sat, looking down, and it was long before he trusted himself to speak; but speaking, he was complete master of himself. He thanked Vertrees, took his hand, still calm; but he wavered when the old Colonel gave him generous pressure, turned away and looked out upon the men at work on the levee.

It was agreed to book on the *Black Hawk* for Natchez that night. Hawkins said that he would run over, bid Fife good-by and then sign up for the steamer.

"The latter part need not concern you," the Colonel spoke up. "Early this morning I signed for all three of us and have the tickets in my pocket. In business I am quick, sir."

THE sun was low when the Black Hawk touched at Natchez. The deck-hands sang their way ashore. Loud was their hymn, echoing the town, but louder was another chant, the song in Hawkins' heart. The old man gestured toward a hack whose black driver with long whip looped in hand stood shouting, but the young man shook his head—would rather walk, to prolong the sweet

embarrassment of approach; pretending nót to know the cause, the Colonel humored him.

So Hawkins walked, lagging behind the old man, and nearing the big iron gate, he felt that his footsteps wabbled more than when he had lugged a load of pig-iron. Lazily floating in the air was the scent of magnolia, as if a winter wind had never blown it away, and there was the same flock of blackbirds chattering in the trees.

Mrs. Pemberton, smiling motherly, led Hawkins into the parlor, talking pleasantly, but of things far beyond the frontier of his soul. The old man asked her if a fellow named Brooks had called to see about those mules. She said he had and then remarked to Hawkins that Cisne must be out in the garden, beneath the cherry trees.

He went out, and there she was, on a rustic seat. She did not look up as in silence he sat down beside her. The sun was gone, and her hair seemed to

darken the twilight.

"Cisne."

"I have not come back as I said I would, cloaked with honor, but I return an honest man."

"Please don't—don't make me think of your working there among all those rough men. And your hands are as hard as iron. What made you do it when I—when we all thought so much of you?"

"I had to atone."

"Oh, for robbing those poker-players? That was cute."

"But that wasn't all, Cisne. I robbed a gambling-house in New Orleans."

"That was cute too."
"Why, you told me good-by because I was a robber."

"No, I didn't. It was because I thought you really didn't--"

"Didn't what?"

"Are you cruel enough to make me tell you?"

"I am desperate enough."

"Because I didn't believe you really loved me. . . . Billy, you—you kiss so hard—you nearly—"

The blackbirds were chattering in the cherry trees.

The Dark Closet

By Ellis Parker Butler

The Foremost Humorist in America.

LLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN



HERE are some mysteries that cannot be solved. The records of Scotland Yard contain a number of these baffling puzzles before

which the keenest minds of that wonderful institution were helpless, and our own country has not a few. Riverbank, Iowa, the home of Philo Gubb, produced one such mystery,—or what threatened to be one,—and it seemed for a time that even the genius of the celebrated graduate of the Rising Sun Detective Bureau's Correspondence School of Detecting had met his match. The Mystery of the Dark Closet still stands as one of his most notable cases.

The paper-hanger detective would have been doubly disgraced had he failed in solving the Mystery of the Dark Closet, because he was forewarned that a crime might be committed, and the dark closet was under his personal protection at the time the theft occurred. Each year the theory that prevention is better than retribution gains ground. Instead of hiring detectives to capture malefactors after they have committed felonies during horse-shows, carnivals and so on, it is now the custom to have them present to prevent crime. It was in something of this spirit that Mr. Hablington came to Mr. Gubb.

Mr. Gubb, seated in his desk-chair like a schoolmaster, held in his hand one of the pamphlets (Number Four) of the School of Detecting's Correspondence Course, and his nephew, Epaminondas Smits, sat on a strong wooden box before him, a look of deep gloom on his face. But a few days before, Epaminondas had come down from Derlingport to learn to be a detective, because he was too stupid to learn to be a tailor. He was a fat boy. He was so fat that his clothes bulged; his wrists were fat knees; his forehead was fat; he was fat everywhere; he was so fat he did not dare sit in an ordinary chair.

The coming of Epaminondas had been a surprise, for Mr. Gubb had not expected him; but once Epaminondas had arrived, Mr. Gubb welcomed him as an uncle should welcome an unfortunately fat nephew. For some time Mr. Gubb had felt the need of a Watson, such as the Watson used by Sherlock Holmes and the Watsons used - under other names-by all the other great detectives of fiction. He felt the need of some one to express unbounded surprise at his wonderful working-out of theories, some one to say "Marvelous!" His first work on Epaminondas was to teach him to say "Marvelous!" and to answer to the name of Watson-as when, for example, Mr. Gubb said, "The needle, Watson!" and Epaminondas handed him the sewingneedle that usually reposed in Mr. Gubb's pincushion.

Now, however, Mr. Gubb was carrying the education of Epaminondas further and was introducing him to the inner secrets of detecting.

"Now, Watson," he said, "I'll listen to hear how well you've learned up your lesson. When a deteckative is working onto a case of forgery, what is the first thing he ought to start to begin to commence with?"

"First," squeaked Epaminondas in his wheezy falsetto, "he'd ought to get possession of the handwriting of the suspected person, as namely: old letters, et cetery."

"Quite exactly right!" said Mr. Gubb.
"And if he can't get the possession of any old letters, et cetery, into his hands, what ought he to start to try to do?"

"He'd ought to have some one ask the suspected party to address an envelope for him," wheezed Epaminondas, "using as near as possible the same letters used in the forgery."

"That's just precisely what it says into the book," said Mr. Gubb, greatly pleased; and he was about to continue his questioning when the door opened and Mr. Hablington entered the room.

HERE let me interpolate that there are two methods of telling the exploits of great detectives. That most in use by writers of fiction is to state the mystery, throw suspicion on a number of characters in the story and attempt to keep the reader in the dark until the final paragraph of the story. This is well enough in fiction, but in writing the history of a man like Philo Gubb it is not always fair. My desire is to do Philo Gubb full justice, and in order to show the tremendous difficulties his genius overcame, it is sometimes necessary to explain the mystery at once. This is the second method. In the first the reader learns the facts of the mystery step by step as the detective learns them; in the second method, he follows the criminal in the commission of the crime and thus understands better why the detective is baffled at every turn. It sacrifices the reader's childish amazement at the mystery in order to give due scope to his admiration for the marvelous acumen of the detective. I cannot do Philo Gubb full justice except by using the second method.

Mr. Hablington was a small man. His hair was white, but his face retained a youthful rosiness in spite of his many wrinkles and the long-healed scars that marred it. These scars were the result of the explosion of one chemical or another in his laboratory, and his hands bore similar scars. There was also a large bare patch on his scalp in the midst of his white hair, where the chemical had done its deadly work. Mr. Hablington was an experimental chemist and, in a small way, a manufacturing chemist. He had a small, one-room factory on Front Street, with the cellar underneath, and there he manufactured a few proprietary articles under the name of The Tasteless Company. Such preparations as he sold in bottles were absolutely tasteless.

For many years Mr. Hablington had worked for the great Riverbank Chemical Company, leaving them, to embark in business for himself, but lack of capital had forced him to do business in a very small way, and he had not prospered to any great degree. He spent more time working on new tasteless products than in trying to sell those he had already perfected, and at the time he entered Mr. Gubb's room, he had just created a tasteless quinine-and-iron tonic that was sure to drive all the bitter tonics out of the market if he could get capital to push it. The Riverbank Chemical Company had offered him five thousand dollars for the formula, but he had refused, although he knew that unscrupulous concern would probably use every means to learn his secret and put a similar product on the market before Hablington's Tasteless Tonic was fairly launched, and thus ruin him.

Luckily, however, the capital Mr. Hablington needed came into view at that moment. Mr. Hablington's cousin had died in California, leaving him an estate valued at something like fifty thousand dollars. It was only necessary for Mr. Hablington to go to California and close the estate—then he would be able to put the Tasteless Tonic on the

market in a proper manner.

"So that's why I've come to you, Gubb," said Mr. Hablington. "I'm afraid to go and leave my factory. I wouldn't put anything beyond that Riverbank Chemical Company. They're after my tonic-formula, by fair means or foul; and if they can steal it while I'm away, they'll do it, and rush it on

the market. Seeing you are in the detective business, I wondered if you did a watchman sort of business, and could put some one in my factory to watch it night and day."

Philo Gubb's eye brightened.

looked at Epaminondas.

"Mister Hablington, sir," he said, "I've just recently added onto my staff the very exact individual person for that job of work. Watson," he added to Epaminondas, "stand up!"

With a wheeze, Epaminondas arose to his fat feet and stared at Mr. Hab-

lington.

"You couldn't wish to desire no better deteckative watchman," said Mr. Gubb. "Watson is constructed up so he don't wander around aimless, like thin boys. He's fat all over with adipose avoirdupois, and sitting is the kind of exercise he is most strongest at."

"It would be a night-and-day job,"

said Mr. Hablington.

"Watson," said Mr. Gubb, "is, in my opinion of belief, the most steadiest night-and-day sitter into the deteckative business at the present period of time!"

"He'd have to be locked in," said Mr. Hablington. "I'm afraid of those Riverbank Chemical crooks. I'd leave a supply of canned goods and other food. I'll be gone almost two months. body will know he is there. Of course there will be the telephone; he can telephone to you-report every day, and so

"I'll be gladly willing to keep a correct record of all the reports he reports back to me, day by day," said Mr. Gubb. And so it was arranged. With Mr. Hablington leading the way, Mr. Gubb went down to Front Street to examine the premises where Epaminondas was to watch the interests of Mr. Hablington while the latter gentleman was in California.

THE Tasteless factory was a small brick building standing alone on one corner of an otherwise vacant lot. Four steps led up to the only door, and at one side of these steps, in the foundation wall, was a small barred window, the only source of light for the cellar. There were five other windows, one in front and two on each side, and all of these were barred with heavy iron bars. The rear wall was blank. Mr. Hablington turned a key in the lock and entered.

The interior of the factory was divided into two parts. The front formed a general manufacturing and packing room, and the back was Mr. Hablington's experimental laboratory. Here, under artificial light, were the retorts and furnaces he used, as well as the general paraphernalia of a laboratory; but in one corner was a fairly large brick vault, or closet. This closet was about six by six feet in size and solidly built of brick on all four sides. The floor and ceiling Mr. Hablington had covered with sheet steel, and the entrance door was of steel, painted red. On the door was a lock such as are used on bank vaults and safes, opening by a combination; but as if this were not enough protection, Mr. Hablington had a heavy iron bar that could be padlocked across the door, making it doubly secure. In this vault Mr. Hablington kept his various tasteless formulas. He opened the door and showed Mr. Gubb that, at the moment, it also contained forty or fifty small wooden cases. That these cases contained bottles was easily seen, for they were not made of solid boards but of strips, with openings between.

"There it is!" said Mr. Hablington. "That's the Tasteless Tonic, all I've got made of it yet. That's what I want watched. If those Riverbank Chemical rascals got hold of one bottle of that, they'd analyze it and get my formula as easy as falling off a log. And up there on that shelf is my bunch of formulas. If they got those, they'd know as much as I do."

"Those boxes don't look more than overly strong to ship bottles into," sug-

gested Mr. Gubb.

"No, they don't," admitted Mr. Hablington; "and when I get capital, I'm going to invent a better shipping-case. I can do it if I put my mind to it. It has to be an open case, for ventilation. That Tasteless Tonic is a wonder, but that's its one fault-it must have free circulation of air around the bottles to keep it from curdling. That's why I left that hole up there."

Now, for the first time, Mr. Gubb's attention was directed to an open space just above the closet door. It was, in effect, a small transom window, intended to permit air to enter the vault or closet, and Mr. Hablington showed Mr. Gubb a few small holes in the metal floor, well hidden in a far corner, well away from the cases of Tasteless Tonic.

"Got to have free circulation of air!" he said. "It curdles if it don't get it."

Epaminondas to the Tasteless factory, and Epaminondas was a willing victim. The lessons Mr. Gubb had been giving him had bored him exceedingly, and the prospect of two months with nothing to do but rest and eat filled his fatty heart with joy. That was a style of detecting that suited him exactly.

Mr. Hablington, his valise already packed, had made ample preparations for Epaminondas. An extra-stout iron couch-bed stood in front of the door of the black closet in such a manner that no one could approach the door without moving the couch. An ample supply of food stood on the floor in cans and boxes. A pile of magazines had been thoughtfully provided, and Mr. Gubb had brought his file of the twelve correspondence lessons in detecting.

he could raise the sash of one of the side windows in order to get fresh air or to allow Mr. Gubb to hand in any article he desired. It was all satisfactory to Epaminondas.

Mr. Hablington had locked the black closet and "thrown" the combination, and no one knew the combination but himself. The heavy iron bar was padlocked into place. Over the keyhole of the padlock Mr. Hablington had glued a piece of stout paper and had impressed THAT very afternoon Mr. Gubb led · his thumb-print on this as a seal. It was evident that no one could enter the dark closet. The small transom was the only entrance available, and Epaminondas was three times as large as the transom. After seeing Epaminondas nicely settled, Mr. Hablington and Mr. Gubb left the factory, and Mr. Hablington locked and bolted the front and only door. An hour later he took the train for California.

> It was about nine o'clock that night that Epaminondas heard a tapping on one of the side windows. Since five o'clock he had been eating steadily, and now he put down a partly emptied tin of sardines and went to the window. Out-



side he saw a face. Although Epaminondas did not know it, it was the face of Mr. Perrykins, the general manager of the Riverbank Chemical Company. Epaminondas opened the window.

"What do you want?" asked Epami-

nondas in his wheezy squeak.

"Say, boy," said Mr. Perrykins, "are you on watch in this shop?"

"Yes," wheezed Epaminondas.
"Well, do you want to make a lot of money?"

"No," said Epaminondas.

"You don't, hey? Don't want money? You're a funny boy! What do you like, if you don't like money?"

"Lemon pie," said Epaminondas.

Mr. Perrykins hesitated for a moment. "You wait here," he said then, "and I'll see what I can do in the lemon pie line."

In a few minutes Mr. Perrykins returned with a large lemon-meringue pie.

"There!" he said as he handed it through the window, "now you know who you friends are! We've heard of you, boy. We've been wondering for a long while what we could do to make you the happiest boy in the world. Ever hear of the Prevention of Cruelty to Boys Society? No? Well, I'm president of it. We saw you were not happy, and we want to make you happy. Would you like to have all the lemon pie you can eat as long as you live?"

"Yes," said Epaminondas. Words cannot describe the exact manner in which he said this. The word expressed a heart's uttermost longing, but it was smothered in pie, and was wheezed and

squeaked at the same time.

"Well, boy," said Mr. Perrykins, "that is just what the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Boys wants to give you. It wants to give you ten thousand pies just like that one you have there. That's what a thousand dollars means—ten thousand lemon pies! And all you have to do is get us four or five bottles out of that brick closet in the back room of this shop—and any old papers you find lying around on a shelf in the closet."

"It's locked," said Epaminondas between bites of pie. "It's locked and bolted." "Yes, but listen!" said Mr. Perrykins.
"There's a hole above the iron door, isn't there? A sort of transom? You climb up and crawl through that transom—"

"I'm too big," said Epaminondas.
"I'm a fat boy."

"Well, son, don't you want to be a thin boy?"

"No!" said Epaminondas positively.

"I like to be fat."

"But wouldn't you be willing to be a thin boy for a while if you could have ten thousand lemon pies afterward? Wouldn't you?"

"I'd have to stop eating to be thin,"

said Epaminondas.

"Now, there's where you're wrong!" said Mr. Perrykins. "People used to think that, but they know better now; they can eat all they want, and they can grow thin at the same time."

"I don't want to be thin. I'd have to work. When I'm fat I just have to

eat. I'm too fat to work."

"But, listen!" said Mr. Perrykins patiently. "You wont have to work while you are in that shop. You can get thin while you are in that shop, and then you can get fat again before you have to come out. You wont have to work. Ten thousand lemon pies! Think of that!"

"How'd I do it?" asked Epaminondas,

eating pie.

"If you go down cellar," said Mr. Perrykins, "and look around, you'll find a lot of boxes, and some of them are marked "Tasteless Anti-fat Remedy.' All you have to do is drink a bottle of that with each meal."

"Does it taste bad?"

"It doesn't taste at all. It tastes like good water. Will you do it?"

"How'll I get fat again?" asked

Epaminondas.

"Oh, you'll get fat again naturally!" laughed Mr. Perrykins. "But if you are in a hurry, you can look around the cellar until you find a lot of boxes marked 'Tasteless Anti-thin Remedy.' If you drink a bottle of that with each meal, you'll get fat again in no time."

"Does it taste bad?"

"It tastes fine! Just like water! And for ten thousand lemon pies, remember! Here, where are you going?" "Down cellar," said Epaminondas.

FOR the first two or three days of Epaminondas' incarceration Mr. Gubb visited him each morning, but after that, being engaged on an interesting job of paper-hanging as well as a neat bit of detective work, he received Epaminondas' reports by telephone. With the thought of ten thousand lemon pies constantly before him, Epaminondas drank Mr. Hablington's Tasteless Anti-fat with unremitting faithfulness. It is not my intention to advertise Mr. Hablington's products, but it is only the truth when I say that Epaminondas shrank like a drying sponge. The folds of fat seemed to melt inside of his skin

and disappear as if by magic. In three weeks he was so thin he resembled a collapsed to y balloon stuck on a leadpencil, for his skin hung in folds. Relieved of his weight, he felt like a bubble of air; he felt as if he could jump over a church without touching the steeple.

At the end of four weeks Epaminondas was able to draw himself from the iron cot up to the transom and then wiggle through

it to the interior of the black closet. He piled several of the cases of Tasteless Tonic under the transom and tossed Mr. Hablington's formulas into the laboratory; then, carefully, he dropped bottle after bottle of Tasteless Tonic through the transom upon the mattress of his iron cot. That evening when Mr. Perrykins appeared with his lemon pie, Epaminondas was able to give him the formulas and the bottles of Tasteless Tonic. Mr. Perrykins, in return, handed Epaminondas one thousand dollars. Mr. Perrykins was a rascal, but he was, to this extent, honest.

"And now, you miserable renegade," he said, "you'd better get fat again just about as fast as you know how! I don't know when Hablington will be back, but I know his Anti-thin doesn't compare with his Anti-fat, and if you want to get fat again, and want to keep out of jail, you'd better fatten up just about as quick as you know how. If he comes back and finds you thin, he'll murder you!"

Something in Mr. Perrykins' words and tone made Epaminondas feel that Mr. Perrykins was not as friendly as he had pretended to be.

"Aren't you going to bring me any more lemon pies?" Epaminondas whined.

"Not a—" Mr. Perrykins began, and then thought better of it. "See here, boy," he said: "you and I have done something the law don't allow. We're

criminals now. We've got to stand together and keep our mouths shut about what we've done. Neither of us must say a word. If they ask you who got into that closet, tell them you don't know. Be stupid and don't know anything about it. Just say no one got into the closet. And as long as it is safe, I'll bring you lemon pies."

"All right," said Epaminondas:

Then began one of the greatest races



against time that has ever been known. For a few days—a week, perhaps—it seemed as if Epaminondas had carried his fasting too far and had permanently thinned himself out, but then he began to fill his loose skin as a hot-water bottle fills when held under a dribbling faucet. Ounce by ounce he gained weight, and he almost deluged himself with Antithin. When he felt it was safe to do so, Mr. Perrykins brought baked potatoes, sugared cookies and other fattening food. The stated time for Mr. Hablington's return approached, and Epaminondas ate all day and most of the night, washing down his food with Tasteless Anti-thin. He reached his old weight! He passed it! A day came when his eyes

were no more than slits in a mass of adipose; the stout iron cot creaked ominously when he lay on it. That day Mr. Hablington returned.

MR. HABLINGTON stepped from the train and hurried across the street to his factory, unbolted the door and hurried into the back room. On the iron cot Epaminondas lay in a sound sleep, wheezing peacefully. Mr. Hablington was obliged to shake him several times before Epaminondas awakened. Then he sat up on the edge of the cot and stared at Mr. Hablington.

"Everything all right?" asked Mr.

"Yes sir," said Epaminondas sleepily.

Mr. Hablington laughed.

"I'll bet you've been asleep ever since I went away," he said. "Haven't you?" "No sir." wheezed Epaminondas, and Mr. Hablington laughed again. Then he examined the paper that covered the keyhole of the padlock, tore it off, unlocked the iron bar and turned the com-The iron door of the bination lock. black closet swung open, and Mr. Hablington uttered a cry of anger. Three cases of Tasteless Tonic stood, one above another, immediately in the doorway, and an empty case stood near. With trembling hands Mr. Hablington examined the shelf and found his formulas gone.

He ignored Epaminondas absolutely. In a leap he reached the telephone and called Philo Gubb, and in a few minutes the great detective was entering the

Tasteless laboratory.

"Gubb," cried Mr. Hablington, "I have been robbed! Bottles of Tasteless Tonic have been stolen from my closet, and my formulas are gone. The Riverbank Chemical Company is at the bottom of this, Gubb."

Without a word, Philo Gubb walked to the door of the dark closet.

"Was this here door of entrance into the inside of this closet opened up like this when you came into the inside of this room?" he asked.

"Open! I should say not!" exclaimed Mr. Hablington. "I opened it just now, opened it myself,-and it had not been tampered with since I left."

"Watson," said Mr. Gubb to Epaminondas, "who was in this room since Mr. Hablington went away from out of it?"

"Nobody," wheezed Epaminondas,

"-nobody but me."

"Are you positively sure and absolute in every manner of respect?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"Yes sir," said Epaminondas.

Mr. Gubb, following the directions laid down in Lesson Two of the Rising Sun Correspondence Course of Detecting, examined the interior and exterior of the brick closet with minute care. He then examined the entire interior of the laboratory and of the outer room, every window and the entire cellar, after which he went outside and examined the entire exterior of the building. He questioned Mr. Hablington regarding the front door, and when Mr. Hablington had assured him that the front door had remained locked exactly as he had left it, the mystery was complete.

The reader of this episode in Mr. Gubb's detective career knows how the bottles of Tasteless Tonic and Mr. Hablington's formulas got out of the dark closet; to Mr. Gubb and Mr. Hablington the mystery was beyond human comprehension. Here was a locked building with every window stoutly barred; inside was a fat boy on guard over a brick vault which had a steel door that was locked and barred and had never been opened since Mr. Hablington locked it last. The fat boy was three times too large to go through the small transom over the locked metal door. It had been utterly impossible for anyone to enter the building, and equally impossible for the fat boy to enter the vault, and yet the vault had been entered and its contents partially removed. The impossible had happened! It is such situations that make us gasp with amazement when we read the opening paragraphs of detective

Mr. Hablington, seeing Mr. Gubb meant to give the case proper attention, hurried out of the factory. He was unable to rest until he had discovered whether the Riverbank Chemical Company had taken advantage of the crime to put on the market a tasteless tonic; and he had but to walk to the Riverbank Chemical Company's factory to see that his fears were only too well grounded. From the side door of the factory great trucks were being loaded with skeleton cases, each of which bore the words Riverbank Water-taste Tonic. The Riverbank Chemical Company had stolen Mr. Hablington's formula and had, to use a trade term, "rushed things and hogged the market." Henceforth Mr. Hablington's Tasteless Tonic, if he put it on the market, would be but a substitute, a thing to be scorned. We are sorry for Mr. Hablington, but we are more interested in Mr. Gubb.

"Watson," said Mr. Gubb to Epaminondas as soon as they were alone, "to you, without the smallest question of doubt, this looks like an unfathomable mystery that can't be discovered out in no possible manner of means, don't it?"

"Yes sir," wheezed Epaminondas.
"Well, it aint," said Mr. Gubb. "To
a deteckative mind, a case like this don't
present no difficult trouble in no kind
of way. Just as soon as I get ready
to start to begin, I can solution this
out without no trouble at all."

"Marvelous!" wheezed Epaminondas,

as he had been taught.

"You can very well and properly so remark, Watson," said Philo Gubb. "A fat-headed mind like yours couldn't guess how this closet was entered into. You can't even begin to start to hazard a guess at it. No doubt at all in the least, that when I tell you who committed the burglar theft, you'll be amazed and startled."

"Yes sir," wheezed Epaminondas.
"So," said Mr. Gubb, "before starting to proceed, I'll go and don onto me a disguise so the criminal thief will not know he is being hunted after."

WHEN Mr. Gubb returned to the Tasteless factory, he found Epaminondas as he had left him, except that the youth had reclined upon the iron cot and was now once more sleeping sweetly. Mr. Gubb allowed him to sleep. There was nothing Epaminondas did quite as well.

The disguise Mr. Gubb had assumed was No. 68 in the Rising Sun Detective Bureau's Correspondence School of Detecting's Supply Catalogue, in which interesting booklet it was listed as "Muffin Man, with beard and tray complete, \$12.50, express paid." It was an excellent disguise, but one on which the Supply Bureau must have made a remarkable profit, for it consisted of a large white apron with bib and shoulder-straps, a large black tin tray on which eight celluloid imitations of richly browned muffins were glued, a white paper cap somewhat like a tam-o'-shanter, and a reddish beard.

Mr. Gubb had neglected to send the measurements of his face when ordering Disguise No. 68, and the Supply Bureau had sent him a beard several sizes too small, so that when it was hooked over his ears, the mustache portion would not fit beneath his nose but rested rakishly on the bridge of that feature, giving his face a bizarre effect seldom seen. His nose, requiring air, protruded through the mouth opening of the beard, which covered his mouth and the lower portion of his face. When the hairs of the mustache tickled Mr. Gubb's nose and he wrinkled it, the ends of the mustache arose and mingled with his eyebrows.

Thus disguised, Mr. Gubb went over the entire premises again, searching for clues. In spite of the boast he had made to Epaminondas, he found the whole affair extremely baffling — and little easier of solution now that he had donned a disguise than it had been before. In the cellar he found a number of empty bottles labeled "Tasteless Antifat" and "Tasteless Anti-thin," but these had evidently nothing to do with the burglary, for if the burglar had wanted them, he would have taken them, bottles and all. For a minute, however, Mr. Gubb stood by the cellar window reading one of the circulars that accompanied each bottle, and the words in praise of the Tasteless Anti-thin greatly impressed him.

For some time Mr. Gubb had regretted his own leanness, and as he read the circular, hope that he might put a little fat on his bones revived. When he climbed the cellar stairs he carried with him six bottles of Tasteless Antithin, and these he placed on the small table that stood beside Epaminondas'

couch, meaning to pay Mr. Hablington what they were worth when that gentleman returned. He then gave his attention once more to the interior of the

brick closet.

For a while, as he felt about in the dusk of that enclosure, the place seemed to yield no clues, but when he stood on a box of Tasteless Tonic and put his hand on the shelf that had held Mr. Hablington's formulas, he drew it away again with a suddenness that suggested he had made an important discovery. His hand, feeling along the dark shelf, had plunged into something wet and cold and jellylike, and when Mr. Gubb felt there again and more carefully, he discovered that, while the thing was soft along one edge, on the other edge, which seemed to be semicircular in shape, it was harder and dryer. With infinite care Mr. Gubb withdrew the thing from the shelf and carried it into the better light of the laboratory. It was one half of a lemon-meringue pie!

The half-pie was now moldy on top, but not as moldy as it would have been if the dark closet had not been well ventilated. It lacked something of its pristine freshness. Bits of green showed here and there on the browned top, and the crust was not as crisp as it had once been, but it was still pie; and more than that, it was a clue. Mr. Gubb placed it on his tray among the celluloid muffins and took out his pocket magnifying glass. Holding the left mustache away from his left eye, and closing his right eye, he examined the lemon pie with the utmost care. There could be no doubt that it was lemon pie. More than this, along the broken edge of the pie still remained the indentations made by a set of teeth-the teeth that had bitten the pie. Mr. Gubb looked at these scallops and then at Epaminondas.

The detective apprentice lay on his bed in deep and wheezy sleep, his mouth wide open, breathing the deep, full breaths of a first-class sleeper. With the utmost care Mr. Gubb took the pie in two hands and bent over Epaminondas. Carefully he lowered the scalloped edge of the pie toward Epaminondas' mouth until one of the scallops rested against Epaminondas' row of strong white

teeth. The teeth and the scallop seemed to fit exactly, but before Mr. Gubb could quite verify this, Epaminondas' head lifted a little, he took a large bite of pie and, muttering in his sleep, masticated the pie with every evidence of intense pleasure. Mr. Gubb looked at the fresh tooth-marks in the pie's edge. They were precisely similar to those already there!

With a sigh Mr. Gubb placed the pie on the tray again and stared at Epaminondas. Somewhere, locked in that mass of fat stupidity, lay the secret of the mystery of the dark closet! Wiggling his nose, which the hair of the red mustache tickled, Mr. Gubb studied

Epaminondas.

Somehow, doubtless while Epaminon-das was wrapped in deep sleep such as now enwrapped him, some one had entered the laboratory and had climbed through the small transom into the dark closet. Evidently the thief had taken a pie Epaminondas had been eating, and for some reason yet unknown, had carried it with him through the transom into the dark room. Then suddenly, as such things come to great detectives, Mr. Gubb seemed to hear the question: "But how did Epaminondas get a lemon pie?" He leaned forward and shook Epaminondas.

"Wake up!" he ordered.

Epaminondas sighed deeply and rolled his head.

"Watson! Wake up!" Mr. Gubb repeated, shaking Epaminondas again.

WITH his eyes still closed, Epaminondas arose to a sitting position and slid his feet to the floor. He sat there, a humped-up mass of fat, and his head nodded. Again Mr. Gubb shook him. Epaminondas opened his eyes.

The fat boy stared at Philo Gubb like one in a dream—as was the case. Stupidly and blinkingly he stared, and his eyes fell on the black tray and then looked up at Mr. Gubb again. He saw the white apron and cap of the Muffin Man Disguise No. 68, and the mass of red beard that hid Mr. Gubb's face. His hand reached out as if involuntarily for a bottle of Tasteless Anti-thin, and he upended it in his mouth. Nothing



Nature's formula combined with Campbell's.

No human chemist ever invented a "bracer" superior to the delicious recipe put up by nature in the juicy vineripened tomatoes used in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

All their valuable tonic and medicinal properties are retained by the Campbell method, while the other nourishing materials which we blend with nature's formula complete a soup as beneficial as it is tempting.

Summer is just the time when you need the healthful and appetizing stimulus of this wholesome Campbell "kind." Its regular use at this season will do the whole family a world of good.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbells. Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

flowed from the bottle, for it was securely corked; but Epaminondas wiped his lips and set the bottle on the table again, and then his hand fell to his trousers' pocket, and from it he drew a fat roll of bills. He placed them on the table.

"I want ten thousand lemon pies!" he wheezed, and as if the exertion of speech had been too much for him, he dropped back on the bed again and breathed long and deep. Mr. Gubb picked up the roll of bills and counted it and placed it in his own pocket. He looked at Epaminondas and then at the small transom and then at Epaminondas again. He leaned over the sleeping fatboy and with one hand prodded him in the side and the chest. The fat flesh yielded like rubber. Mr. Gubb was satisfied.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Hablington returned, the great detective was waiting for him.

"Well, what have you discovered?" asked Mr. Hablington.

"My deteckative researching into this case has culminated to an end without any manner of delay whatsoever," said Mr. Gubb, removing the red beard. "It has brought to sight into the light one of the most remarkable cases of human curiosity freaks now existing extant."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Hablington.

"By that there statement I mean to intend to say," said Mr. Gubb, "that this nephew son of my sister here is what you might term by the name of a reversed andoconda."

"Reversed andoconda!" exclaimed Mr. Hablington in surprise.

"The andoconda serpent snake," explained Mr. Gubb, "is a serpentile reptile that can swallow things three times as large as its own dimensions of size. This nephew relative of mine is the reversed opposite of that. He can get through holes three times as small as what his diameter of circumference is. Into other words, Mr. Hablington, he is a rubber man like them into the dime museum of the ten-cent side-shows. That is the answer of the solution to the mystery."

Slowly, as Mr. Hablington grasped the meaning of Mr. Gubb's words, a smile spread over his scarred face. Then he chuckled with amusement, and his eyes sparkled.

"Gubb," he said, "I ought to have the



(Continued on fifth following page.)

daily he So pe barely accusto tice. Ye from the back to when C terious, jungles.

is very y

achiever

chouc's

The t

God m
to perform the day selves we cloth, which will been give.
Today of life. calmly ac what a m.
Through of a composivilizatio

When was aw the na

than eight



TAMING OF CAOUTCHOU



ODAY Caoutchouc is your servant, mastered, trained to a thousand tasks.

Caoutchouc is always with you in private and public, in sickness and health, through pleasures and trials, in work and play, from infancy to age-a

daily help, comfort and necessity.

So perfect a servant is Caoutchouc that you barely realize the magnitude of the service; so accustomed a companion as rarely to cause notice. Yet were Caoutchouc to be suddenly taken from the world, the world would be suddenly set back to your great-grandfather's time-the time when Caoutchouc was still one of the wild, mysterious, unmanageable things of the Amazon jungles. For Caoutchouc, though old as the trees, is very young in service.

The taming of Caoutchouc is a romance of achievement-no less a romance because Caout-

chouc's other name is Rubber.

God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. Of which this is an instance: back in the dark ages men fought with steel, fed themselves with bread and covered themselves with cloth, while rubber, made fit to use, has only been given to the last two or three generations.

Today rubber is one of the great necessities of life. It is a commodity, like any other, and calmly accepted as our rightful heritage. Yet by what a narrow margin of time is rubber ours! Through all the centuries it waited for the needs of a complex civilization and the ability of such a civilization to master it. That mastery came less than eighty years ago.

PROMISING, BUT-

When white men first saw South America, they saw the natives playing with balls made of rubber.

Not long after, like children fascinated by a plaything of which they could only half sense the possibilities, other white men brought rubber home with them. Its qualities and properties were obvious. But it had a fault. Shoes made of rubber were soft and sticky in hot weather, and in cold weather grew hard and easy to crack. It was this fault that had to be overcome, and it was in this particular that rubber long remained as untamed and unmanageable as ever.

In spite of its shortcoming, however, rubber was not unused, even in the old, crude state. From our present viewpoint, living in an age when rubber has come into its own, some of the old-time uses are most amusing. It would be absurd, nowadays, to think of sending shoes to South America to have them waterproofed, but that was actually done, and not infrequently. Folks sent their shoes on that long journey by sailors, who had them dipped in rubber to the end that their owners could walk dry and more comfortably.

MASTERED BY GOODYEAR

Charles Goodyear tamed rubber-halter-broke it, as it were. He had been trying for years to process it in some way so that it would stand extremes of cold and heat. After many failures success came, as success sometimes does, by accident. He happened to drop some rubber mixed with sulphur on a hot stove. And thus vulcanization was discovered.

That was in 1839. It took Goodyear three years to perfect the process and to find anybody who would invest money in it. On such a slender thread-accident and a man's persistence in spite of disappointment-hung the development of the material that has since so vitally affected civilization.

It was Goodyear's unfortunate lot that his labors

Copyright 1916 United States Rubber Company

The Taming of Caoutchouc

were not rewarded in material riches. He was never connected with a single successful company which manufactured vulcanized rubber. In England he was unable to interest capital. In France a company which he organized soon failed, and he was imprisoned for debt. In America he was content to license others to manufacture under his patents.

Charles Goodyear's reward is fame, written indelibly in history. So great has been the appreciation of the rubder industry for his wonderful invention, that a number of individual rubber goods manufacturers have incorporated his name in theirs. Thus there are today, for instance, "Goodyear's India Rubber Glove Manufacturing Co." and "Goodyear's Metallic Rubber Shoe Co.," both manufacturing rubber boots and shoes, and both integral parts of the United States Rubber Company.

L. CANDEE & CO. FIRST LICENSED

In 1842 Goodyear granted to Leverett Candee, of New Haven, a license to manufacture under his newly perfected process of vulcanization. With Henry and Lucius Hotchkiss, the firm of L. Candee & Co. was formed to manufacture rubber shoes. This was the first license Goodyear granted—74 years ago. The firm of L. Candee & Co. is still in existence as one of the large units of the United States Rubber Company, and the descendants of Henry and Lucius Hotchkiss are now active in the affairs of the latter company.

So Goodyear gave rubber, halter-broken, to the world. That in itself was a wonderful gift and a great achievement. And not less great has been the ingenuity, the planning and the toil by which industry has harnessed rubber and trained it to perform the multitude of tasks you know of. Not only were the problems of adaptation and manufacturing tremendous; the public was at first suspicious.

The first rubber shoes made by L. Candee & Co. were made over straight lasts—there were neither rights nor lefts. Mr. Downs, their salesman, used to carry these shoes around from store to store in baskets, and the doubting retail dealers would only accept them to be sold on commission.

How far the development and the acceptance of rubber have traveled in the short, fast-moving three-quarters of a century since then! To what an extent it has become part of our lives! To be deprived of rubber now would turn our existences upside down. Picture such condition of affairs.



Rubber is shipped in "Biscuits."

IMAGINE A RUBBERLESS WORLD

Without rubber overshoes and raincoats, the first rainy day would find us all unprotected against the wet. The lawn would wait for showers and the garden would have to be watered with a sprinkling can. The body's chill would no longer know the solace of the rubber spine bag or hot water bottle; the fever, the blessing of an ice bag.

The automobile would stand unused, for nobody has yet found a satisfactory substitute for rubber tires. Mother, at home, without jarrings, would no longer be able to preserve fruits and vegetables. Father, at the office, could no longer snap a rubber band around his papers. Jimmy's stockings would always be down around his ankles, for there would be no elastic bands to make garters of—and Jimmy wouldn't stand the pressure of

bands that were not elastic. Little Susie would never know the ecstacy of mothering a rubber doll, and the baby would have to take nourishment every three hours from a spoon. Without rubber for the laundry wringer rolls, the weekly wash would grow from a problem to a calamity.

How sport would suffer! Without rubber-soled tennis and sport shoes, without tennis and golf balls, and without rubber bladders for footballs and punching bags, the world would be a drab place, indeed. Even the good old game of jackstones would be nothing but a memory. Imagine a child without a rubber ball!

THE COMMUNITY LOSS

The functions of rubber goods in medicine and surgery are vitally important. Infection and suffering would increase enormously with its loss. Rubber fire hose is still the mainstay of the fire department, and the fire department is one of our last lines of defense. Rubber gaskets, washers and packings in pumps and valves play an essential part in supplying you water and all power which turns all wheels which produce all things. You have hardly a manufactured article, these days, in the production of which rubber does not take a hand. Man-made harbors are opened and kept open by the grace of rubber sleeves on The world's business corredredging pipes. spondence is conducted on typewriters with rubber platens. The world's news is proclaimed in newspapers, in the printing of which a rubber blanket could not be replaced. Air and steam drills eat into the earth that great tunnels and

build
air ar
rivets
skeles
are b
and s
rubbe
condu
becau
with
portio
power
are m

THI

pende
has lee
To n
has gr
try, de
supply
Into ti
Caoute
have g
dollars
of mod
ginning
ber er
can bu

partly

Even zation, rubber in whice Followi of pater and oth to many

compar

which t

have a

OLD Amor Rubber bought stuffed lasts to Goodye MeyerR Glove M Co., late America added t manufac the Ban Co., the Hose Co Rubber Morgan ing Co., turing (

The Taming of Caoutchouc

building foundations may be made; air and steam riveters clinch the rivets that hold together the vast skeletons on which skyscrapers are built—and to all of these air and steam is conducted through rubber hose. Electricity can be conducted in many places only because wire can be insulated with rubber. An immense proportion of the belts that carry power from source to point of use are made of rubber over canvas.

n

ot

d

The list grows long, yet it is but partly representative of the dependence our modern civilization has learned to place on rubber.

To meet all these demands there has grown up a tremendous industry, dedicated to the purpose of supplying every need for rubber. Into the taming and training of Caoutchouc, the universal servant, have gone millions on millions of dollars and some of the best brains of modern times. In the very be-

ginnings of rubber as a commodity, a little rubber eraser cost seventy-five cents. Today you can buy one anywhere for a nickel. And in that comparison you have the measure of efficiency which the importers and manufacturers of rubber

have applied.

Even before Goodyear's discovery of vulcanization, companies had been organized to make rubber shoes, carriage cloth and other products in which rubber occupied a conspicuous place. Following straightway on the heels of the granting of patents on Goodyear's process, several of these and other newly organized firms obtained licenses to manufacture under that process.

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF RUBBER GOODS

Among these were, in 1840, the National India Rubber Co., of Providence, a firm which at first bought molded rubber shoes that came from Para stuffed with rice hulls, and stretched them over lasts to cure; in 1842, L. Candee & Co.; in 1843, Goodyear's Metallic Rubber Shoe Co.; in 1844, the MeyerRubberCo. and the Goodyear's India Rubber Glove Manufacturing Co.; in 1853, the Malden Mfg. Co., later the Boston Rubber Shoe Co.; in 1874, The American Rubber Co. These firms have grown, added to their lines, perfected their methods of manufacture, and have joined together along with the Banigan Rubber Co., the Lycoming Rubber Co., the Woonsocket Rubber Co., the Fabric Fire Hose Co., the G and J Tire Co., the Hartford Rubber Works Co., the Mechanical Rubber Co., Morgan & Wright, the New York Belting & Packing Co., Limited, the Peerless Rubber Manufacturing Co., the Revere Rubber Co., the Sawyer



Tapping a rubber tree.

Belting Co., and the Stoughton Rubber Co.—all, with some others, forming the United States Rubber Company, the largest manufacturers of rubber goods in the world.

Thus the United States Rubber Company, now operating the amazing total of 47 factories, harks back in its ancestry to the oldest rubber manufacturers in existence—one of them having been founded seventy-four years ago.

It is not uncommon for some one to wonder what is going to happen in rubber. There have been violent fluctuations in the prices of crude rubber, and there have been rumors of rubber shortages. Will such things seriously affect the public in the future?

That question finds its answer in the size, scope, activities and integrity of the United States Rubber Company. This great System is not only to be known as a manufacturer, but as an organization operating in every

department to provide the best rubber products at uniform prices—a large contract, but one which is already being fulfilled.

THE GREATEST PLANTATION

Fluctuations in rubber supply and price have, in the past, been due fundamentally to the source. As long as rubber is procured through native sources from South America, such fluctuations may be expected. But the United States Rubber System has provided for a future secure against these conditions. Six years ago it purchased over 90,000 acres in Sumatra, and has devoted this extensive plantation to the cultivation of the best quality rubber. Commensurate with the size of the Company itself, this is the largest plantation in existence. It represents an investment to date of approximately nine millions of dollars—invested that the quality, the price and the supply of rubber may be stabilized.

Nearly half of this plantation, 43,500 acres, is already planted to 5,600,000 rubber trees. Over a million of these trees are already being tapped. The great enterprise is moving forward with the utmost precision—a vast project in which 14,000 Coolies are employed, and in which the rate of planting is 5,200 trees per day.

Such a plantation is a work of time. Trees cannot produce rubber until they are five years old, and do not come into full bearing until still later. The United States Rubber System is building for future generations.

AN IMMENSE, WELL-BALANCED MACHINE

The prosperity of the United States Rubber Company, and hence its ability to continue serv-

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

The Taming of Caoutchouc

ing the public well, does not depend on the continued demand for automobile tires or any other one product. It is active in every field where rubber is a factor. And to each it carries the same measure of efficiency.

The products of the United States Rubber Company are divided into these principal classes—clothing (raincoats of rubber, rubberized fabrics and cravenette goods), footwear (rubber shoes and boots, overshoes, tennis and outing shoes), tires, druggist sundries, and mechanical and molded rubber goods (which include practically everything not included in the other classifications).

These products are sold by the Company in practically every part of the civilized world. To make them and sell them, more than 35,000 people are given employment, exclusive of the labor on the Sumatra plantation. Forty-seven factories in all make U. S. Rubber goods—a floor space of over 8,300,000 square feet, equivalent to 191 acres.

It requires more than 58,000 horse power, exclusive of water power, to produce the U. S. Rubber goods to supply the earth's demands; and to transport a year's production of these goods needs more than 15,000 freight cars, or a train over 112 miles long. The members of the selling organization of the United States Rubber System travel 15,000,000 miles in a single year. And the result of their traveling is this: one hundred and eighty-nine U. S. Rubber branches (a hundred and seventy-five of them in this country) and

thousands upon thousands of stores have U.S. Rubber goods to supply a waiting world.

The Company deals in more than rubber. In many of its products are cotton ducks, drills, sheetings, etc., and of these it consumes over 55,000,000 yards a year—a yardage that would cover 31,250 miles.

AN IMMENSE OUTFLOW

A single figure will visualize for you the volume of the torrent of finished goods that pour constantly out of the United States rubber factories. In one year, recently, these factories made over 50,000,000 pairs of shoes—a pair for every other person in the United States.

From time to time you will see new uses made of rubber. The Development Department of the United States Rubber Company is constantly working toward that end. And there are chemists and other technical men in each factory, safeguarding the buyers of U. S. Rubber goods by the most critical chemical and physical tests of materials.

Throughout, from the operating and executive heads in New York to the men in the various plants and branches, is a spirit of sincere resolve. They have grown up in the rubber industry. Their world is rubber. Their problem is rubber.

The United States Rubber Company has grown to be great because the people have willed that it be great, and this they have willed because the service of the United States Rubber Company shines out through the services of Caoutchouc, the servant.



fat rascal put in jail, but I'm going to let him off! Yes sir, I'm going to let him go scot free. I've seen Perrykins of the Riverbank Chemical Company, and I guess I owe that boy more than you can imagine. When I put it right up to Perrykins, he admitted he had hired your fat boy to climb through the transom and steal my formulas and some of my Tasteless Tonic, but he did more than that. He didn't find my formulas for the Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin among those he stole, because I carry them in my head, and he offered me forty-nine per cent ownership in the Riverbank Chemical Company if I would turn over my formulas. It's worth fifty thousand dollars to me, Gubb."

"That is a large amount of money

capital," said Mr. Gubb.

S.

r

1.

3.

ľ

r

e

e

d

g

S.

e

3

"It certainly is," chuckled Mr. Hablington, "and do you know what? The reason they are willing to make the deal with me is so they can get control of my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin. That man Perrykins is crazy over them. He's wild about them. Oh! I can laugh myself sick when I think how Perrykins has fooled himself!"

"In what kind of manner of way?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"Why, over that rubber fat-boy of yours," said Mr. Hablington joyously. "I knew there was some solution of the dark closet mystery that Perrykins didn't know about. I couldn't guess what it was, but you have hit on it the first thing. That boy of yours stretches like a rubber band. That's it—because what Perrykins said is nonsense!"

"What did he make a remark of say-

ing?" asked Mr. Gubb.

"He said," chuckled Mr. Hablington, "that my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin were the greatest remedies in the world, because this fat boy took my Anti-fat and got so thin he could crawl through the transom, and then took the Anti-thin and got fat again—as fat as he is there now. And that's nonsense!"

"It is a certain surety of nonsense,"

said Mr. Gubb.

"It certainly is nonsense," said Mr. Hablington, "—because, Gubb, there's not a thing in my Tasteless Anti-fat and Tasteless Anti-thin but plain, everyday filtered Mississippi River water!"

Another Philo Gubb story next month.



The Runt

An interesting story of The Alabama mines.

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Author of "Red Tape," "The Infernal Triangle," etc.

T is probable I never would have noticed Jim Ferris had it not been for his wife. Jim came to Roaring Branch from goodness knows where, announced that he was a good mucker and drill-helper, enrolled on the company's books and obtained a two-dollar-a-day job with Carson Wildey, one of the contractors.

He was a huge figure of a man, deep

of chest, broad of shoulder, shaggy of head and level of eye. He walked with a great, space-eating stride, swinging his muscular arms, swaying his body from the hips. I remember that I spoke to Wildey regarding his new helper.

"That man will muck excess," I said quietly. "He's a powerful brute."

"I had a helper once," retorted Wildey, "who earned three dollars and sixty cents one day. This man looks

just as big and strong."

The shovelers-muckers, they are called-work on a guarantee of two dollars a day in the Alabama ore-mines. For excess tonnage they receive excess pay from the individual contractors under whom they work. His first day in the mine Jim Ferris established a record by earning four dollars and

eighteen cents!

When he checked out at the tag-house at the head of the slope, the rumor of his marvelous earnings spread like wildfire. The other miners were skeptical, and they investigated. Yes, there it was, the record—ton for ton. And Jim Ferris had looked nearly as fresh when he emerged from the mine as when he had entered it that morning. In a single day he had become the cynosure of all eyes in Roaring Branch, a Samson come amongst us. Carson Wildey, the contractor, beamed among the honky-tonks that night as though he had done the work himself-and he had good cause, for Carson Wildey was a contractor, and was paid per ton of ore, and every 'excess penny paid to a mucker meant many such in his own pocket.

AT any rate, it was this world of attention that Jim Ferris drew to himself which caused me to see his wife. I happened to be passing his cabin,-the conventional frame structure rented to him at the rate of one dollar per room per month,-and I noticed the big man inside. It struck me that I'd like to look the giant over. He had made mining history that day for Roaring Branch, and I knew that they'd ask me about him in other camps. So I rapped on the door, and he threw ' it open.
"Well? What c'n I do f'r ye?"

Then he saw my face in the glow of the kerosene lamp. He stepped back and flung the door wide.

"C'm in," he invited cordially. Then, to the woman: "'Tis the superintend-

ent, Peggy."

I fear that I stared unduly as the woman turned from the fire-and well I might, for refined feminine beauty is a rarity in the families of muckers.

Despite gingham gown, shoes and hair none too becomingly arrayed, there are but two words to describe Peggy Ferris-regal and beautiful. She turned from the tiny range in the corner to greet me, wiping her hands on a checked apron as she did

She was only a little over five feet in height, with a perfectly rounded, exquisitely proportioned figure. complexion was creamy white, her eyes a crystal gray, the lashes long and silky, the eyebrows thick-a face and presence that set even my heart to thumping.

I shook her hand and murmured a trite something at which she flushed a

"I'm glad to meet ye, sir," she said "'Tis proud I am to have ye simply.

yo

na

eve

drop in."

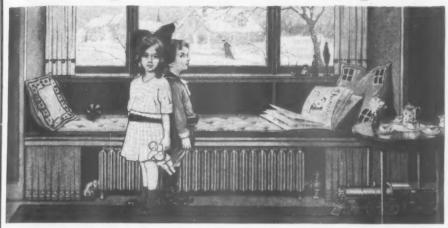
And that was about all, for only in her looks was the woman exceptional. Her conversation was limited by her environs, her dialect that of the camps, her education nil. But as I rose to go, after a visit of perhaps fifteen minutes, during which we talked mainly of Jim's superhuman feat of the day,a triumph which he modestly decried, -I viewed the husband and wife from the doorway, and there was indelibly registered in my mind the conviction that I was gazing upon the most perfect couple-physically-that I had seen in all my years of mining work, And I was delighted at the atmosphere of domestic permanency. It was as though they had settled there with the idea of staying for the balance of their natural lives.

And so I went to my house, farther up the hill, and told my wife about the beautiful little woman who was wife to the champion mucker of the State. And then the topic veered to other subjects, and Ferris was temporarily forgotten. But the next evening when he checked out, the camp buzzed once again like a huge hive of bees. Ferris had exceeded his record of the previous day by nearly half a ton.

Again I discussed him with the wife, and again he was eventually forgotten; but I was not destined to forget him

for long.

Heating that measures up full!



"Old Man Winter" is soon coming back! Are you again ready to burden yourself with the many daily feedings of stoves, grates or hot air furnace, which give you back little else than the ashes they scatter everywhere? Don't do it! Enjoy all future winters by at once putting in radiator heating that measures up full 100%, giving "equally tall" results in comfort, convenience,

AMERICAN & DEAL BOILERS

results in comfort, convenience, cleanliness and utmost fuel economy. This ideal heating is guaranteed without coaxing or poking, without fuss or muss, to warm faithfully and genially all the rooms—throughout days and nights of fog, chill, snow, sleet or

blizzard—and their fuel savings pay for the outfit!

Heat that reduces living costs!



A No. 4-25-W IDEAL Boller and 430 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Reliators, costing the owner Reliators, costing the owner tage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fliter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to the property of th

All other methods mean heating by caprice—hit or miss—you are at the mercy of the winds which chill exposed rooms. IDEAL-AMERICAN outfits give you regulated, reliable heating, delivered to the rooms exactly as needed to keep the house at the precise degree you prefer. Each coal-bill thus becomes an evidence of satisfaction—a record of comfort and common-sense

housekeeping!

Full measure IDEAL heating can be put in old buildings just as easily as in new ones without disturbance, tearing up, or noise.

Send today for copy of our valuable (free book) "Ideal Heating," full of dollar-saving facts you ought to know about. A postal will bring it. Act today, before the busy season arrives!

\$150 Stationary Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner with iron suction pipe running to each floor. Guaranteed unfailing.



Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 35 816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

T was the next morning that the Runt came into Roaring Branch. As the nickname implies, the Runt was a little man, probably not more than five-three height. His shoulders, though, rolled in muscle; his bowed legs gave evidence of tremendous power. jaw was square, his eyes dangerously level. He was a big little man-you've seen his kind: small of stature vet impressing you with a sense of limitless physical power. He told me that he was a mucker by trade, expert in the use of the compressed-air drills, and that he was looking for work.

I welcomed him eagerly. We needed men. I took the Runt's name, the name of his nearest relative—a gruesome custom of the camps—and told him I'd place him by the next morning. Then I turned back to work, thinking that the Runt had left. But in a few seconds I felt uncomfortably conscious of his eyes boring into the back of my head, and I whirled, somewhat impatiently.

"Well? What else can I do for

you?"

His eyes met mine squarely, and there was a light in them that I did not understand.

"Have ye a man workin' here by the

name of Jim Ferris?"
"Huh?" I smiled slightly. "I should

say we have."
"Beggin' y'r pardon,"—he twiddled

his cap,—"might I be after askin' why

ye say it thataway?"

"You might," I answered, scarcely knowing why I did so. "He's broken all shoveling records of the district since coming here. Why do you ask?"

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"I've knowed Jim Ferris in the past." His voice dropped to a sort of growl. "Handsome, he is—" And he swung on his heel and abruptly left the office.

NEXT morning when the Runt presented himself, I ordered him outside to wait a few minutes, and he lounged just outside my window. That's how I happened to see the meeting between him and Jim Ferris and hear what was said.

Ferris came striding up the steep grade with that powerful swing of his, carrying his lunch-pail looped over his arm. He was garbed in the ore-reddened trousers and flannel shirt which the miners wear—the shirt open at the throat, disclosing an expanse of muscle-covered, hairy chest; and he wore the typical miner's cap, with its lamp looped on by a flimsy wire fastener. I saw the Runt fasten his eyes upon Ferris, and I saw that Ferris did not see him.

THE

W

us

pie

of

two

or c

with

Has

blac

nich

The path to the tipple, where the miners enter the huge ten-ton skip for the descent into the mine, winds up the big hill at the top of which the entrance perches, swings to the right past the commissary and the red-brick office, and then to the left again to the stark frame structure up which the loaded skip runs to dump its tons of ore. As Ferris swung by the tiny veranda spanning the front of the office, I heard the Runt call—his voice low but with a strange undertone.

"Ferris! Jim Ferris!"

The big man looked up casually. His eyes met those of the Runt, and he stopped short in his tracks.

And then—believe it or not—Ferris grew pallid, and into his eyes there flashed the light of terror!

I saw, and I knew I saw aright, but I could not bring myself to the point of imagining the giant afraid of the Yet I could not give plain facts the lie. For as their gazes held, the Runt smiled slowly, after the manner of the man who holds the whip-hand. Then he shoved his hands into his pockets and deliberately turned away. He was whistling. Jim Ferris stood uncertainly for a minute, and then he dragged his steps to the mine. And, to jump slightly ahead of myself for a minute, he barely earned his two dollars that day. He shoveled just about one-half of the output of either of the previous days.

Meanwhile Carson Wildey, the contractor, lounged into the office preparatory to his descent into the mine. He slouched against the wall, his face

troubled.

"Collins is sick," he announced lugubriously. ""Ye don't happen to be knowin' a good mucker who wants a day's work?"

A camera that fits the pocket

A picture that fits the view



No. 2^C Folding

Autographic Brownie

The thin, narrow camera slips readily into the pocket; the somewhat elongated picture, $2\% \times 4\%$ inches, is *right* for landscapes when used horizontally, and for home portraits when used vertically. The pictures are, in fact, the same shape as those made by the most popular of all cameras, the $3\triangle$ Kodak—but are a trifle smaller.

A BIT OF DETAIL.

The 2°C Folding Autographic Brownie loads with Autographic cartridges for ten, six or two exposures, with which you can write on the film, instantly, at the time the date and title or other memorandum regarding the picture. The camera has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with snapshot speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second as well as the usual time action. Has reversible finder, two tripod sockets, automatic focusing lock, is made of metal, has black leather bellows and is covered with a fine imitation leather, with black enamel and nickel fittings. Well made in every detail.

THE PRICE

Price with meniscus achromatic lens,	4¾ in	ch foo	cus,	-		-	\$ 9.00
Do., with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	-	-	-	-	-	-	11.00

At all Kodak dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

The devil himself prompted me, I

"Yes," said I; and I called the Runt

YOU see, the system in the ore-mines is about this way: There are, in each camp, a great number of private contractors who do the actual mining. These contractors make agreements with the company to produce so much ore per shift at so much per ton. The company furnishes them with the compressed-air drills, the dynamite and the incidental tools. They do the rest.

It is customary for each contractor to hire three men as his helpers. The company assigns the contractor a heading in which to work, and he goes down with his drill and his helpers. is usually quite a little ore left from the work of the previous day, and as the quartet gets down into the mine, the two shovelers, or muckers, get to work loading the little tram-cars which These tram-cars ply the headings. carry the coal-each tram is drawn by a mule in charge of a diminutive muleboy-to the foot of the main slope, where the huge ten-ton skip waits to be loaded and hauled to the surface by steam-propelled cable.

On their arrival at the heading in which they are to work, the two outand-out muckers commence their work of shoveling ore into the tram-cars. Then the contractor and his drill-helper get busy boring the two or three holes for the next dynamite-discharge, which loosens the ore. When this is done, the dynamite is discharged, the crumbles into the heading and all four men get busy shoveling ore into the tram until the crumbled supply is nearly exhausted. Then the operation is repeated.

To make a long story short, Wildey looked the Runt over and evidently saw something in his eyes that he liked. He questioned him closely as to his experience with drills, and engaged him on the spot as drill-helper and mucker. Then, just for the purpose of seeing what the Runt would do, I turned casually to Wildey.

"It's a good thing that Jim Ferris isn't sick, isn't it?"

"It sure is-" started in Wildev enthusiastically. But I had eyes only for the Runt. At mention of Jim Ferris' name as being on the gang with which he was to work, he leaned forward tensely, his gray eyes glitter-

"Beggin' pardon," he said softly, "but did I understand that Jim Ferris was muckin' with the gang I'll be workin' with?"

"Yes," said I.

"You know him?" questioned

Wildey curiously.

Again that peculiar expression crossed the Runt's face.

"Yes, I know him. I been knowin'

THAT was all—then. When the men checked out that evening Ferris had barely mucked his two-dollar guar-The Runt had earned threeantee. It was then that I imagined I understood: I thought it was one of the mucking rivalries which exist so often in the camps, and that the Runt had followed Ferris to wipe off the sting of some past defeat in that line. At any rate, my curiosity was aroused, and I summoned Carson Wildey when he emerged. I asked him about the Runt and about Ferris, and he shook his head peculiarly.

"Hanged if I c'n understand it," he said strangely. "If it wasn't such a fool thing to say, I'd say that Jim Ferris is scared to death of the

I straightened. His views so exactly coincided with mine-and Wildey has never been too observant.

"Afraid? You mean afraid that the Runt will break his mucking record?"

Wildey scratched his head. "Mebbe-an' mebbe not. But I'm thinkin' that just being afraid of a record aint li'ble to bring that sort of a look into a man's eyes. I can't get it, at all."

Neither could I. And I was given another jolt three days later when Wildey dropped in with a weird smile on his face.

"Guess what happened this evenin'?" he queried.
"You've got me—what?"

SINOI SOAD keeps skins clear spite of summer sun

The soothing, healing medication in Resinol Soap which is so effective in clearing poor complexions, is equally dependable for protecting delicate skins from the havoc of summer sun, wind, dust and heat.

To use Resinol Soap for the toilet is usually to make sure that one's complexion will come through the hot weather unharmed, while to use it for the bath—especially a baby's bath—helps greatly to prevent heat-rashes and chafings.

If careless exposure should result in painful sunburn, a little Resinol Ointment will usually afford complete relief.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a free sample cake, with a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 23 E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

"Jim Ferris wants to quit my gang."
"What?" Then I saw a light. "The

Runt mixed up in it?"

"That's the funny part. Ferris told me he wanted to quit when him and me an' the Runt and two or three guys from other headings were waiting for the skip to come down. I begged him not to quit me and offered him a bigger guarantee. But he said he was goin' to quit. Then in the skip the Runt sidled over to me and asks did Ferris say he was goin' to quit the gang. I says yes, and asks why, and he don't say nothin' -just grins. And then-doggone if the Runt didn't join Ferris when they got out of the skip, and walk off with him like they was old pals!" "Go on!"

"Straight goods! Honest, Clarke, it's the funniest proposition I ever got up against. It makes me feel creepy-down there a half-mile underground with two men I think are goin' to be a-killin' one another one minute. and the next go walkin' off chummy as

ye please."

How is their work?"

"They work like fiends, both of them. I have the Runt helping me with the drill, so he loses a lot of mucking time, but if he shoveled all the time he'd earn as much as Ferris."

"You think that's the cause of the

feeling between them?"

"It could be-but doggone it, it aint! I don't know how I know, but I know, And Ferris is frightened stiff of the Runt."

A KNOCK on the door, and Jim Ferris entered. He wore a hunted look, and his glance roved furtively about the room. He took off his cap and twiddled it in his hands.

"Say, Wildey," he said awkwardly,
"I reckon I'll stay with ye, if ye want

me."

"Good," returned Wildey enthusiastically, and Ferris shuffled from the room. Wildey turned, and we stared

silently at each other.

"It's uncanny," I admitted. Runt has some hold on Ferris, and he's working it to a fare-you-well. wonder what it can be?'

"Goodness knows. But you mark my words, Mister Clarke-one of these days there's goin' to be trouble between them men. There's smoke there now, and where there's smoke there's fire, ye know. Men don't look at one another like that without there's something behind it, and I'm one who thinks that whether they both work with my gang or whether they work on different shifts altogether, they'll be a-killin' one of these days."

Frankly, I thought so too, but what could I do? The men were conducting themselves in manner beyond reproach, and seemed well satisfied with their present arrangement-at least the Runt did. But it was a tense situation, and I waited day by day for tidings of a tragedy. Until something definite happened my hands were tied.

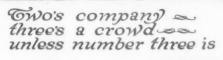
Two weeks passed, two months. The strange situation continued, with no sign of letdown or breakdown on the part of either man. During off-hours, Jim Ferris became a recluse. Runt was almost as bad, either playing nose-poker with a few cronies in the bunk-house or pumping the selfplaying piano at Tony's honky-tonk.

T was more than two months after the commencement of things that something occurred between the two men. And the thing that happened was as different from anything I, or anyone else, had expected, as night is different from day.

It was late one October afternoon. The sun was sinking slowly in a great red ball toward the chain of hills to the westward, and the chimneys of the camp were giving off wisps of smoke as the housewives made ready the meal for the tired workingmen, while others prepared for those who were to work the night shift.

Fritz Ober, chief of the engineering department, - the position I had recently given up to accept the superintendency,-walked swiftly from the tipple to my office. His wiry frame was tensed, his keen gray eyes a bit worried.

"Say, Jerry," be started abruptly, "I'm up against a proposition in Number Twenty-one that I need help



Coca Cola

Always welcomed by any company for its brightness and charm. Delicious and refreshing.

Demand the genuine by full namenicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.

ATLANTA, GA.





on. Will you come down with me to

straighten things up?"

That was a sample of Fritz' thoroughness. He was square to the core and not too proud to ask another's assistance when confronted with a puzzle. I closed my desk and went with him to the tipple, where we climbed into the waiting skip, signaled the powerhouse engineer and slid swiftly into the bowels of the earth.

He explained the difficulty to me on the way down. It was right off Heading Twenty-one, where Wildey's crew was working; and that's how I happened to be there when the tragedy

occurred.

JUST as we alighted from the skip there came the dull roar of a dynamite-explosion from Wildey's heading. Neither Fritz nor I paid special heed to it, because that was the rule of mining. Nor would I have seen what followed if Fritz hadn't grabbed my arm and pointed up the heading, the acetylene glare from our caps illuminating the passageway clearly.

"Aint that big boulder loose?" he

asked casually.

I looked. And too late I saw that he was right. The dynamite-charge had loosed an enormous rock in the side of the heading under which Jim Ferris was mucking. Farther up the heading the Runt, the other helper and Carson Wildey were working, filling the waiting tram.

A yell sprang to my throat and hung there unuttered. There came a brief warning rip as the big rock tore loose from its hanging. Ferris did not look up—it was plain that he was preoccupied with his work and did not

see.

And then the Runt, whose very presence had inspired terror in the eyes of Jim Ferris, was galvanized into

action.

His sinewy body doubled, and while the others of us gazed in mute horror, he catapulted toward Ferris' bending form. His shoulder struck the big man on his haunches even as the boulder crashed down. Ferris was pitched forward onto his face—a bare six inches out of the danger-zone. But the Runt was pinned down

"Fritz! Get Dr. Shrewsbury!" I yelled as I leaped forward. Fritz was in the skip in a second, and had signaled the top for full speed. The

car shot upward.

Meanwhile we men worked like Trojans, and by almost superhuman effort we pried the boulder a bit and dragged the Runt from underneath. It didn't need professional confirmation to tell me that he was done for. And we gathered about his crushed body silently, doing what we could for him, all the while his teeth biting into his lips to choke back the cries of agony that surged. At one side stood Jim Ferris, staring in helpless horror, a stranger light than ever in his big eyes, his body twitching with a battle of alien emotions.

AND then Dr. Shrewsbury came. He made a cursory examination and told the Runt that he might prepare to meet his Maker. The Runt smiled a bit—then motioned for my ear.

"Get them-away. All but-you, and the doctor, and Mr. Ober, an'-

Ferris.

I did as bidden. Then the four of us dropped on our knees beside the dying man. Our heads were close together, the four acetylene lamps glaring brilliantly — weirdly. The Runt's eyes fastened on those of Jim Ferris.

"Ferris," he gasped, "—I want—a promise—"

"Yes." Ferris' voice was almost

unintelligible.

The Runt turned his pain-racked eyes

"You hear—" he gasped. We nod-

"Ferris—swear—that you—to-night

-will-marry Peggy!"

And there, before the four of us, Jim Ferris swore to marry the woman we had thought to be his wife.

The Runt smiled contentedly.

"None of you—must ever tell," he gasped, "what you know. No one—must know—that she—was my wife!"

And so the Runt died.

Jim Ferris kept his promise.

THE SINS OF THE CHILDREN

A NEW NOVEL BY COSMO HAMILTON

Continued from page 746 of this issue.

up the steps of his home; and just as he had the key in the door he heard his father's voice:

"No, no. Let my car take you home. Yes, a wonderful evening. Most inspiring. Good-night! Let's meet again soon!"

Graham made up his mind what to do. He held the door open for the Doctor and stood waiting for him, with the bored look of one who has had a rather dull evening.

"Oh, thank you, Graham," said Dr. Guthrie. "Have you just got back?"

"Yes, I thought I'd get to bed early to-night."

"You look as though you needed sleep," said the Doctor. "But—but don't go up at once. Please come and have a cigarette in my room. I've—I've been speaking at the Academy of Medicine—explaining a new discovery. A great triumph, Graham, a great triumph! I would like to tell one of my sons about it. Wont you come?"

There was an unwonted look of excitement on his father's thin face, and a ring in his voice which made it almost vouthful. It was the first time Graham had ever received such an invitation. He was surprised, and if he had not been so desperately anxious to slip upstairs, lay quick hands on the bag and get away again, he would have accepted it gladly. For a reason that he could not explain, he felt at that instant an almost unbearable desire to find his father, to get in touch with him, to give something and receive something that he seemed to yearn for and need more urgently than at any other moment in his life. As it was, he was obliged to back out. "I'm frightfully tired to-night," he said, yawning.

"Oh, are you? I'm sorry," said the Doctor apologetically. "Some other night, perhaps—some other night."

The two men stood facing each other

uncomfortably. Exhilaration had for a moment broken down the Doctor's shyness. It all came back to him when he found his son's eyes upon him like those of a stranger. He took off his coat and hat, said "Good night" nervously and went quickly across the hall and into his library.

He was deeply hurt. He stood among those priceless books with a curious pain running through his veins. "What's the matter with me?" he asked himself, "Why do I chill my children and make them draw back?"

'RAHAM shut the door; then he ran GRAHAM snut the does, upstairs to his bedroom, turned on the light, opened the door of the closet and pulled out a large suit-case. Rummaging among the drawers of his wardrobe, he found some pajamas, and threw them into the suit-case. From his bathroom he caught up a brush and comb and some bedroom slippers. These followed the pajamas. Then he shut the case, picked it up, crept quietly downstairs, across the hall and out into the street, shutting the door softly behind him. He gave the taxi-driver the name of a small hotel frequented by actors, and jumped into the cab.

Ita Strabosck welcomed him as though he had been gone a week. "'Ow good you are to me!" she cried. "Eef you never do anysing else een your life, zis that you 'ave done for me vill be written down by zee angels een your book."

Graham laughed. "The angels—I wonder!"

All the same he was a little proud of himself. Not many men would have perfected the rescue of this little girl so neatly. It had been an episode in his sophisticated life which was all to his credit. He felt that—with pleasure. He liked the idea of being responsible for this poor little soul—of having some one dependent entirely upon his generosity.

co

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

The Night Watchman's Story

"After I rang my box at midnight, back of the old freight shed, I walked up the spur track and there he was under the shipping platform touching a match to a pile of excelsior. I covered him with my COLT and made him come along. He's a tough character—the police have him now—and if it had not been for my COLT, this place would have gone up in smoke last night."



Write for free booklet.
"How to Shoot," and

You can't forget to make a Colt safe'
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG CO. HARTFORD. CONN.

He liked the thought that this girl would be a little secret of his own-some one personal to himself, to whom he could take his worries-and he had many —and get sympathy and even advice.

The cab drew up. Graham released himself from the girl's arms and led her into the small and rather foggy foyer of the hotel, which was a stone's-throw from Broadway. A colored porter pounced upon the bag and an alert clerk looked up from the mail that he was

"I want a room for my sister," said Graham, "-with bath. Got one?"

"Fifth floor," said the clerk, after gazing fixedly for a moment at something at the back of the screen. He then pushed the book toward Graham.

Without a moment's hesitation, Graham wrote "Miss Nancy Robertson, Buffalo," and took the key that was extended to him. "Come on, Nancy," he said, and led the way to the elevator.

The colored boy, with a hospitable grin on his face, led the way along a narrow, shabby passage the wall-paper of which was much the worse for wear, and finally opened the door of a small bedroom, switching on the light.

"I'll undo the case," said Graham quickly.

The boy drew back. "Sure."

"And say! If you'll see that my sister gets what she rings for, I'll give you five dollars."

"You bet your life, sah." There was a dazzling glint of white teeth. "Thanks."

"You're welcome.

The cry of joy and relief which made the whole room quiver, as soon as the porter had gone, went straight to Gra-. ham's heart. "I guess it's not much of a room," he said, a little huskily, we'll change all this to-morrow."

The girl ran her hand over the pillow and the bedcover. "Oh, but eet ees zo sweet and clean," she said, between tears and laughter, "and-and eet ees mine.

You are zo, zo good to me."

Graham undid the case and spilled the meager contents on the bed. Then he put his hands on Ita's shoulders and kissed her. "Good-night, you poor little thing," he said. "Sleep well. Order any-

thing that you want, and don't leave this room until I come and fetch you. Your troubles are over."

She looked into his face, nodded and put her lips to his cheek. "Good night, zen," she said. "You 'ave taken me out of 'ell. You are very good."

And as Graham walked home under the gleaming moon and the star-bespattered sky, there was a little queer song

in his rather lonely heart.

Poor, simple, sophisticated lad! How easy it had been for that cunning little creature to take advantage of his unfed sense of adventure. She, and fate, had certainly played him a very impish trick.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE Oceanic had been timed to dock at four-thirty, but the thick mist at the mouth of the Hudson had caused some delay, and her mail had been heavy. The consequence was that she was edged in to her dock considerably more than an hour late, to be welcomed by an outburst of long-expectant handkerchiefs.

During the period of waiting-by no means unpleasant, because the sun fell warmly upon the wonderful river-several brief, emotional conversations took place between the people who had come to greet Peter. The Guthries were there .in a body-even Ethel had pulled herself together and had come to be among the first to greet her favorite brother. Graham wouldn't have missed the occasion for anything on earth. His love for Peter was deep and true. And it was good to see the excitement of them all and of the little mother, who was in a state verging between tears and laughter all the time. Even the Doctor found it necessary to take off his glasses several times and rub them clear of the moisture which prevented him from seeing the approaching vessel.

Betty brought her father; and these two, with a delicacy of feeling characteristic of them, placed themselves among the crowd away from the Guthrie family. Intuitively Betty knew that, much as Mrs. Guthrie liked her, she would rather resent her presence there at such a moment. Belle's quick eyes very soon dis-



In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

covered them, however; and presently they permitted themselves to be drawn

into the family group.

It was a curious moment for Ranken Townsend, and his feelings were not unlike those of Mrs. Guthrie. "Good Lord!" he said to himself as he stood looking out at the wide river, its marvelous and strenuous life and the amazing sky-line of the buildings on the opposite bank, "has the time arrived already for me to lose my little girl? Am I so old that I have a young thing ripe enough for marriage and to bring into the world young things of her own?"

The artist had only met the elder Guthries once before, although Belle was a particular friend of his, having been frequently brought to his studio by Betty. He knew Peter only from having seen him in the treasured snapshots which his little daughter brought home with her from Oxford. He had to confess to himself-although his natural jealousy made him unwilling to do sothat Peter looked just the sort of man whom he would like his daughter to marry when her time came. And so he singled out Mrs. Guthrie almost at once and drew her aside. The breeze blew through his Viking beard, and a fellowfeeling brought into his eyes an expression of sympathy which immediately warmed Mrs. Guthrie's heart towards him. "I didn't want to come this afternoon, Mrs. Guthrie," he said. "Shall I explain why?"

"No," said the little mother. "I quite

understand."

"Your boy and my girl are following the inevitable laws of nature, and it's rather hard luck for us both, isn't it?"

Mrs. Guthrie put her handkerchief up

to her mouth and nodded.

"Betty's a good girl and I've only to look at you to know that the man to whom she's given her heart is a fine fellow. Well, it brings us up to another milestone, doesn't it?-one that I wish were still some years ahead. However, let's face it with pluck and with unselfishness, and be friends. Shall we?"
"Please," said the little mother, giv-

ing him her hand.

Ranken Townsend bared his head.

And then Dr. Guthrie came up and peered at the man who was talking to his wife. He vaguely remembered the artist's picturesque appearance and fine, open face, but he had forgotten his name.

Mrs. Guthrie hurried to the rescue. "You remember Mr. Townsend, of course, Hunter," she said.

father, you know."

"I beg your pardon," said the Doctor. "Of course I remember you, and I'm very delighted to see you again. You have friends coming on the Oceanic too, then?"

"No, I don't Townsend laughed. know anybody on her-not a soul. All the same, I've come to meet your son."

"Indeed! It's very kind of you, I'm sure." And then the Doctor suddenly remembered that sooner or later he'd be obliged to share Peter with the man who stood before him, and just for a moment he-like his wife and like the other father-felt the inevitable stab of jealousy. He covered it with a cordial "What am I thinking about? Betty brought you, naturally. We must meet more often now, Mr. Townsend."

"I should like nothing better. I don't know your boy yet except through his photographs and my having met his mother, but I'm very proud to know that my little girl is to bear a name that will always be honored in this country."

Dr. Guthrie blushed and bowed, and put his hand up to his tie nervously.

THERE was a very different ring in the conversation of Betty and Belle, who stood a few yards away surrounded by people of all the strange conglomerate nationalities which go to make up the population of the United States.

"Look!" "There's cried Belle. Nicholas. Isn't he absolutely and won-

derfully English?"

"And there's Peter!" said Betty, with a catch in her voice. "And isn't he

splendidly American?"

Then there was the usual rush as the liner slid into her berth; and as Mrs. Guthrie was swept away with it, holding tight to Graham's arm, she said to herself: "He waved to Betty first. O God, make me brave!"

Send for

THE

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA



Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly on the margin below.

All the same, it was the little mother to whom Peter went first as he came ashore, and he held her very tight, so that she could hardly breathe, and said: "Darling Mum! It's good to see you!" And there was something in that.

The Doctor took his boy's big hand with less self-consciousness than usual. He wished that he might have had the pluck to kiss him on both cheeks and thus follow the excellent example of a little fat Frenchman who had nearly thrown him off his balance in his eagerness to welcome a thin, dark boy.

"Hello, Belle! Hello, Graham! Hello, Ethel!" And then Peter stood in front of Betty, to whom he said nothing, but the kiss that he gave her meant more than a whole dictionary. "Oh, my

Peter!" she whispered.

Nicholas Kenyon followed with his most winning smile, and was cordially welcomed. He had charming things to say to everyone, especially to Belle. After close scrutiny, Ethel's inward criticism of him was that he had "escaped being Oxford."

And then Ranken Townsend held out his hand. "But for me, Peter Guthrie," he said, "you wouldn't have had a

sweetheart. Shake!"

A wave of color spread all over Peter's brown face. He grasped the outstretched hand. "I'm awfully glad to

see you," he said.
"And I'm awfully glad to see you." The artist measured the boy up. he was well satisfied. Here stood a man in whose clean eyes he recognized the spirit of a boy. Betty had chosen well. "Do you smoke a pipe?" he asked.

"Well, rather."

"I thought so. Bring it along to my studio as soon as your mother can spare you, and we'll talk about life and love and the great hereafter. Is that a bet?"

"That's a bet," said Peter. And he added, putting his mouth close to Betty's ear: "Darling, he's a corker! He likes me. Gee, that's fine!" Then he turned to his mother, ran his arm round her shoulder, walked her over to the place in the great, echoing, bustling shed over which a huge "G" hung, and sat down with her on somebody's else trunk.

Nicholas Kenyon, as immaculate as

though he had just emerged from a bandbox, slipped his hand surreptitiously around Belle's. "Are you glad to see me?" he asked under his breath.

Belle said nothing in reply, but the look that she gave him instead set that expert's blood racing through his veins and gave him something to look forward to that alone made it worth crossing a waste of unnecessary water.

CHAPTER XIX

'A VERY pleasant domestic evening," said Kenyon, standing with his back to the fireplace of the library. "The bosom of this family is certainly very warm. Peter, my dear old boy, I had no idea that you were going to bring me to a house in which a prime minister or the president of the Royal Academy might be very proud to dwell. Also may congratulate you upon your little sister? She's a humorist. I found myself furbishing up all my epigrams when I spoke to her. By Jove, she's like a Baliol blood with his hair in a braid."

A quiet chuckle came from Graham. who was sitting on the arm of a big deep chair, looking up at Kenyon with the sort of admiration that is paid by a student to his master. "I don't know anything about Baliol bloods," he said, "but Ethel takes a lot of beating. When she quoted Bernard Shaw, at dinner, Father nearly swallowed his fork."

Do

of s

cau

Nu

froi

Nes

mod

In I

Peter was sitting on the table, swinging his legs. "Oh, she'll be all right when she gets away from her school. She'll grow younger every day then. What awful places they are—these American girl schools! They seem to inject into their victims a sort of liquid artificiality. It takes a lot of living Upon my soul, I hardly knew the kid! Two years have made a most tremendous difference to her. I thought I should throw a fit when she looked at me just now in the drawing-room and said: 'The childish influence of Oxford has left you almost unspoiled, Peter dear.' "

Kenyon laughed. "Excellent!" he said. "I know the English flapper pretty well. It'll give me extreme delight to play Columbus among the



To keep your baby perfectly well this summer

- 1. Keep the baby cool.
- 2. Keep him outdoors as much as possible.
- 3. Give him plenty of boiled water.
- 4. Consult your doctor at the first sign of illness.
- 5. Make his food light. You, yourself, don't eat as much heavy meat in summer as in winter. Lighten your baby's diet also.

Don't give him raw cow's milk with its heavy, indigestible curd and its germs of summer complaint-summer complaint that kills more babies than any other cause in the world.

Nurse your baby, if you can. If you can't, give him the food that's as safe from germs - and as light as mother's milk itself-

Nestlés Food

Nestlé's is a complete food; not a milk modifier. It can't sour; no germs can touch it.

In Nestle's you get milk from healthy

cows, purified, free from germs; the calf needs are modified - the baby needs are added. Reduced to a powder, it comes to you in an airtight can. No hand has touched it: no germ can reach it. It is a complete food; so you add only water and boil one

minute; and you can know that you are giving your baby the food his little

body needs. Don't shock your baby's stomach by changing him from your

In Nestlé's he will feel no

breast milk to cow's milk. change.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

Send the coupon for free sample box of Nestle's—enough for 12 feedings—and the Specialist's book on the care of babies. Don't delay, Your baby's he alth deneads of the same o 252 Broadway New York. Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

health depends on the food you give him Name.....

Address.....

The Story - Press Corporation, 36 South State Street, Dept. K, Chicago, Illinois:

I am not now a reader of THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, and, therefore, will ask you, in accordance with your offer in the August issue of The Red Book Magazine, to send me a FREE sample copy.

Name	
Street	
City	State

USE THIS COUPON

if You Are Not Now a Reader of

The GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

And You Will FREE OF CHARGE



Roma June in "See America First," from "What's Going On" Department of The Green Book Magazine. E know that every reader of The Red Book Magazine would enjoy the contents of The Green Book Magazine so much that, once he has read a copy of The Green Book, he would be certain to become a regular reader. That is why we make this offer.

Our confidence in The Green Book Magazine is based

Our confidence in The Green Book Magazine is based on the fact that it is unique in the magazine field. It has all the best features of all your favorite magazines: fine fiction, beautiful pictures, bright, snappy articles and essays, thoughtful reviews.

The Green Book is the magazine of folks who are up and doing. It gives you in one issue serials by such writers as Albert Payson Terhune and Rupert Hughes, short stories by such writers as Walter Jones, Ray Sprigle, I. K. Friedman, Gertrude Brooke Hamilton, Ellis Parker Butler, Octavus Roy Cohen and Julian Johnson—all of whom are writers who know how to put the unusual angles of life into the most entertaining reading.

The Green Book tells you all you want to know about the new plays, the people who write them and the people who play them. It presents more than 200 pictures of various sorts per issue, including paintings of New York by

their fashions and foibles, by Ray Rohn.

The Green Book offers more good fiction than any other general magazine. It is written by *live* writers, about *live* topics, for *live* readers. Send for a free sample copy, read it—and get in line.

The Story-Press Corporation, Publisher,

36 S. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.



American variety of the species." He looked round the beautiful room with an approving eye. "That must have been a very civilized old gentleman who made this collection. I wonder if he bought some of the books from Thrapstone-Wynyates! My father was forced to sell some of them shortly after he succeeded to the title. As the long arm of coincidence frequently stretches across the Atlantic, I should like to think that some of the first editions in which my grandfather took so high a pride have found their way into an atmosphere so entirely pleasant as this. One of these fine days, Peter, they may raise a little necessary bullion for you.

"I hope not," said Peter. Graham got up. "It's only eleven o'clock. Suppose we get out and see something. Everybody's gone to bed; we sha'n't be missed."

"A very brainy notion," said Kenyon; "but what's there to do?"

"Oodles of things," said Graham.

"Well, lead the way. You with us, Peter?"

"Yes, unless-one second." He went over to the telephone that stood on a small table in a far corner of the room, looked up a number in the book and called for it.

Kenyon shot a wink at Graham. "Get your hat, old boy," he said. "Peter would a-wooing go. He's the most desperately thorough person." And he added inwardly: "Hang that girl!"

"Can I speak to Mr. Townsend? Oh. is that you, Mr. Townsend? Peter Guthrie, yes. May I come round and have a jaw? Thanks, awfully! I'll get a taxi right away." He turned back to the other two men. "Great work!" he said. "You two will have to go alone to-night. However, we've a thousand years in front of us. See you at breakfast. So long!"

"Wait a second," said Graham. "I'll ring up a taxi and we'll all ride down together."

"Right-o!" said Peter. "I'll run up to my room and get a pipe."

When he came down again, he found Kenyon and Graham waiting at the open door. A taxicab was chugging on the curbstone. Kenyon got in first, with his

long cigarette-holder between his teeth and a rakish-looking opera-hat balanced over his left eve. He carried a thin black overcoat. All about him there was the very essence of Piccadilly. Peter sat beside him and Graham opposite. The cab turned round, crossed Madison into Fifth Avenue and went quickly downtown. The great wide street, as shiny as that of the Champs Élysées, was comparatively clear of traffic. Peter looked at the passing houses with the intense and affectionate interest of the man who comes home again. At the corner of West Forty-second Street, Graham stopped the cab. "It's only a short walk to the best cabarets," he said; "we'll let Peter go straight on. Come on. Nicholas; bundle out."

"Where are we going?" asked Kenyon, making a graceful exit. "How about introducing me to that place Fountain's brother spoke so highly about? What's it called? Papowsky's?'

"No, not to-night," said Graham quickly. "Some other time." It was, he considered, too soon to go there yet. He might be challenged about the disappearance of Ita Strabosck. "Louis Martin's for us, old boy," he announced.

"Pretty good show, I hope. Au revoir, Peter. Do your best to make the bearded paint-merchant like you. You'll have some difficulty." And with that parting shot, contradicted by one of the winning smiles he had inherited from his delightful but unscrupulous father, Nicholas Kenyon took Graham's arm, and these two walked away in high spirits.

WHEN the cab stopped at the high building on the corner of Gramercy Park, its door was opened by Ranken Townsend. "I timed you to arrive about now, my lad," he said cordially. "I took the opportunity of getting some air. It's mighty good to-night. Come right up." He continued to talk in the elevator, which had a long way to go. "Betty has gone to a party. You may meet her mother-I'm not sure. She's out at one of her meetings-she spends her life at meetings; and if she comes in tired, as she generally does, she probably wont come into the studio. However, that need only be a pleasure deferred. Do

you speak? If so, she'll nail you for one of her platforms."

"I—speak?" said Peter with a shudder. "I'd rather be shot."

Townsend laughed, led the way into his apartment and into the studio. In the dim light of the one reading lamp which stood on a small table at the side of a low divan, the room looked larger than it was. It reeked with the good ripe smell of pipe tobacco and seemed to be pervaded with the personality of the man who spent most of his life in it. One of the top windows was open, and through it came the refreshing air that blew up from the Hudson. Peter caught a glimpse of the sky, which was alive with stars. It was a good place. He liked it. Work was done here; it inspired him.

The artist took Peter's hat and coat and hung them in the alcove. Then he went across the room and turned up the light that hung over a canvas. "How d'you like it?" he asked.

Peter gave an involuntary cry. There sat Betty with her hands folded in her lap. To Peter she seemed to have been caught at the very moment when from his place at her feet he looked up at her just before he held her in his arms for the first time. Her face was alight, and her eyes full of tenderness. It was an exquisite piece of work.

Townsend turned out the light. He was well pleased with its effect. Peter's face was far better than several columns of printed eulogy. "Now come and sit down," he said. "Try this mixture. It took me five years to discover it, but since then I've used no other." He threw himself on the settee and settled his untidy head among the cushions.

The light shone on Peter's strong profile, and when Townsend looked at it, he saw there all that he hoped to see, and something else. There was a little smile round the boy's mouth and a look in his eyes that showed all the warmth of his heart.

"And so you love my little girl as much as that? Well, she deserves it, but please don't take her away from me yet. I can't spare her. She and my work are all I've got, and I'm not lying when I say that she comes first.

Generally, when a man reaches my age, he has lived down his dependence on other people for happiness, and his work has become his mistress, his wife and his children. In my case that isn't so, and my little girl is the best I have. She keeps me young, Peter. She renders my disappointments almost null and void, and she encourages me not wholly to sacrifice myself to the filthy dollar—an easy temptation, I can assure you. So don't be in too great a hurry to take my little bird away and build a nest for her in another tree. Does that sound very selfish to you?"

"No," said Peter. "I understand. Besides—good Lord!—I've got to work before I can make a place good enough for her. I've come back to begin."

"I see! Fine! I thought perhaps that Oxford might have taken some of the good American grit out of you. It just occurred to me that you might be going to let your father keep you while you continue to remain an undergraduate out here in life. A good many of our young men with wealthy fathers play that game, believe me."

"Yes, I know," said Peter, "but there's something in my blood-I think it's porridge-that urges me to do things for myself. Besides, I believe there's a feeling of gratitude somewhere about me that makes me want to pay back my father for all that he's done. I'm most awfully keen to do that, Mr. Townsend! His money has come by accident. I'm not going to take advantage of it. I'm going to start in just as if he were the same hard-working doctor that he used to be when he sent me to Harvard, skinning himself to do it. I think he'll like that. Anyway, that's my plan. And as to Oxford-well, I should have to be a pretty rotten sort of dog if I didn't gain something there-don't you think so ?"

"I do indeed. But somehow or other the younger generation doesn't seem to take advantage of those things, and the sight of the young men of the present day and their callous acceptance of their fathers' efforts make me thank God I never had a boy. I should be afraid. Think of that! What are you going to do, Peter? What is your line of work?"





Mary Pickford



Marguerite Clark
and many other celebrated stars.



Pauline Frederick

Famous Players Film Co.

announces a new record rate in its prices for photoplay plots. As an inducement to authors of ability and experience to give their best ideas to the screen, we are willing to pay

A Thousand Dollars

for each thousand word synopsis containing a strong, clean, original idea upon which a five reel photoplay can be based—a dollar a word—the rate only a few of the greatest authors of the world receive for their writings.

If the idea is worth more, we will offer a royalty in addition to this sum—if it is worth less, we do not want it.

We prefer plots that will suit the screen personalities and talents of such stars as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Pauline Frederick, but we will be glad to consider any ideas that possess real strength and novelty for any men and women stars.

We do not desire the complete scenario—merely submit the idea in a detailed synopsis. We do not want stories of crime, war, woman suffrage, capital and labor, politics, local subjects, costume periods or foreign settings.

Themes possessing the popular appeal of "Tess of the Storm Country" for Mary Pickford, "Wildflower" for Marguerite Clark, and "The Spider" for Pauline Frederick will be acceptable. If you have not seen these successful photoplays, you should view them at one of the many leading theatres presenting the Paramount Program. Submit as many ideas as you wish. No time limit. This is not a contest, it is a definite offer with no strings to it.

Write for \$100,000 booklet telling how to sell photoplay ideas to the Famous Players Film Co., and giving more detailed information about our productions and stars. It may help you develop an idea to meet our requirements.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM @

ADOLPH ZUKOR - - PRESIDENT DANIEL FROHMAN, MANAGING EDITOR

124-130 WEST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK

"Pioneers in the presentation of celebrated stars and plays in motion pictures"

"The law."

"The law? Well, I guess that's a queer sort of maze to put yourself into. An honest man in the law is like a rabbit in a dog-kennel. Is that your definite decision?"

"Absolutely," said Peter. "I chose the law for that reason. I think that honesty is badly needed in it. I've got a dream that one of these days I shall be a judge and make things a bit easier for all the poor devils who've made mistakes."

"God help you!"

"I shall ask him to," said Peter.

The artist looked up quickly. In his further keen and rather wistful scrutiny of the big square-shouldered man with the strong, clean jaw-line and the firm mouth there was a little astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me that in the middle of these queer undisciplined, individualistic times you believe in God?"

The room remained in silence for a moment, until Peter leaned forward and knocked out his pipe. "If I didn't believe in God," he replied quietly, "would you be quite so ready to trust Betty to

me?"

AT that moment the door was swung open and a tall, stout, hard-bosomed woman with a mass of white hair and the carriage of a battleship sailed in. Her evening clothes glistened with sequins, and many large beads rattled as she came forward. She wore a string of pearls and several diamond rings. able to fight any longer against advancing years and preserve what had evidently been quite remarkable good looks, she had cultivated a presence and developed distinction. In any meeting of women she was inevitably voted to the chair, and in the natural order of things became president of all the societies to which she attached herself.

The two men rose.

"Ah, Ranken, still up, then! I half-expected to find the studio in darkness. You'll be glad to hear that we passed a unanimous resolution to-night condemning this country as a republic and asking that it shall become a monarchy forthwith."

Townsend refrained from looking at

Peter. "Indeed!" he said gravely. "An evening well spent! But I want you to know Peter Guthrie, Dr. Hunter Guthrie's eldest son, just home from Oxford."

Mrs. Townsend extended a large, well-formed hand. "Let me see! What do I know about you? You're the young man who—oh, now I remember. You're engaged to Betty. But before I forget it, and as you are just out of Oxford, I'll put you down to speak at the annual meeting next Tuesday at the Waldorf, of the Society for the Reconstruction of University Systems. Your subject will be 'Oxford as a Menace to the Younger Generation."

Peter's face was a study in conflicting emotions. He looked like a lonely man being run away with in a car that he was wholly unable to drive. Townsend turned a burst of laughter into a rasping cough. "You're awfully kind," said Peter, almost stammering. "But I believe in Oxford."

"Ah! Then you shall say so to the Society for the Encouragement of Universities, on Thursday at eight sharp, at the St. Mary's Public School Building,

Brooklyn."

"As a matter of fact, I don't speak," said Peter. "I—I never speak."

"Why, then, you shall be one of the chief thinkers at the bi-monthly meeting of the Californian Cogitators. I'm not going to let you off; so make up your mind to that. And now I'm going to bed. I'm as tired as a dog. Good-by, Paul—I mean Peter. Expect me to call you up some day soon. There's so much to do with this world-chaos that we must all put our hands to the wheel." With a wave of her hand, Mrs. Townsend sailed majestically away.

Peter gasped for breath, and the artist subsided into the divan and gave way

to an attack of laughter.

"Never allow Betty to get bitten by the meeting-bug, son," he said when he had recovered. "It isn't any fun to be married to a bunch of pamphlets. What! Are you off now?"

"I'm afraid I've kept you up, as it is, Mr. Townsend. I—I want to thank you for your immense kindness to me. I shall always remember it. Good

night!"

ON YOU HO OPPOSITE FIRE PROOF

CHIC

frequent in A summer of your ow a sense of rooms are in liciously se utes from st and reserva Blvd.-On t

5he

HOTEL RESORT & TRAVEL DEPARTMEN

TEM PAMOUS MAGAZINES
EVERYDODYS-FIELD & Stream-Harper's
ribner's-The Canadian-World's Work
PLANNING, WRITE TO THESE ADVERTISERS
CLUB-8 BEACON STREET-BOSTON MASS.



If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



CLENDENING 188 W.108 St. Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parter, bedreem, private bath for two persons, \$2.00 daily per suita. Write forBooklet H., with map of city.

BOSTON MASS.

HOTEL PURITAN Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Cabe Trollers call the Purition are of
the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your Inquiries quality answered
and our booklet mailed

YOUR WAY TO VACATION-LAND HOTEL ESSEX
OPPOSITE SOUTH STATION + BOSTON FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION+SERVICE THE BEST THE HAMMOND HOTELS CO.+DAVID REED, MANAGER

to-go" Bureau is the onl ent offering you the regular use of MAGAZINES EACH MONTH .000 copies. 15.000.000 readers.

CHICAGO ILL.

ENJOY THIS INLAND SEA-SHORE 400 MILES OF OPEN WATER AT THE VERY THRESHOLD OF CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL A Holiday Playgro



went informal dences and orchestra concerts, immer outing as you wish it among people our own sort—fasteful_efficient service quest as of home coming—The living and sleeping so eniwrling—fleeds skillfully peopered and devaly served on American or Curropean plan-10 Plan-from shopping the lacet districts—Wrife for rates exerved in a contract of the Contract of Contract

NEW JERSEY

Galen Hall ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.



SUMMER FOLDER Profusely Illustrating the famous Coast and inland Resorts of New **New Jersey**

Central Line's Complete Descriptive and Hotel and Boarding

SEATTLE WASH.

HOTEL BUTLER Large airy Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxifare 25c. Rooms \$1.00 up; with bath \$2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

CHICAGO ILL.



Centrally Located One Block from LaSalle Station. Post Office & Board of Trade Write for Folder No.A

HEALTH RESORTS

Get Away and Rest The largest and most elaborately equipped health resort in the world—a Mecca for vacationists, a cool and delightful summer resting place. Outdoor life encouragedswimming, golf, tennis, volley ball, motoring, and tramping. Systematized dict of simple and delicious foods - expert bath

facilities — and the most efficient medical service if desired. Accommodations for 2,000 guests. Plan your vacation early. Write for free booklet and rates now THE SANITARIUM

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH

Open All the Park Hotel Mount Clemens, The Health & Pleasure Resort will the MINDEAL BATHS World famous for the Successful treatment of RHEUMATISM, Hotel and Baths under one roof. Rest of Social life, Golf. All sports. Booklet.

MTERVALE HOUSE INTERVALE-WHITE NTS.N.L.

finement & Rest with Amusements. All Improvements.
Grand Scenery, Carriage & Garage Liveries, Fine Roads, All
Sports, Orchestra, Excellent Tables-Booklet, H.S., Mudgett

Next Where-To-Go forms close Aug. 1

"The Man Who Saw Beyond" BY HAROLD MACGRATH

The Red Book Magazine



Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Ranken Townsend got up, stood in front of Peter for a moment and looked straight at him. He was serious again. "Good night, dear boy," he said. "I feel I can trust Betty to you, and that takes a load off my mind. Come often and stav later."

Peter walked all the way home along That part, at any Madison Avenue. rate, of the great sleepless city was resting and quiet, and the boy's quick footsteps echoed through the empty street. He was glad to be back again in New York-glad and thankful. Up in one of her big buildings was sleeping his lovegirl-the woman who was to be his wife -the reason of his having been born into the world. No wonder he believed in God.

THE following afternoon Peter was to call at the apartment-house on Gramercy Park at half-past four. He had arranged to take Betty for a walk-a good, long tramp. There were heaps of things that he wanted to tell her and hear, and several points on which he wanted to ask her advice. He was not merely punctual, as becomes a man who is head over heels in love; he was ten minutes before his time. All the same, he found Betty waiting for him.

"Are you feeling strong to-day, darling?" asked Peter.

"Strong as a lion," said Betty. "Why?" "Because I'm going to walk you up the Avenue and into the Park and about six times round the reservoir. Can you stand it?"

Betty laughed. "Try me, and if I faint from exhaustion you can carry me into the street and call a taxicab. not afraid of anything with you."

"That's fine! This is the first time we've been really alone since I came It'll take from now until the middle of next week to tell you even half the things I've got to say. First of all, I love you."

"Darling Peter."

They stood for a moment on the curbstone trying to find an opportunity to cross the street. Betty gave herself up to the masterly person at her side without a qualm. She adored being led by the arm through traffic which she wouldn'

have dared to dodge had she been alone. It gave her a new and splendid sense of security and dependence.

The rain had begun to fall softly. It gathered strength as they turned into Fifth Avenue, and came down smartly. Betty didn't intend to say a word about the fact that she was wearing a new hat. It had escaped Peter's notice. Her face was all he saw. He wasn't even aware that it was raining until he took her arm and found her sleeve was wet.

"Good Lord!" he said. "This wont do. Dash this rain, it's going to spoil our walk. Where can we go? I know." A line of taxies was standing near by. He opened the door of the first one. "Pop in," he said. "We'll drive to the Ritz and have tea. I can't have you getting wet."

Betty popped in, not really so profoundly sorry to escape that strenuous

walk as Peter was.

"Your father is a great chap," said Peter presently. "We had a good yarn the other night. By Jove! I wish my father had something of his friendly way, I felt that there was nothing I couldn't tell him-nothing that he wouldn't understand. Well, well, there it is. Graham and I will have to worry along as best we may. Everything'll come out all right, I hope."

"How did you like Mother?" asked

"Well," said Peter, considering his answer with the greatest care, "she's undoubtedly a wonderful woman, but she scares me to death. The very first thing she did was to ask me to speak at one of her meetings,"

Betty burst out laughing. "What? Already? When are you speaking? What are you going to say?"
"Good Lord! What can I say? Can

you see me standing on a platform as white as a sheet trying to stammer out a few idiotic sentences to a roomful of women? You've got to get me out of it!"

"Don't worry," said Betty. "Mother's a very strong-minded woman, but she's

awfully easy to manage."

THE cab drew up and they got out. went through the silly revolving doors which separate a man from his

The Plug with the Green Jacket

Let's know your motor-

We can supply you with the right plug.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO. NEWARK, N.J.





George Kuhnert -Maitre d'Hotel Vanderbilt Hotel

girl for a precious moment, and into the Palm Court, where the band was play-

The place was extraordinarily full for the time of year. Everywhere there were women, and every one of them was wearing some sort of erect feather in her hat. It gave the place the appearance of a large chicken-run after a prolonged fracas. The band was playing the emotional music of La Bohème. It was in its best form. The waiter led them to a little table under a mimic window-sill crowded with plants. Many heads turned after them as they adventured between the chattering groups. It was so easy to see that their impending marriage had been arranged in Heaven.

Peter ordered, and in sitting down nearly knocked over the table. At the other end of the room Kenyon was sitting with Belle. Betty had seen them at once, but she held her peace. For the first time in her life she appreciated

the fact that two is company.

While she poured out the tea, Peter talked about himself and her and the future, especially the future. It was all very delightful and domestic and new and exhilarating, and it didn't require much imagination on the part of either of them to believe that they were sitting in their own house, far away from people, and that Peter had just come home after a long day's work, and that the band was their new phonograph performing in the corner.

"I don't think you'd better do that, Peter," whispered Betty suddenly.

"Do what, darling?" Butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth.

"Why, hold my hand. Everybody can

"Not if you put it behind this end of the tablecloth. Besides, what if they can? I'm not ashamed of being in love. Are you?"

"No; I glory in it. But-" "But what?" He held it tighter.

"I think you'd better give it back to There's an old lady frowning."

"Oh, she's only a poor benighted spinster. And anyhow she's not frowning. She put her eyebrows on in the dark."

"Very well. I suppose you know best." And Betty made no further attempts to rescue her hand. She had two good reasons for leaving it there-the first, that she liked it, and the second that she couldn't take it away. But she made sure it was hidden by the cloth.

"Wont you smoke, Peter?" "Oh, thanks. May I?" "All the other men are."

Peter took out his case and his cigarette-holder. It was very easy to take out a cigarette with one hand, but for the life of him he couldn't maneuver it into the tube. Was he so keen to smoke that he would let her hand go?

He gave it up and broke into a smile that almost made Betty bend forward and plant a resounding kiss on his square chin, "Well, I'm dashed," he said. "I believe you asked me to smoke on purpose to get free."

"I did." she said. "Peter, you're-

you're just a darling."

And that was why he upset the glass of water.

Presently he said, when peace was restored: "What d'you think I've done to-day? I've arranged for a desk in the law-office of two friends of mine. They were at Harvard with me-corkers, both of 'em. I start work next week. Isn't that fine? We're going to mop up all the work in the city. Darling, that apartment of ours is getting nearer and nearer. I shall be a tired business man soon and shall want a home to go to, with a little wife waiting for me.

And Betty said: "How soon do you think that'll be?"

Before Peter could answer, Belle's ringing voice broke in. She and Kenyon had come up unnoticed. "The turtledoves," she said. "Isn't it beautiful, Nick?"

The spell was broken. They little knew, these two who were so happy, that in the fertile brain of the man who stood smiling at them was the germ of a plan which would break their engagement and bring a black cloud over the sun.

The next installment of Mr. Hamilton's novel will appear in the next-the September-issue of The Red Book Magazine, on the news-stands Aug. 23rd.

THE

havo wea Can

one owidel oppor

"T

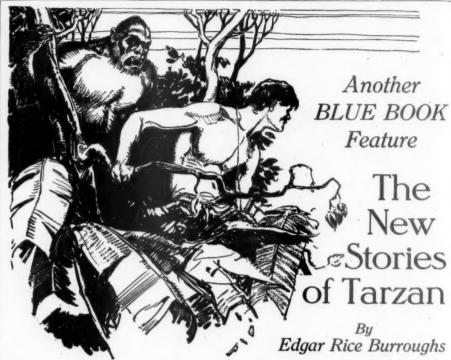
beg "N An

This

by th

of the

mem



Twelve of these stories—one complete in each issue The first in the September issue, on the news-stands August 1st

TARZAN, lost in his babyhood from his English father and mother, grows up wild among the wild things of the African jungle... There is a peculiar glamour about Mr. Burroughs' stories of Tarzan's adventures. They somehow bring back to one the freshness and bloom of the world's dawn. You'll find them wonderfully refreshing.

- And -

BESIDES this first of the new Tarzan stories,—and besides the stories and novels by Peter B. Kyne, Walter Jones, Harold MacGrath and Frederick R. Bechdolt mentioned on the opposite page,—there will be in the September BLUE BOOK: Henry C. Rowland's "Jane" (concluding half); Louis Tracy's "Number 17;" another "Jabez Bunker" story by Ellis Parker Butler; an exploit of the "Free Lances in Diplomacy" by Clarence Herbert New; a powerful story by the BLUE BOOK'S "discovery," Robert J. Casey; and a wealth of other superinteresting stories.

ALL IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE [240] pages

The Story-Press Corporation, Publisher, North American Building, Chicago. On sale everywhere August 1st.

A New Harold MacGrath Novel

HOW often have you paid about \$1.35 for a novel by Harold MacGrath? "The Goose Girl," "The Puppet Crown," "The Man on the Box," "Splendid Hazard" and his other stories have sold by the hundred thousand at that price. Now you have the opportunity of buying one of his best stories—and a wealth of other well-worth-while fiction besides—for fifteen cents. Can you imagine a better bargain—a bigger fifteen cents' worth?

For "Madam Who," which we will publish complete in our September issue, is one of the most fascinating stories clever Mr. MacGrath ever wrote: it is bound to be widely read, universally liked and everywhere talked about. Don't overlook this rare opportunity. Remember that Harold MacGrath's new novel, "Madam Who," will be—

Published Complete in the September BLUE BOOK

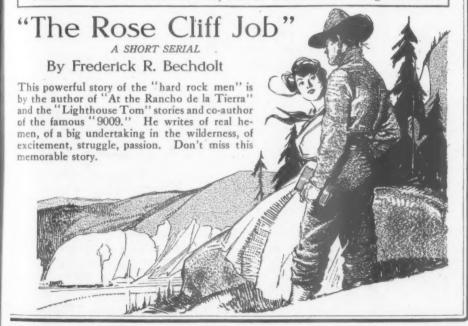
Headliners in the September Issue

"The Sheriff of Panamint" By Peter B. Kyne

The author of "The Parson of Panamint," "Big Tim Meagher" and the "Cappy Ricks" stories has never written a better than this splendid story of the desert. It begins on the first page of our September number.

"Mrs. Mellinger's Militant Methods" By Walter Jones

Another joyous tale by the man who wrote "The Outing at Stroebel's Lake" and the "Pembina" stories. Mr. Jones has "a way wid him" and his stories are delightful indeed.



A MAN'S MAN

A NOVEL BY PETER B. KYNE

Continued from page 654 of this issue.

"Jack Webster! The devil's own kin!" shouted Neddy Jerome. He swept the cards into a heap and waddled across the room to meet this latest assailant of the peace and dignity of the Engineers' Club. "You old, worthless, ornery, nogood son of a lizard! I've never been so glad to see a man that didn't owe me money." He seized Webster's hand in both of his and wrung it affectionately. "Jack," he continued, "I've been combing the whole civilized world for you, for a month, at least. Where the devil have you been?"

John Stuart Webster beamed happily upon his friend. "Well, Neddy, you old stocking-knitter," he replied quizzically, "since that is the case, I'm not surprised at your failure to find me. You've known me long enough to have remembered to confine your search to the uncivilized reaches."

"Well, you're here, at any rate, and I'm happy. Now you'll settle down."

"Hardly, Neddy. I'm young yet, you know-only forty. Still a real live man and not quite ready to degenerate into a card-playing, eat-drink-and-be-merry, die-of-inanition, sink-to-oblivion and goto-hell fireplace spirit!" And he prodded Ierome in the short ribs with a tentative thumb that caused the old man to wince. He turned to greet the half-dozen cardplayers who had looked up at his noisy entrance-deciding that since they were strangers to him they were mere halfbaked young whelps but lately graduated from some school of mines-and permitted his friend to drag him downstairs to the deserted lounge, where Jerome paused in the middle of the room and renewed his query:

"Johnny, where have you been?"

"Lead me to a seat, O thou of little manners," Webster retorted. "Here, boy! Remove my property and guard it well. I will stay and disport myself." And he suffered himself to be dispossessed of

his hat, gloves and stick. "It used to be the custom here," he resumed, addressing Jerome, "that when one of the Old Guard returned, he was obliged to ask his friends to indicate their poison—" THE

G

DO

"Where have you been, I ask?"

"Out in Death Valley, California, trying to pry loose a fortune."

"Did you pry it?"

John Stuart Webster arched his eyebrows in mock reproach. "And you can see my new suit, Neddy, my sixteendollar, made-to-order shoes, and my horny hoofs encased in silken hose—and ask that question? Freshly shaved and ironed and almost afraid to sit down and get wrinkles in my trousers! Smell that!" He blew a cloud of cigar smoke into Jerome's smiling face. The latter sniffed. "It smells expensive," he replied.

"Yes, and you can bet it tastes expensive too," Webster answered, handing his cigar-case to his friend—who helped

himself and said:

"So you've made your pile, eh, Jack?" "Do you suppose I would have come back to Colorado without money? Haven't you lived long enough, Neddy, to realize that when a man has money he never knows where to go to spend it? It's so blamed hard to make up one's mind, with all the world to choose from, and so the only place I could think of was the old Engineers' Club in Denver. There, at least, I knew I would find one man of my acquaintance-an old granny named Neddy Jerome. Yes, Neddy, I knew I would find you playing solitaire, with your old heart beating about seven times an hour, your feet good and warm, and a touch of misery around your liver from lack of exercise."

JEROME bit the end of his cigar and spat derisively. "How much have you made?" he demanded bluntly.

New England

George W. Chadwick, Director

Vear opens September 21st, 1916

Boston, Mass.

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

IN THE MUSIC CENTER OF AMERICA

It affords pupils the opportunity, environment and atmosphere essential to a finished musical education.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

The largest Conservatory Building in the world; has its own auditorium and fourteen pipe organs. Every facility for the teaching of music. Residence dormitories.

CURRICULUM

Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical, including Opera.

OWING TO THE PRACTICAL TRAINING

in our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

THE FREE PRIVILEGES

of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A COMPLETE ORCHESTRA

offers advanced pupils in voice, piano, organ and violin experience in rehearsals and public appearances with orchestral accompaniment, an exceptional training for the concert stage.

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT-Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? Cartoonists are well paid.

We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartonoist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartonos and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W.L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING \$11 Leader Bidg. 12 Cleveland, O.



Our new book, "The Law Trained Man," has a vital message for every ambitious man. It tells of numerous interesting cases where success was gained through a

ekstone Institute,



20% DOWN 105 A MONTH The most beautiful Diamonds are the Blue-white, especially
LYON DIAMONDS are Ist Quality, Blue-white. Acc
Diamond guaranteeing its value and providing for exchange at f
sent prepaid for examination and approval. Write for Catalog N
10 per cent DISCOUNT FOR CASH J. M. LYON & CO., (EN'S 1843)

71-73 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"It's none of your business, but I'll tell you because I love you, Neddy. I've made one hundred thousand dollars."

"Chicken-feed," Jerome retorted.

Webster glanced around. "I thought at first nothing had changed in the old place," he said, "but I see I was mistaken."

"Why, what's wrong, Jack?"

"Why, when I was here before, they used to ask a man if he had a mouth— and now they ask him how much money he's made, where he made it and—why, hello, Mose, you black old scoundrel, how do you do? Glad to see you. Take the order, Mose: some milk and Vichy for Mr. Jerome, and a—"

"Yassuh, yassuh," Mose interrupted,

"an' a stinger for you, suh."

"Gone but not forgotten," breathed Mr. Webster, and walled his eyes piously after the fashion of one about to say grace before a meal. "How sweet a thing is life with a club servant like old black Mose, who does things without an order. I feel at home—at last."

"Johnny," Jerome began again, "I've been combing the mineral belt of North and South America for you for a month."

"Why this sudden belated interest in

me?"

"I have a fine job for you, John—"
"King's X," Webster interrupted, and showed both hands with the fingers crossed. "No plotting against my peace and comfort, Neddy. Haven't I told you I'm all dressed up for the first time in three years, that I have money in my pocket and more in bank? Man, I'm going to tread the primrose path for a year, before I get back into the harness again."

Jerome waved a deprecatory hand, figuratively brushing aside such feeble and inconsequential argument. "Are you

foot-loose?" he demanded.

"I'm not. I'm bound in golden chains—"

"Married, eh? Great Scott, I might have guessed it. So you're on your honeymoon, eh?"

"No such luck, you Vichy-drinking iconoclast. If you had ever gotten far enough from this club during the past fifteen years to get a breath of real fresh air, you'd understand why I want to

enjoy civilization for a week or two before I go back to a mine superintendent's cabin on some bleak hill. No sir-ee. Old Jeremiah Q. Work and I have had a falling out. I'm going on to New York and attend the opera, see all the good plays, mush around through the Metropolitan Museum of Art, drink tea and learn to tango." Webster sighed gustily. "Lord, Neddy, how I long for the fleshpots. I've slept under the desert stars so long I want electric signs for a change. Bacon and beans and sour dough are wonderful when one hasn't something better, but I crave an omelette soufflé drenched in cognac, and the cognac afire. Yes, and I want an obsequious waiter to hurry in with it and then take a dollar tip from me afterward, for all the world like he was doing me a favor by accepting it. Dad burn your picture, Neddy, I want some class! I've been listening to a dago shiftboss playing the accordeon for three years-and he could only play three Now I want Sousa's band. funes. want to hive up in a swell hotel and leave a call for six o'clock-and then when they call me, I want to curse them, roll over and go to sleep again. I've been bathing in tepid, dirty water in a redwood sluice-box, and now I desire a steam-room and a needle shower and an osteopath. I've been bossing Greasers and Italians and was forced to learn their language to get results, and now I want to speak my mother tongue to The last funny story my old friends. I heard had whiskers on it when Rameses was playing hop-scotch in Memphis, Egypt, and by thunder I'm going to have a new deal all around."

"Very well, Jack. Don't excite yourself. I'll give you exactly thirty days to sicken of it all—and then I shall come and claim my property."

"Neddy, I'll not work for you."

"Oh, yes, you will, John."

"No sir, I'm mad. I wont play."
"You're it. I just tagged you."

"I require a rest—but unfold your proposition, Neddy. I was born a poor, weak vessel consumed with a curiosity that was ever my undoing. I can only protest that this is no way to treat a friend."





REDUCE YOURSELF

Wear my famous Rubber Garments a few hours a day and your superfluous



Bust Reducer, Price \$5.00 Made from Dr. Walter's famous reducing rubber with coutil back Dr. Jeanne Walter's
Famous Medicated
RUBBER GARMENTS
For Mon and Women
Cover the entire body or any part. The
safe and quick way to reduce by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians-

Cover the entire body or any part. The sale and quick way to reduce by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians. PROWN ERADICATOR • \$2.00 MENG AND CHIN REDUCER • \$2.00 MENG AND CHIN REDUCER • \$2.00 MENG AND CHIN REDUCER • \$0.00 AND CHIN SERVICES •

those suffering from rheumatism.
Send for free illustrated booklet.
DR. JEANNE D. WALTER
Inventor and Patentee
353 Fifth Avenue, New York
Cor. 34th Street, 3rd door East

A Superior Camera for Superior Pictures

A camera that's just a trifle larger than the picture it makes, yet so cleverly constructed and carefully equipped as to produce results equal to those obtainable with larger and much more expensive cameras.

It takes the Premo Film Pack, which means that it loads in daylight, can be loaded and operated more quickly and easily than any other type of camera and permits the removal of one or more films for development at any time. It is fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat Lens f.7.7, equal in covering power and flatness of field to any lens made, no matter what the price.

Pictures, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$. Price complete, only \$14.00.

It is so compact, it is so convenient, it is so capable, it is so inexpensive, that you will find photography a real pleasure with a

Premoette Jr. No. 1A f.7.7

Premo catalogue free at all dealers or mailed direct on request

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION

Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.



"Nonsense! My own brother wants this job, and I have refused to give it to him. Business is business-and I've

saved it for you."

Jerome leaned forward and laid his finger confidentially on Webster's knee; whereat the light-hearted wanderer carefully lifted the finger, brushed an imaginary speck of dirt from it and set it down again. "Be serious, you ingrate," "Listen! I've been Jerome protested. working for two years on a consolidation up near Telluride, and I've just put it across. Jack, it's the biggest thing in the country-"

Webster closed his eyes and crooned.

"I'm dying for some one to love me; I'm tired of living alone; I want to be somebody's darling, To be queen upon somebody's throne."

"Well, you'll be king on the throne of the Colorado Consolidated Mines Company, Limited. English capital, Jack. Pay 'em six per cent and they'll call you blessed. There's twenty-five thousand a year in it, with a house and a good cook and an automobile and a chauffeur, and you can come to town whenever you please, provided you don't neglect the company's interests-and I know you're not that kind of an engineer."

"Do I have to put some money into

it, Neddy?"

"Not necessarily, although I should advise it. I can let you in on the ground floor for that hundred thousand of yours, guarantee you a handsome profit and in all probability a big clean-up."

feel myself slipping, Neddy. Nevertheless, the tail goes with the hide. I'm not in the habit of asking my friends to guarantee my investments, and if you say it's all right, I'll spread what I have left of the hundred thousand when I report for duty. What's the news around this mortuary, anyhow? Who's dead and who's alive?"

"It's been a tremendous job getting this consolidation over, Jack. When-

"In pity's name! Spare me. I've heard all I want to hear about your confounded consolidation. News! News! Give me news! I had to beg for a drink-"

"I might remind you that your manners have not improved with age, Jack Webster. You haven't thanked me for that job." THE

The

"No-nor shall I. Mose, you black sinner, how dare you appear before me again without that stinger?"

MOSE, the aged colored porter of the Engineers' Club, flashed a row of ivories and respectfully returned the democratic greeting.

"Letter for you, suh. The secretary told me to give it to you, Mistah Web-

ster."

"Thank you, Mose. Speak up, Neddy, and tell me something. Ever hear anything of Billy Geary?"

He was tearing the edge of the envelope, the while he gazed at Jerome, who was rubbing his fat hands together after the fashion of elderly men who are well pleased with themselves.

"You have a chance to become one of the greatest and richest mining engineers in the world, Jack," he answered, "now that you've cut loose from that young crook Geary. I don't know what's become of him, and neither does anybody else. For that matter, nobody cares."

"I do-and you can take the brief end of that bet for your last white chip. Don't let me hear you or anybody else say anything against Billy Geary. That boy goes for my money, every turn in the box. Don't make any mistakes about

that, old timer."

Webster's face suddenly was serious; the bantering intonation in his voice was gone, and a new, slightly strident note had crept into it. But Jerome, engrossed in his own affairs, failed to observe the menace in that swift transition of mood in his companion. He waved his hand soothingly.

"All right, old Johnny Pepper-box, have it your own way. Nevertheless, I'm a little mystified. The last I knew of you two, you had testified against him in the high-grader trials at Cripple Creek, and he had pulled out under a cloud, even after his acquittal."

"Give a dog a bad name, and it will stick to him," Webster retorted. "Of course I testified against him. As engineer for the Mine Owners' Association,



CARMEN Powder

off like or powders.
Neither does it fail under glaring light or perspiration. perspiration.
White, Pink,
Flesh, Cream.
50c Everywhere

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., 529 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

AFNESS IS MISERY

.Iknow because I was Deaf and had Head
Noises for over 30 years. My invisible
Anti-eeptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do
it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones.
Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put
in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Writefor Booklet and
my sworn statement of how I recovered
my hearing. A. O. LEONARD

Suite 227 1505th Ave. - N.Y. City

COPY THIS SKETCH

nd let me see what you can do with it. Illustrators ad cartoonists earn from \$20 to \$125 a week or core. My practical system of personal individual soons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen area successful work for newspapers and magnes qualifies me to teach you.

amps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also illustrate with the control of the control o

The Landon School of Illustrating 1432 Schoffeld Bidg., Cleveland, O.



GRAF'S "HYGLO" NAIL POLISH

Send for free sample BRILLIANT, lasting, delicately perfumed, water-proof. Powder form, 25c; cake form, 50c, on sale everywhere. All Hyglo Nail Polleh. Ask your dealer for Hyglo rouges and Hyglo compact face powders in vanity box with puff and mirror. Hyglo dispersion of the powder of the



EARN \$2,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR
We will teach you to be a high grade salesman, in eight
weeks at home and assure you definite proposition from a large
number of reliable firms who offer our students opportunties to earn Big Fay while they are learning. No former
ties to earn Big Fay while they are learning. No former
dead of produces. Write boday for particulars, list of bundreds of produces. Write boday for particulars, list of bundreds of produces. Write boday for particulars, list of bundreds of one country of the country of the
students now earning 2100 to \$500 a menth. Address caused Colles.

Dept. 513 NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSN.

Chicago New York San Francisco



"Your price \$26.88; jewelers here ask \$50." "Paid you \$270; worth \$400 at retail."

0

-so write thousands of satisfied customers from every State in the U. S. A. Look at these before-the-war prices:

1/2 carat, \$6.25 1/4 carat, \$15.50 1/2 carat, \$40.25 1 carat, \$88.00

ed Rings velvet jewel ses. Blue hite perfect t diam Size...\$1.88 'aSize. 2.88

ring, com-

871.13



Blue White Dia-mond. 14k solfre ring, com-These illustra-tions are greatly reduced in size. SEND NO MONEY! just mail coupon

Don't pay war prices! Direct importing and out prefits allow us to continue our start-ling before-the-war prices for a short time longer. If you expect to invest in a fine diamond between now and Xmas, get our Free Book at once; learn why we alone can sell the popular Blue White quality for only \$66 per carat.

DIME WHITE QUALITY for only \$88 per carst. Examine FREE any diamond hargain in our stock at your bank or express office. Not one penny of expense to you, or the slightest obligation to buy. Find out at ear expense why our wonderful values are the sensation of the diamond business.

We alone give a bankable Money Back Guarantee

with every diamond we sell. You can take it to any bank in America and cash in your diamond investment if you want to. No other Money Back Guarantée has this feature, which makes evasions and delays impossible. Here at last is perfect protection! And my guarantee givee you full value in exchange forever!

1917 De Luxe Book of **DIAMONDS Now Ready—** FREE!

Mail the coupon and get your free book even if you have not yet made up your mind to order. Get the true facts about diamond qualities and values, and thousands of heautiful illustrations of the 1917 styles in diamond jewelry. The only bound book on diamonds offered by any house.

References: The publishers of this or any other magazine; Rogers Park National Bank, and Lake & State Bank, both of Chicago, Dan, Bradstreet, your Banker, 100,000 satisfied customers all over America.

Fast, Expert

& CO. Sow. Cor.
Without obligation on my parbends send me free and postless bed by free, your 1916
Delays Beek of Diameters.

Januard gliation

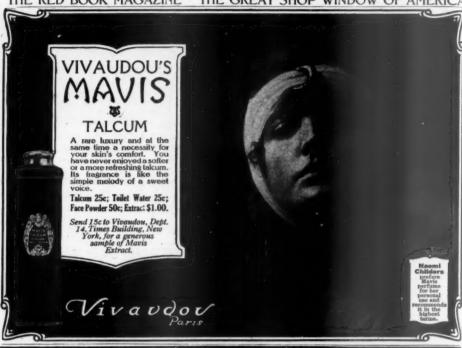
Use This Coupon

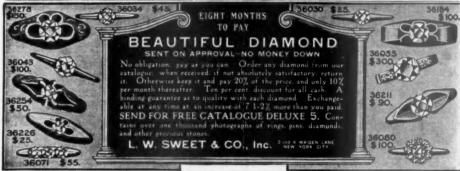
By service
By selling diamonds
exclusively, I can personally serve every
BARNARD customer
BARNARD & CO.
Dopt. 8888, S. W. Cor.
Wabset & Monroe
Chicago

NAME President a ADDRESS.....



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA







AN EXCELLENT TONIC FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil.

Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us \$1.00 Send 10c for trial size

Applications at all first class Barber Shops

BALDPATE CO., 467 West 34th St., Sold Everywhere

NEW YORK

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE ,

I had to. The high-grade ore was found in his assay office, and the circumstantial evidence was complete, and I admit Billy was acquitted merely because I and others could not swear positively that the ore came from any certain mine. It was the same old story, Neddy. It's become history in all mining camps. You can be morally certain that high-grade ore has been stolen from your mine, but unless you catch the ore thief in the act, how can you prove it? High-grade ore is blind goods and is not confined to any certain man-owned spot on this wicked earth-so there you are! I suppose you read the newspaper reports and believed them, just as everybody else

"Well, forget it, Jack. It's all over long ago, and forgotten."

"It wasn't all over so long ago as you seem to think. I suppose you knew the Holman gang was afterward sent to the penitentiary for those same high-grade

operations?"

"But I'll bet my new plug hat you never knew I was the Hawkshaw that sent them there! You bet I was! Billy Geary's acquittal didn't end my interest in the case-not by a jugful! I fought the case against the friends of the Holman crew among the mine owners themselves; and it cost me my good job, my prestige as a mining engineer and thirty thousand dollars of money that I'd slaved to get together. They squeezed me, Neddy-squeezed me hard like a lemon, and threw me away, but I got them! I should tell a man! Of course you never knew this, Neddy, and for that matter, neither does Geary. I wish he did. We were good friends once. I certainly was mighty fond of that boy."

HE drew the letter from the envelope and slowly opened it, his mind not upon the letter, but upon Billy Geary.

"And you never heard what became of

Geary?"

"Not a word. I was too busy wondering what was to become of me. I couldn't get a job anywhere in Colorado, and I moved to Nevada. Made a million in Goldfield, dropped it in the panic of 1907 and had to start again—"

"What have you been doing lately?"
"Borax. Staked a group of claims down in Death Valley. Bully ground, Neddy, and I was busted when I located them. Had to borrow money to pay the filing fees and incorporation, and did my own assessment work. Look!" Webster held up his hands, still somewhat grimy and calloused.

"How did you get by with your

bluff?"

"In the only way anybody ever got by on no pair. I was a brave dog and went around with an erect tail, talking in millions and buying my tobacco on jawbone. The Borax Trust knew I was busted, but they never could quite get over the fear that I'd dig up some backing and give them a run—so they bought me out. Two weeks ago I got a belated telegram, telling me there was a hundred thousand dollars in escrow against deeds and certificate of title in a Salt Lake City bank—so here I am."

"Somebody told me Geary had gone to Rhodesia," Jerome continued musingly, "or maybe it was Capetown. I know he was seen somewhere in South

Africa."

"He left the Creek immediately after the conclusion of his trial. Poor boy! That dirty business destroyed the lad and made a tramp of him, I guess. I tell you, Neddy, no two men ever lived who came nearer to loving each other than Billy Geary and his old Jack-pardner. We bucked the marts of men and went to sleep together hungry many a time during our five-year partnership. Why, Bill was like my own boy! Do you know, Neddy, now that I've rounded the forty-pole, I get thinking sometimes, and wish I could have married when I was about twenty years old; I might have had a son to knock around with now, while I'm still in the shank of my own youth. And if I had been blessed with a son, I would have wanted him to be just like Billy. You know, Bill tied onto me when he was about eighteen. He's rising twenty-six now. He came to me at the Bonnie Claire mine fresh from high school, and I staked him to a drill; but he didn't stick there long. I saw he was too good a boy to be a mucker all his days."

Webster smiled reminiscently and went on: "I'll never forget the day Billy challenged a big Cornish shift-boss that called him out of his name. The cousin Jack could fight too, but Billy walked around him like a cooper around a barrel, and when he finished, I fired the Cousin Jack and gave Billy his job!"

He chuckled softly at the remembrance. "Too bad!" he continued. "That boy had brains and grit and honor, and he shouldn't have held that trial against me. But Billy was young, I suppose, and he just couldn't understand my position. It takes the hard old years to impart common sense to a man, and I suppose Billy couldn't understand why I had to be true to my salt. He should have known I hadn't a leg to stand on when I took the stand for the prosecution-not a scintilla of evidence to present, except that the high-grade had been found in his assay office. Jerome, I curse the day I took that boy out from underground and put him in the Bonnie Claire assay office to learn the business. How could I know that the Holman gang had cached the stuff in his shack?"

"Well, it's too bad," Jerome answered dully. He was quite willing that the subject of conversation should be changed. "I'm glad to get the right dope on the boy, anyhow. We might be able to hand him a good job to make up for the injustice. Have another drink?"

"Not until I read this letter. Now, who the dickens knew I was headed for Denver and the Engineers' Club. I didn't tell a soul, and I only arrived this morning."

He turned to the last page to ascertain the identity of his correspondent, and his facial expression ran the gamut from surprise to a joy that was good to see.

It was a long letter, and John Stuart Webster read it deliberately. When he had read it once, he reread it; after which he sat in silent contemplation of the design of the carpet for fully a minute, before reaching for the bell. A servant responded immediately.

"Bring me the time-tables of all roads leading to New Orleans," he ordered, "—also a cable-blank."

WEBSTER had reread the letter before the servant returned with the time-tables. He glanced through them. "Henry," he announced,"—your name is Henry, isn't it?"

"No sir-George, sir."

"Well, August, you go out to the desk, like a good fellow, and ask the secretary to arrange for a compartment for me to New Orleans on the Gulf States Limited, leaving at ten o'clock tomorrow night." He handed the servant his card. "Now wait a minute until I write something." He seized the cableblank, helped himself, uninvited, to Neddy Jerome's fountain pen and wrote.

William H. Geary, Calle de Concordia No. 19, Buenaventura,

Sobrante, C. A.

Salute, you young jackass! Just received your letter. Cabling thousand for emergency roll first thing to-morrow. Will order machinery, leaving for New Orleans to-morrow night, to arrive Buenaventura first steamer. Your letter caught me with a hundred thousand. We cut it two ways and take our chances. Keep a light in the window for your old JACK PARDNER.

M Jobs tion now

M

each writ 305

Pate offer pate

11

"That's a windy cablegram," Neddy Jerome remarked as the servant bore it away. "Why all this garrulity? A cablegram anywhere generally costs at least a dollar a word."

"'That's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year,'" quoted John Stuart Webster; "and why the devil economize when the boy needs cheering up?"

"What boy?"

"Billy Geary."
"Broke?"

"I should say so. Rattles when he walks."

"Where is he?"

"Central America."

Neddy Jerome was happy. He was in an expansive mood, for he had, with the assistance of a kindly fate, rounded up the one engineer in all the world whom he needed to take charge of the Colorado Consolidated. So he said:

"Well, Jack, just to celebrate the discovery of your old pal, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll O. K. your voucher for the expense of bringing young Geary back

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rate:-\$1.65 per line-cash with order.

No advertisement of less than 4 lines accented.

Forms for the September issue will close August 4th. by which time order, copy and remittance must be in our hands.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.

North American Building,

Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED-MALE AND FEMALE

AGENTS-500 per cent profit, free sample Gold and Silver Sign. Letters for store fronts and office windows. Anyone can put on. Big demand everywhere. Write today for lib-cral offer. Metallic Letter Co., 422 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

MEN-WOMEN WANTED EVERYWHETE. U. S. Govt. Jobs. \$75.00 to \$150.00 month. Vacations. Common educa-tion sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Inst., Dept. M47, Rochester, N. X.

Men of ideas and inventive ability abould write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 38, Washington, D. C.

WRITE NEWS ITEMS AND SHORT STORIES FOR PAY in spare time. Copyright book and plans free. PRESS REPORTING SYNDICATE, 1002. St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS.

WRITE Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems: \$10 to \$300 each. Constant demand. No correspondence course. Start writing and selling at once. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 305 Atlas Bidg., Cincinnati, 0.

Photoplays wanted by 48 companies, \$10 to \$500 each paid for plays. No correspondence course or experience needed. Details sent Free to beginners. Sell your ideas. PRODUCERS LEAGUE, 350, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS, ETC.

PATENTS. Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prises offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our Four Guide Books sent free upon request. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attys., 635 9th, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me; three books with list hundreds of inventions wanted, sent free; I help market your invention; advice free, R. B. Owen, 57 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.



There is no substitute for the man who is smoking Rameses.

He himself will tell vou so. He finds no satisfaction in any other cigarette when he happens to be out of his special brand.

It's as if there were a Rameses Club-an informal organization of men who are loyal to Rameses Cigarettes. They wear no emblem. They have their loyalty only as a common bond.

They smoke only Rameses, "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes," because they find in no other brand the full flavor and distinctive aroma that Rameses alone possesses.

No man who once becomes a member of this Club ever leaves it.

Which is another way of saying: "Nobody ever changes from Rameses."

STEPHANO BROS., Inc. PHILADELPHIA

to the U.S. A., and when we get him here, it will be up to you to find a snug berth for him with Colorado Consoli-

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webster, "by my halidom, I love thee. You're a thoughtful, kindly old stick-in-the-

mud, but-"

"No if's or but's. I'm your boss," Jerome interrupted, and waddled away to telephone the head-waiter at his favorite restaurant to reserve a table for

Mr. Webster sighed. He disliked exceedingly to disappoint old Neddy, but- He shrank from seeming to think over-well of himself by declining a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job with the biggest mining company in Colorado, but-

"Rotten luck," he soliloquized. runs that way for a while, and then it

changes, and gets worse!"

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Jerome returned to his seat, the serious look in Webster's hitherto laughing eyes challenged his immediate attention. "Now what's gone and broken loose?" he demanded.

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webster gently, "do you remember my crossing my fingers and saying 'King's X' when you came at me with that proposition

of yours?"

"Yes. But I noticed you uncrossed them mighty quick when I told you the details of the job. You'll never be offered another like it."

"I know, Neddy, I know. It just breaks my heart to have to decline it, but the fact of the matter is, I think you'd better give that job to your brother after all. At any rate, I'm not going to take it."

"Why?" the amazed Jerome demanded. "Johnny, you're crazy in the head. Of course you'll take it."

For answer Webster handed his friend the letter he had just received. "Read that, old horse, and see if you can't work up a circulation," he sug-

Jerome adjusted his spectacles and

read:

Calle de Concordia 19. Buenaventura. Sobrante, C. A.

DEAR John:

"I would address you as 'dear friend John,' did I but possess sufficient courage. In my heart of hearts you are still that, but after three years of silence, due to my stupidity and hardness of heart, it is, perhaps, better to make haste slowly.

"To begin, I should like to be forgiven, on the broad general grounds that I am most almighty sorry for what I went and done! Am I forgiven? I seem to see your friendly old face and hear you answer 'Aye,' and with this load off my chest at last I believe I feel

existantician it. aft you see of obtion sort pair class exercise and eight the term.

gra Jev all

TH

better already.

"I did not know until very recently what had become of you, and that that wretched Cripple Creek business had been cleared up at last. I met a steamshovel man a month or two ago on the Canal. He used to be a machine-man in the Portland mine, and he told me

the whole story. "Jack, you poor, deluded old piece of white meat, do you think for a moment that I held against you your testimony for the operators in Cripple Creek? You will never know how badly it broke me up when that Canal digger sprung his story of how you went the limit for my measly reputation after I had quit the company in disgrace. Still, it was not that which hurt me particularly. I thought you believed the charges and that you testified in a firm belief that I was the guilty man, as all of the circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate. I thought this for three long, meager years, old friend, and I'm sorry. After that, I suppose there isn't any need for me to say more, except that you are an old fool for not saying you were going to spend your money and your time and reputation trying to put my halo back on straight! I doubt if I was worth it, and you knew that: but let it pass, for we have other fish to fry.

"The nubbin of the matter is this: There is only one good gold mine left in this weary world-and I have it. It's the sweetest wildcat I ever struck,







is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, com-fortable, weightless and harmless. Price, \$5, complete sold. Anyone can adjust it."

Over one hundred thousand Write for booklet and testimonia THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, Perry Bldg., Phila.

Use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained, for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection, for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion. A few drops of this clean, fragrant, refreshing liniment acts quickly and effectively and leaves no greasy residue.

Applied before a contest it conditions the muscles and minimizes fatigue.

Is a positive antiseptic and germicide which increases its efficiency. When applied to cuts, bruises, sores and wounds, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptic

and promotes rapid healing.

The positive merits of Absorbine, Jr., for conditioning athletes is recognized by successful trainers everywhere, as well as physical directors in colleges, preparatory schools and Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums.

Used as a Rub-Down

after violent exercise or physical exertion it puts vim and energy into jaded muscles and gives the body the glow of health. A good

Absorbine.

formula for a rub-down is one ounce of
Absorbine, Jr., to a
quart of water or witch hazel.

Absorbine, Jr., is just as valuable in the home as in the club-house locker, for taking care of the little injuries that are "part of the day's work" and in relieving soreness and strains.



A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or pro-cure regular size from your druggist today.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.

340 Temple St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

and we stand the finest show in the world of starving to death if we tackle it without sufficient capital to go through. (You will notice that I am already-and unconsciously-employing the plural pronoun. How rapidly the old habits return with the old friendships rehabilitated!) I will take at least thirty thousand dollars, and we ought to have double that to play safe. I do not know whether you have, or can raise, sixty cents, but at any rate I am going to put the buck up to you and you can take a look.

"Here are the specifications. Read them carefully and then see if there is anybody in the U.S.A. whom you can interest to the tune mentioned above. We could probably get by with thirty thousand, but I would not jeopardize anybody's money by tackling it with

"Jack, I have a mining concession. It is low-grade-a free-milling gold veintwelve feet of ore between good solid walls on a contact between Andesite and Silurian limestone. The ore is oxidized, and we can save ninety per cent of the values on amalgamating plates without concentrating or cyaniding machinery. I have had my own portable assay outfit on the ground for a month, and you can take my opinion for what it is worth when I assure you that this concession is a winner, providing the money is forthcoming with which to handle it.

"This is a pretty fair country, Jackif you survive long enough to get used to it. At first you think it's Paradise; then you grow to hate it and know it for hell with the lid off; and finally all your early love for it returns and you become what I am now—a tropical tramp! There is only one social stratum lower than mine, and that's the tropical beachcomber. I am not that—yet; and will not be if my landlady will continue to listen to my blandishments. She is a sweet soul, with a divine disposition, and I am duly grateful.

"I would tell you all about the geography, topography, flora and fauna of Sobrante, but you can ascertain that in detail by consulting any standard encyclopedia. Governmentally the country is similar to its sister republic. The poor

we have always with us; also a firstclass, colorado-maduro despot in the political saddle, and it's a cold day indeed when two patriots, two viva's and a couple of old long Tom Springfield rifles cannot upset the Sobrante applecart. We have the usual Governmental extravagance in the matter of statues to countless departed "liberators" in all the public squares, and money is no object. It is depreciated shin-plasters, and I had to use a discarded sugar-barrel to hold mine when I arrived and changed four hundred pesos oro into the national currency. If a waiter brings you a jolt of hooch, you're stingy if you tip him less than a Sobrante dollar.

"We have a Malicon along the bay

shore and back again, with a municipal bandstand in the middle thereof, upon which the fine city band of Buenaventura plays nightly those languid Spanish melodies that must have descended to us from the Inquisition. If you can spare the cash, send me a bale of the latest New York rags and a banjo, and I'll start something. I have nothing else to do until I hear from you, save shake dice at The Frenchman's with the Presidente, who has nothing else to do except lap up highballs and wait for the next drawing of the lottery. I asked him for a job to tide me over temporarily, and he offered me a portfolio! I could have been Minister of Finance! I declined, from a constitutional inability, inherent in the Irish, to assimilate a joke from a member of an inferior race.

"We haven't had a revolution for nearly six months, but we have hopes. "There are some white men here, neither better nor worse. We tolerate

each other.

"I am addressing you at the Engineers' Club, in the hope that my letter may reach you there, or perhaps the secretary will know your address and for-ward it to you. If you are foot-loose and still entertain a lingering regard for your old pal, get busy on this mining concession P. D. Q. Time is the essence of the contract, because I am holding on to the thin edge of nothing, and if we have a change of government I may lose even that. I need you, John Stuart Webster, worse than I need salvation. I



Her Last Corn-Ache

When pain brings you to Blue-jay, it means the end of corns.

Blue-jay proves that corns are needless. And never again will you let a corn pain twice.

The pain stops instantly. In 48 hours

the corn completely disappears. The action is gentle. No soreness results. It is sure and scientific and final. Millions of people keep free from corns in this easy, simple way. Please try it. Blue-jay

is something you should not go without. And nothing can take its place.

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunton Plasters
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns







enclose you a list of equipment required. "If you receive this letter and can do anything for me, please cable. If you cannot, please cable anyway. It is needless for me to state that the terms of division are as you make them, although I think fifty-fifty would place us both on Easy Street for the rest of our days. Do let me hear from you, Jack, if only to tell me the old entente cordiale still exists. I know now that I was considerable of a heedless pup a few years ago and overlooked my hand quite regularly, but now that I have a good thing I do not know of anybody with whom I care to share it except your own genial self. Please let me hear from you.

"Affectionately, "Billy."

JEROME finished reading this remarkable communication; then with infinite amusement he regarded John Stuart Webster over the tops of his glasses, as one who examines a new and

interesting species of bug.

"So Billy loves that dear Sobrante, eh?" he said with abysmal sarcasm. "Jack Webster, listen to a sane man and be guided accordingly. I was in this same little Buenaventura once. I was there for three days, and I wouldn't have been there three minutes if I could have caught a steamer out sooner. Of all the miserable, squalid, worthless, ornery, stinking holes on the face of God's green footstool, Sobrante is the worst-if one may judge it by its capital city. Jack, there is an old bromide that describes aptly the republic of Sobrante, and it's so trite I hesitate to repeat it-but I will, for your benefit. Sobrante is a country where the flowers are without fragrance, the men without honor and the women without virtue. It is hot and unhealthy, and the mosquitoes wear breechclouts; and when they bite you, you die. You get mail three times a month, and there isn't a white man in the whole Roman-candle republic that a gentleman would associate with."

"You forget Billy Geary," Webster

reminded him gently.

"He's a boy. What does his judg-ment amount to? Are you going to chase off to this God-forsaken fever-hole at the

behest of a lad scarcely out of his swaddling clothes? Jack Webster, surely you aren't going to throw yourself away -give up the sure thing I offer youto join Billy Geary in Sobrante and finance a wildcat prospect without a certificate of title attached. Why, Jack, my dear boy, don't you know that if you develop your mine to-morrow and get it paying well, the first 'liberator' may take it away from you or tax you for the entire output?"

"We'll have government protection, Neddy. This will be American capital, and if they get fresh, our Uncle Sam

can send a warship, can't he?"

"He can-but he wont. Are you and Bily Geary of sufficient importance at home or abroad to warrant the vast consumption of coal necessary to send a battleship to protect your dubious prospect-hole? Be reasonable. What did you wire that confounded boy?"

"That I was coming."

"Cable him you've changed your mind. We'll send him some money to come home, and you can give him a good job under you. I'll O. K. the voucher and charge it to your personal expenseaccount.'

"That's nice of you, old sport, and I thank you kindly. I'll talk to Billy when I arrive in Buenaventura, and if the prospect doesn't look good to me, I'll argue him out of it and we'll come

home."

"But I want you now. I don't want you to go away.

"You promised me thirty days in which to have a good time-

"So I did. But is this having a good time? How about that omelette soufflé all blazing with blue fire, and that shower-bath and the opera and mushing through the art centers, and Sousa's band-"

"They have a band down in Buena-

ventura., Billy says so."

"It plays 'La Paloma' and 'Sobre las Olas' and 'La Golondrina' and all the rest of them. Jack, you'll go crazy listen-

ing to it."

'Oh, I don't want any omelette soufflé, and I had a bath before I left the hotel. I was just hearing myself talk, Neddy," the culprit protested weakly. "Let me



Lasting Legibility

MultiKopy gives copies that are beautifully neat and that are really permanent.

Supply your stenographer with MultiKopy and you'll get copies that are not only sharp and clear, but copies which give lasting satisfaction by reason of their permanent and unfading legibility.

In blue or black, MultiKopy never fades. MultiKopy copies often rival the original in cleanness and legibility. MultiKopy is surprisingly durable and economical.

Write us on your letterhead for Sample Sheet-Free

F. S. WEBSTER CO. 369 Congress St. Boston, Mass.

Makers of the famous STAR BRAND Typewriter Ribbons

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh



ay as You Wish

We'll send you a genuine Lachnite for you wear for 10 full days. If you can tell it m a real dismond send it back at our expensa-ats but 1-30th as much, if you decide to keep be youly a few cents a month. Write for catalog. Genuine Lachnite Gems keep their dazzling fire forever. Set in solid gold. Cut by world renowned diamond cutters. Will stand fire and acid tests. All kinds of jeweiry at astound-ing low prices. Easy payments. WRITE TODAY. man Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Bep. C116



80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed

Totally new system. Based on Gemeastic Finger Training! Brings amazing speed perfect accuracy — BIG SALARIES. Easy for anyone. First day shows results. Learn while working. 48-Page Book Free illustrates and explains all. Gives doubled and erebied. A revellation as to speed and salary possible to typists. Postal will do, but write today—BOW. TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TYPEWRITING, 1708 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

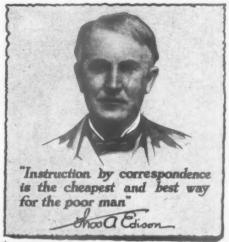
eedaw

FINDING YOUR WAY

through the woods or in unfamiliar places is many times difficult unless you times difficult unless you steep into your desicr's (Optician, Drugsist, Sporting Goods), ask to see the Leeduw!—the only guaranteed, jewelled compass at \$1.00—1100, ask of the see the leeduw!—the only guaranteed, jewelled compass at \$1.00—1100, ask of the see the leeduw!—the only guaranteed, jewelled compass at \$1.00—1100, ask of the see the

Taylor Instrument Companies

s of Scientific Instruments of Superiority



Edison is Right!!!

You admit the International Correspondence Schools are a good thing. You'd take a course right now "if"—"except"—
"If" what? If you weren't so "overworked," with such "long hours," or had more strength and energy? Wasn't it Edison who stayed up half the night educating himself in spite of every handicap you could ever have?

All big men who have made their mark in the world had the ambition—the determination—to improve their spare time, to train themselves for big work. You, too, can possess power, money and happiness if you'll only make the effort. The reward is great—it's worth it.

Here's all we ask: Merely mail this coupon. Put

It up to us without paying or promising. Let us send you the details of others' success through the I. C. S., and then decide. Mark and mail this coupon now.
L. C. S., Box 3407, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

1	Explain, without obligating me, tion, or in the subject, before	, how I can qualify for the posi- which I mark X.
1	ELECTRICAL ENGINEER Electric Lighting Electric Car Running	SALESMANSHIP ADVERTISING MAN
	Electric Wiring Telegraph Expert	Window Trimmer Show Card Writer RAILROADER
i	Mechanical Enginees	DESIGNER

Machine Shop Procice
Gas Engineer
UFIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
HIRE FOREMAN DE REGIRER
Metallurgator Prospector
STATIONARE ENGIRER
Marine Engineer
ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Drafaman
Concrete Builder
FLUEBING AND HEATING
Sheet Meetal Worker
CHEMICAL ENGINEER

1 1 1

LAN BOOK KEEEER STORM TO STORM TO

Name .	
Occupation & Employer	
Street and No.	
City	State
If name of Course you	want is not in this list, write it below-

í 1 ı

1



THE PERFECT DEODORANT

Ruvia, the new Mennen deodorant, adds the final touch that fastidious grooming

requires.
It is distinguished by features that made
it dominate its field from the day of its

It dominate its field from the day of its appearance.

Snowy, soft, smooth, and creamy, it will not lump, gum, or clog the pores and interfere with perspiration.

Its sweetening effect will last for hours. Ruvia destroysall bodily odors. It banishes the odor of perspiration—Ruvia is absolutely pure and safe to use.

Ruvia Boudoir jars bear no directions on the outside to betray its uses. The jar is securely fitted with metal cap that acrews on, making it impossible for its contents to soil the contents of a bag or the cover of a dressing table.

Boudoir size, 25 cents; pocket size, 10 cents. Send 10 cents and receive the latter postpaid—it's an indispensable adjunct to the hand-bag, the opera-bag and at the dance,

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO Newark, N. J. 2408 Orange Street





The Soap for all toilet purposes, the Ointment to soothe and soften.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 128, Boston." Sold everywhere.





go. I might come back. But I must

go. I want to see Billy."

"You just said a minute ago you'd turned the forty-year post," Jerome warned him. "And now you're going to lose a year or two more in which you might better be engaged laying up a foundation of independence for your old age. You will get out of Sobrante with the price of a second-class ticket on a vile fruit-boat, and you'll be back here panhandling around for a job at a quarter of what I am offering you. For Heaven's sake, man, don't be a fool."

"Oh, but I will be a fool," John Stuart Webster answered; and possibly, by this time, the reader has begun to understand the potency of his middle name—the Scotch are notoriously pigheaded, and Mr. Webtser had just enough oatmeal in his blood to have come by that center-fire name honestly. "And you, you poor old horse, you could not possibly understand why, if you lived to

be a million years old.'

H^E got up from his chair to the full height of his six-feet-one, and stretched one hundred and ninety pounds

of bone and muscle.

"And so I shall go to Sobrante and lose all of this all-important money, shall I?" he jeered. "Then, by all the gods of the Open Country, I hope I may! Old man, you have browsed through a heap of literature in your day, but I doubt if it has done you any good. Permit me to map out a course of reading for you. Get a copy of 'Paradise Lost and another of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' In the former you will find a line running somewhat thusly: 'What tho' the cause be lost, all is not lost!' And in the immortal work of Monsieur Rostand, let me recommend one little page -about fifteen lines. Read them, old money-grubber, and learn! On second thought, do not read them. Those lines would only be wasted on you, for you have become afflicted with hypertrophy of the acquisitive sense, which thins the blood, dwarfs the understanding, stunts the perception of relative values and chills the feet.

"Let me foretell your future for the

next twenty years, Neddy. You will spend about forty per cent of your time in this lounging-room, thirty per cent of it in piling up a bank-roll, out of which you will glean no particular enjoyment, and the remaining thirty per cent you will spend in bed. And then some bright morning your heart-beat will slow down almost imperceptibly, and the House Committee will order a wreath of autumn leaves hung just above Number Four domino table, and it will remain there until the next annual house-cleaning, when some swamper will say, 'What the devil is this stuff here for?' and forthwith he will tear it down and consign it to the fireplace."

"Ba-a-h," growled Jerome.

"The truth hurts, I know," Webster pursued relentlessly, "but hear me to the bitter end. And then presently shall enter the club no less a personage than young John Stuart Webster, even as he entered it to-day. He will be smelling of country with the hair on, and he will glance toward Table Number Four and murmur sympathetically: 'Poor old Jerome! I knowed him good!' Did I hear you say 'Huh!' just then? I thank thee, for teaching me that word. Take careful note and see I use it correctly—'Huh!'

"Dad burn you, Neddy, I'm not a Methuselah. I want some fun in life. I want to fight and be broke and go hungry and then make money for the love of making it and spending it, and I want to live a long time yet. I have a constitutional weakness for foregathering with real he-men, doing real hethings, and if I'm to be happy, I'll just naturally have to be the he-est of the whole confounded pack! I want to see the mirage across the sagebrush and hear it whisper: 'Hither, John Stuart Webster! Hither, you fool, and I'll hornswaggle you again, as in an elder day I hornswaggled you before."

Jerome shook his white thatch hope-

lessly.

"I thought you were a great mining engineer, John," he said sadly, "but you're not. You're a poet. You do not seem to care for money."

"Well," Webster retorted humorously,

"it isn't exactly what you might term a ruling passion. I like to make it, but there's more fun spending it. I've made a hundred thousand dollars, and now I want to go blow it—and I'm going to. Do not try to argue with me. I'm a lunatic and I will have my way. If I didn't go tearing off to Sobrante and join forces with Billy Geary, there to play the game, red or black, I'd feel as if I had done something low and mean and small. The boy's appealed to me, and I have made my answer. If I come back alive but broke, you know in your heart you'll give me the best job you have."

"You win," poor Jerome admitted.
"Hold the job open thirty days. At
the end of that period I'll give you a

definite answer, Neddy."

"There is no Balm in Gilead," Jerome replied sadly. "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be dis-

appointed."

"Let's eat. Last call for that omelette soufflé, and we'll go to a show afterward. By the way, Neddy, how do you like this suit? Fellow in Salt Lake built it for me—ninety bucks!"

But Jerome was not interested in clothing and similar foolishness. He only knew that he had lost the services of a mining engineer for whom he had searched the country for a month. He rose, dusting the cigar-ashes from his

vest, and followed sulkily.

DESPITE the evidences of "grouch" which Jerome brought to the dinner table with John Stuart Webster, he was not proof against the latter's amazing vitality and boundless good spirits. The sheer weight of the Websterian optimism and power of enjoying simple things swept all of Jerome's annoyance from him as a brisk breeze dissipates the low-lying fog that hides a pleasant valley, and ere the second cocktail had made its appearance, the president of the Colorado Consolidated Mines Company, Limited, was doing his best to help Webster enjoy this one perfect night snatched from the grim processional of sunrise and sunset that had passed since last he had dallied with the fleshpotsthat were to pass ere he should dally with them again according to his peculiar

nature and inclination.

Lovingly, lingeringly, Mr. Webster picked his way through the hors d'œuvres, declared against the soup as too filling, mixed the salad after a recipe of his own, served it and consumed it prior to the advent of the entrée, which if not the fashion in the West, at present, has not as yet gone entirely out of fashion. He reveled in breast of pheasant, with asparagus tips, and special baked potato; he thrilled with champagne at twelve dollars the quart, and a tender light came into his quizzical glance at sight of a brick of ice cream in four colors; he cheered for the omelette soufflé. In the end he demanded a tiny cheese fit for active service, cracked himself a peck of assorted nuts, and with a pot of black coffee and the best cigars possible of purchase in Denver, he leaned back at his ease and forgot the theater in the long-denied delight of yarning with his old friend.

At one o'clock next morning they were still seated in the cosy grill, smoking and talking. Jerome looked at his watch.

"Great grief, Johnny!" he declared.
"I must be trotting along. Haven't been out this late in years."

"It's the shank of the evening, Neddy," Webster pleaded, "and I'm hungry again. We'll have a nice broiled lobster, with drawn butter—eh, Ned? And another quart of that '98?"

"My liver would never stand it. I'd be in bed for a week," Jerome protested. "See you at the club to-morrow afternoon before you leave, I presume."

"If I get through with my shopping in time," Webster answered, and reluctantly abandoning the lobster and accessories, he accompanied Jerome to the door and saw him safely into a taxicab.

"Sure you wont think it over, Jack, and give up this crazy proposition?" he

pleaded at parting.

Webster shook his head. "I sniff excitement and adventure and profit in Sobrante, Neddy, and I've just got to go look-see. I'm like an old burro staked out knee-deep in alfalfa just now. I wont take kindly to the pack—"

ESKAY'S FOOD

For Baby's Summer Troubles



·0s · 0.

Don't run the risk of endangering your baby's life through summer illness. When baby grows restless and fretful and doesn't sleep quietly, remember that the hot weather is here and look carefully to his food. Most of the disturbances that occur during these summer months may be traced in some way to feeding. So when baby shows the very first symptoms of any unusual condition, write to me and let me send you our special Eskay's formula for summer complaint.

I know what Eskay's Food can do. I have worked with so many mothers and have seen Eskay's win so many times under all sorts of conditions. It has such wonderful nourishing qualities. It is perfect for the littlest baby, and equally good for the aged and infirm, for the invalid and those with weak or impaired digestion. It is a perfectly balanced food, supplying the needs of the entire physical system.

Costs but Nine Cents a Day

Eskay's is a real economy when you figure the cost of each day. And never hesitate to use it because you must give a half-hour's time to its preparation daily. That is why it is so safe to use and so sure in its results. We have made it so with deliberate purpose.

I have seen so much of what Eskay's does that I am giving my life to telling mothers how to use it and when and why. Don't experiment. Eskay's Food will carry your baby

safely through the summer, I am sure of it. Let me tell you in a personal letter just what to do—and believe that I am here to help carry at least a part of the burden for you dear, busy mothers—so write to me.

nay Harding Lee

Mrs. Richardson's Fascinating Book "Making Motherhood Easy"

tells the story of how one mother and one baby found the way to happiness and health. Send the attached coupon for your copy-free.

COUPON minimum

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.,

440 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me Mrs. Richardson's book, "Making Motherhood Easy," postpaid, without charge,

Name. Address

Advertising and Ethics

Advertising is a factor of constantly increasing power in modern business; and it affects the public very vitally. The agencies for the dissemination of advertising have increased remarkably. The use of advertising

tising from sporadic efforts has developed into sustained and carefully directed campaigns. Luxuries, through insistent suggestion, become the ne-

cessities of a nation.

Advertising has wrought and will continue to create miracles in public opinion. It has become a matter of paramount importance to all phases of industry, from the processes of extraction of the raw material to the final distribution of the

finished product; and it has become no less a matter of very serious concern to the public.

For business men, therefore, to consciously seek to establish and enforce a code of ethics, based on truth, that shall govern

advertising, methods, and effects is splendidly significant. It augurs permanence and stability in industrial and distribution methods because it is

good business judgment; and, more than that, it indicates a fine conception of public obligation on the part of men in business, which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of national conditions and institutions.



This article—one of a series to advertise Advertising, by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (head-quarters Indianapolis)—was written by

Hon. JOSEPH E. DAVIES, Chairman Federal Trade Commission,

who further says:—
"The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World are to be congratulated upon the splendid manner in which they are seeking to build up business ethics from within.

"And like an old burro, you wont be happy until you've sneaked through a hole in the fence to get out into a stubble-field and starve." Jerome swore half-heartedly and promulgated the trite proverb that life is just one blank thing after the other—an inchoate mass of liver and disappointment!

"Do you find it so?" Webster queried

sympathetically.

Suspecting that he was being twitted, Jerome looked up sharply, prepared to wither Webster with that glance. But no, the man was absolutely serious; whereupon Jerome realized the futility of further argument and gave John Stuart Webster up for a total loss. Still, he could not help smiling as he reflected how Webster had planned a year of quiet enjoyment and Fate had granted him one brief evening. He marveled that Webster could be so lighthearted and contented under the circumstances.

Webster read his thoughts. "Good-by, old man," he said, and extended his hand. "Don't worry about me. Allah is always kind to fools, my friend; sorrow is never their portion. I've led rather a humdrum life. I've worked hard and never had any fun or excitement to speak of, and in answering Billy's call I have a feeling that I am answering the call of a great adventure."

He did not know how truly he spoke, of course, but if he had, that knowledge would not have changed his answer.

CHAPTER V

THE morning following his decision to play the rôle of angel to Billy Geary's mining concession in Sobrante, John Stuart Webster, like Mr. Pepys,

was up betimes.

Nine o'clock found him in the office of his friend Joe Daingerfield, of the Bingham Engineering Works, where, within the hour, he had in his characteristically decisive fashion purchased the machinery for a ten-stamp mill and an electric-light plant capable of generating two hundred and fifty horsepower, two electric hoists with cable, half a dozen steel ore-buckets, as many more ore-cars

with five hundred feet of rail, a blacksmithing outfit, a pump, motors, sheetsteel to line the crushing-bins and form shoveling platforms for the ore in the workings, picks, shovels, drills and so forth. It was a nice order, and Daingerfield was delighted.

"This is going to cost you about half your fortune, Jack," he informed Webster when the order was finally made up.

Webster grinned. "You don't suppose I'm chump enough to pay for it now, do you, Joe?" he queried.

"You'll pay at least half, my son. We love you, Jack; we honor and respect you; but this stuff is going to Central America, and in the event of your premature demise, we might not get it back. They have wars down there, you know, and when those people are war-mad, they destroy things."

"I know. But I'm going first to scout the country, Joe, and in the meantime keep all this stuff in your warehouse until I authorize you by cable to ship, when you can draw on me at sight for the entire invoice with bill of lading attached. If, upon investigation, I find that this mine isn't all my partner thinks it is, I'll cable a cancellation, and you can tear that nice fat order up and forget it. I don't intend to have you and that gang of penny-pinching card-room engineers up at the Engineers' Club remind me of the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted."

From Daingerfield's office Webster went forth to purchase a steamer-trunk, his railway ticket and sleeping-car reservation—after which he returned to his hotel and set about packing for the

journey.

He sighed regretfully as he folded his brand-new raiment, packed it in moth-balls in his wardrobe-trunk and ordered the trunk sent to a storage warehouse

"Well, I was a giddy old bird of paradise for one night, at least," he comforted himself, as he dressed instead in a suit of light-weight olive drab goods in which he hoped to enjoy some measure of cool comfort until he should reach Buenaventura and thus become acquainted with the foibles of fashion in that tropical center.

THE remainder of the afternoon he spent among his old friends of the Engineers' Club, who graciously tendered him a dollar table d'hôte dinner that evening and saw him off for his train at ten o'clock, with many a gloomy prophecy as to his ultimate destiny—the prevailing impression appearing to be that he would return to them in a neat long box labeled: This Side Up—With

Care-Use No Hooks.

Old Neddy Jerome, as sour and cross as a setting hen, accompanied him in the taxicab to the station, loth to let him escape and pleading to the last, in a forlorn hope that Jack Webster's better nature would triumph over his friendship. and boyish yearning for adventure. He clung to Webster's arm as they walked slowly down the track and paused at the steps of the car containing the wanderer's reservation, just as a porter, carrying some hand-baggage, passed them by, followed by a girl in a green tailor-made suit. As she passed, John Stuart Webster looked fairly into her face, started as if bee-stung and hastily lifted his hat. The girl briefly returned his scrutiny with sudden interest, decided she did not know him, and reproved him with a glance that even passé old Neddy Jerome did not fail to assimilate.

"Wow, wow!" he murmured. "The next time you try that, Johnny Webster,

be sure you're right-"

"Good land o' Goshen, Neddy," Webster replied. "Fry me in bread-crumbs, if that isn't the same girl! Come to think of it, the conductor who gave me her name told me her ticket called for a stop-over in Denver! Let me go, Neddy. Quick! Good-by, old chap. I'm on my way."

"Nonsense! The train doesn't pull out for seven minutes yet. Who is she, John, and why does she excite you so?" Jerome recognized in his whimsical friend the symptoms of a most unusual malady—with Webster—and so he held

the patient fast by the arm.

"Who is she, you ancient horse-thief? Why, if I have my way,—and I'm certainly going to try to have it,—she's the future Mrs. W."

"Alas! Poor Yorick, I knowed him well," Jerome answered. "Take a tip

from the old man, John. I've been through the mill and I know. Never marry a girl that can freeze you with a glance. It isn't safe, and remember, you're not as young as you used to be. By the way, what's the fair charmer's name?"

"I've got it down in my memorandum book, but I can't recall it this minute—

Spanish name."

"John, my dear boy, be careful," Neddy Jerome counseled. "Stick to your own kind of people—"

"I'll not. That girl is as trim and neat and beautiful as a newly minted guinea. What do I want with a Scotch lassie six feet tall and a believer in hell-fire and infant damnation?"

"Is this—a—er—a nice girl, John?"
"How do I know—I mean, how dare
you ask? Of course she's nice. Can't
you see she is? And besides, why should

you be so fearful-"

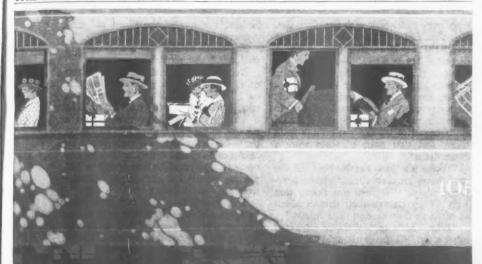
"I'll have you understand, young man, that I have considerable interest in the girl you're going to marry. Drat it, boy, if you marry the wrong girl she may interfere with my plans. She may be a spoil-sport and not want to live up at the mine—after you return from this wild-goose chase, dragging your fool tail behind you. By the way, where did you first meet this girl? Who introduced you?"

"I haven't met her, and I've never been introduced," Webster complained and poured forth the tale of his adventure on the train from Death Valley.

Neddy was very sympathetic.

"Well, no wonder she didn't recognize you when you saluted her to-night," he agreed. "Thought you were another brute of a man trying to make a mash. By thunder, Jack, I'm afraid you made a mistake when you shed your whiskers and buried your old clothes. You don't look nearly so picturesque and romantic now, and maybe she'll refuse to believe you're the same man!"

"I don't care what she thinks. I found her, I lost her and I've found her again; and I'm not going to take any further chances. I wired a detective agency to pick her up in Salt Lake and trail her to New Orleans and get me all the dope on her, while I was in



Take home a present that shows you "Stopped to think"

Lowney's Chocolates

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

temporary retirement with my black eye. Brainless fellows, these amateur detectives. I'll never employ one again. I described her accurately—told them she was beautiful and that she was wearing a green tailor-made suit; and will you believe me, Neddy, they reported to me next day that their operative failed to pick her up at the station? He said three beautiful women got off the train there, and that none of them wore a green dress."

"Well, it's just barely possible she may have another dress," Jerome retorted slyly. "Women are funny that way. They change their dresses about as often as they change their minds."

"Why, that's so," Webster answered innocently. "I never thought of that."

THE porter, having delivered his charge's baggage in her section, was returning for another tip. Webster reached out and accosted him.

"Henry," he said, "do you want to

earn a dollar?"

"Yes sah. Yes indeed, sah."

"Where did you stow that young lady's hand-baggage?"

"Lower Six, Car Nine, sah."

"I have a weakness for colored boys who are quick at figures," Webster declared, and dismissed the porter with the gratuity. He turned to Jerome. "Neddy, I feel that I am answering the call to a great adventure," he declared solemnly.

"I know it, Jack. Good-by, son, and God bless you. If your fit of insanity passes within ninety days, cable me; and if you're broke, stick the Colorado

Con' for the cable tolls."

"Good old wagon!" Webster replied affectionately. Then he shook hands and climbed aboard the train. The instant he disappeared in the vestibule, however, Neddy Jerome waddled rapidly down the track to Car Nine, climbed aboard and made his way to Lower Six. The young lady in the green tailor-made suit was there, looking idly out the window.

"Young lady," Jerome began, "may I presume to address you for a moment on a matter of very great importance to you. Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I'm old enough to be your father, and

besides, I'm one of the nicest old men you ever met."

She could not forbear a smile. "Very

well, sir," she replied.

Neddy Jerome produced a pencil and card. "Please write your name on this card," he pleaded, "and I'll telegraph what I want to say to you. There'll be a man coming through this car in a minute, and I don't want him to see me here—besides which, the train leaves in half a minute, and I live in Denver and make it a point to be home and in bed not later than ten each night. Please trust me, young lady."

The young lady did not trust him, however, although she wrote on the card. Jerome thanked her and fled as fast as his fat old legs could carry him. Under the station-arc he read the card.

"'Henrietta Wilkins,' " he murmured. "By the gods, one would never suspect a name like that belonged to a face like that. I know that name is going to jar Jack and cause him to seethe with ambition to change it. He'll trim the Henrietta down to plain Retta, and change Wilkins to Webster! By jingo, it would be strange if that madman persuaded her to marry him. I hope he does. If I'm any judge of character, Jack Webster wont be cruel enough to chain that vision to Sobrante; and besides, she's liable to make him decide who's most popular with him-Henrietta or Billy Geary. If she does, I'll play Geary to lose. However, if that confirmed old bachelor wants to chase rainbows, I might as well help him out, since whichever way the cat jumps I can't lose. It's to my interest to have him marry that girl, or any girl, for that matter, because she'll have something to say about the advisability of kicking aside what amounts, approximately, to thirty thousand a year, in order to sink the family bank-roll in a wildcat mine in the suburbs of hell. Well! Needs must when the devil drives." And he entered the station telegraph office and commenced to write.

the

pull

AN hour later Miss Dolores Ruey, alias Henrietta Wilkins, was handed this remarkably verbose and truly candid telegram:

Pere Marquette Gave half his hone to an Indian Chief



PATHER Marquette once won the lasting friendship of a powerful Indian Chief by an odd service.

The habit of the Indians was to remove the few hairs of their beards by stoically pulling them out. This Chief had been given a razor by a white trader. He prized it highly but it had grown dull by use.

Marquette gave him half of his own hone and taught him how to use it.

To appreciate a good shaving edge, just travel for a time without one. Twenty miles from a razor is an awkard place for a man with a two days' growth of beard.

Nowadays, a man packs his Gillette in his traveling bag or carries it in his pocket. The sign, "This shop closed on Sundays," has no terrors for him,

The Gillette is almost as universal as the comb and brush. When you spend a week-end at a modern house you find a Gillette on your dressing table as part of your bathroom fittings.

The Gillette shave is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. Prices \$5 to \$50. Blades 50c. and \$1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.

It was the athlete who started the custom of shaving under the arm—a measure of cleanliness and comfort that is becoming as general as the shower among men everywhere who follow the outdoor sports or any form of vigorous exercise.



Denver, Colo., Aug. 7, 1913. Miss Henrietta Wilkins,

Lower 6, Car 9, On board train 24.

Do you recall the bewhiskered, ragged individual you met on the S.P., L.A. & S.L. train in Death Valley ten days ago? He thrashed a man who annoyed you, but owing to a black eye and his generally unpresentable appearance, he remained in his stateroom the remainder of the trip and you did not see him again until tonight. He lifted his hat to you to-night, and you almost killed him with a look. It did not occur to him that you would not recognize him disguised as a gentleman, and he lifted his hat on impulse. Do not hold it against him. The sight of you again set his reason tottering on its throne, and he told me his sad story.

set his reason tottering on its throne, and he told me his sad story.

This man, John Stuart Webster, is wealthy, single, forty, fine and crazy as a March hare. He is in love with you. You might do worse than fall in love with him. He is the best mining engineer in the world, and he is now aboard the same train with you, en route to New Orleans, thence to take the steamer to Buenaventura, Sobrante, C. A., where he is to meet another lunatic and finance a hole in the ground. He has just refused a thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year job from me to answer the call of a mistaken friendship. I do not want him to go to Sobrante. If you marry him, he will not. If you do not marry him, you still might arrange to make him listen to reason. If you can induce him to come to work for me within the next ninety days, whether you marry him or not, I will give you five thousand dollars the day he reports on the job. Please bear in mind that he does not know I am doing this. If he did, he would kill me, but business is business, and this is a plain business proposition. I am putting you wise, so you will know your power and can exercise it if you care to earn the money. If not, please forget about it. At any rate, please do me the favor to communicate with me on the subject, if at all interested.

EDWARD P. JEROME,
President Colorado Consolidated
Mines, Limited.
Care Engineers' Club.

The girl read and reread this telegram several times, and presently a slow little smile commenced to creep around the corners of her adorable mouth, for out of the chaos of emotions induced by Ned Jerome's amazing proposition, the humor of the situation had detached itself to the elimination of everything else.

"I believe that amazing old gentle-

man is absolutely dependable," was the decision at which she ultimately arrived, and calling for a telegraph blank, she wired the old schemer:

Five thousand not enough money. Make it ten thousand and I will guarantee to deliver the man within ninety days. I stay on this train to New Orleans.

HENRIETTA.

That telegram arrived at the Engineers' Club about midnight, and pursuant to instructions, the night barkeeper read it and 'phoned the contents to Neddy Jerome, who promptly telephoned his reply to the telegraph office, and then sat on the edge of his bed, scratching his toes and meditating.

"That's a remarkable young woman," he decided, "and business to her fingertips. Like the majority of her sex, she's out for the dough. Well, I've done my part, and it's now up to Jack Webster to protect himself in the clinches and

breakaways."

About daylight a black hand passed Neddy Jerome's reply through the berthcurtains to Dolores Ruey. She read:

Accept. When you deliver the goods, communicate with me and get your money.

Jerome.

She snuggled back among the pillows and considered the various aspects of this amazing contract which she had undertaken with a perfect stranger. Hour after hour she lay there, thinking over this preposterous situation, and the more she weighed it, the more interesting and attractive the proposition appeared. But one consideration troubled her. How would the unknown knight manage an introduction? Or, if he failed to manage it, how was she to overcome that obstacle?

"Oh dear," she murmured, "I do hope he's brave."

She need not have worried. Hours before, the object of her thought had settled all that to his own complete satisfaction, and as a consequence was sleeping peacefully and gaining strength for whatever of fortune, good or ill, the morrow might bring forth.

Follow this live-wire story in the next generous installment, in the September Red Book Magazine, on the news-stands August 23rd.



A Furore Created by This Wonderful Talking Machine

TALKING

who yearned for a high quality talking machine at a reasonable price, but we hardly expected that our page advertisement in last month's "Red Book" rould create such an avalanche of orders and inquiries as it has.

And yet it is not to be marveled at, for never has there been a talking machine so perfect in tone, so thoroughly constructed of fine woods, so beautifully finished and of

such generous size as the Domestic offered for less than three times the price

But our plant is fully qual to the rush. We can still guarantee immediate shipment.

While cheap Talking Ma-

while cheap taking sha-chines are no novelty, good Talking Machines have heretofore been a luxury. And low priced Talking Machines which would give faithful reproduction of sound records have been considered impossible. The DOMESTIC solves the problem.

THE WONDERFUL DOMESTIC SOUND BOX

represents an entirely new principle in faithful tone re-production. It is patented and used exclusively by us, consequently it is only from the DOMESTIC that you get this wonderful tone.

THE CABINET AND SOUND CHAMBER

are constructed entirely of resonant woods, especially selected and seasoned for their tonal qualities, like the Violins of old. THIS CONSTRUCTION HAS BEEN PROVED IDEAL, AND IT BEARS THE APPROVAL OF THE TONE EXPERIES THE WORLD OVER.

There is no tin, steel, cast iron, or other metal to rattle or rasp when the machine is playing.

The DOMESTIC slogan is THE BEST CONSTRUCTION TO INSURE PERFECT TONE QUALITIES IRRESPECTIVE OF COST.

MARVELOUS REPRODUCTION.

MARVELOUS REPKODUCTION.

The DOMESTIC will reproduce the whisper of the soft, low 'Celio notes as well as the full blast of the Trombone, both with faithful accuracy. It will reproduce the highest range of the Lyric Soprano together with the lowest notes of the Basso Profundo, ail as faithfully as recorded and without mechanical effect. Until you have heard your favorite record played on the DOMESTIC, you cannot possibly realize what wonderful tones are locked up in a Talking Machine record.

Plays all standard disc records including those of 12 in. diameter.

\$10 in Oak, \$12.50 in Mahogany

The price of the DO-MESTIC complete, is The price of the MESTIC complete, only \$10 in genuine Oak, Model 1, or \$12.50 in genuine Mahogany, Model 1 M, both finished in a manner to make them an ornament and source of never ending satisfaction. We pay express charges.

Address

MONEY BACK IF UNSATISFACTORY.

IF UNSATISTACTORI.
The DOMESTIC is guaranteed to give full estisfaction, or we will refund full purchase price with out question, and pay for its return if shipped back to us within 30 days of its purchase.

Enclosed is \$10 for one
Model I in genuine oak.
Enclosed is \$12.50 for one
Model I Mi ngenuine Mahogany Domestic Talking Machine
as per money-back guarantee in
August "Red Book."

Domestic Talking Ma-

chine Corp.

Dep't. D.

33d and Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Name



MURAD



FIFTEEN CENTS

THE
TURKISH
CIGARETTE
Everywhere-Why?

Margyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



The Star Spangled Smoke!

Alert, square-shouldered, ready-for-a-fight-or-a-frolic men like the punch, dash, vim and vigor of the great American smoke—"Bull" Durham. Wherever the flag goes over the seven seas, there you'll find these lively lads "rolling their own" with "Bull" Durham.

GENUINE

BULL DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

Ask for FREE package of 'papers' with each 5c sack.

It takes only a little practice to learn to "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham. Simply get the knack—then you'll enjoy your cigarette as you never did before.

Because the live, crisp, snappy taste of "Bull" Durham has never been equalled by any other tobacco. And rolled up in a cigarette it gives you the freshest, mildest, wholesomest smoke in the world,

The distinctive mellowsweet flavor and aromatic fragrance of "Bull" Durham make it unique among tobaccos.

For genuine smoking pleasure and satisfaction "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



